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From the Edinburgh Review.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

POETS have become much more important personages with the public in the nineteenth century, if the length of their memoirs may be taken as a standard of the interest which they excite. The longest of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—that of Dryden—does not equal in length a twentieth part of Savage—enters on far fewer details than the Life of Scott. In the "Correspondence of Southey" we are again presented with an array of volumes, equal in bulk and number to the "Lives" of men who have guided the councils or added to the empire of the British crown. The future biographers of British bards will inherit no easy task.

The fashion of incorporating an author's correspondence with the general narrative in some measure accounts for the amplitude of such memoirs. Quirini, in his Life of Cardinal Pole, was, we believe, the first person who conceived the idea of making distinguished men their own chroniclers. His example was followed by Middleton, by Mason, and Hayley; and the Lives of Cicero, of Gray, and Cowper, are still read, and sometimes re-published. The advantages of Quirini's plan are obvious. Where the subject of the memoir was "a good correspondent," we enjoy in his letters the nearest substitute

for conversation with him. The disadvantages of such epistolary records are, however, in some cases, considerable. Editors are too apt to forget that a half is sometimes better than the whole. A series of letters almost inevitably involves repetition; especially when the writer of them, like Cowper and Southey, has passed much of his time in domestic or studious seclusion. We do not become tired of Walpole, because he writes of Newcastle and Pitt as well as of Pattypan and old china. But Cowper's recurring bulletins of the progress of his "Homer" frequently make us wish for more variety or fewer letters. The topics of Southey's correspondence are, it is true, more varied than those of the recluse of Olney. His literary connections were more numerous, and he had not wholly shut out the world. But, on the other hand, Southey did not possess Cowper's genial humor. He was less observant; he was less contemplative; and, from being irritably alive to literary fame, he deemed that no subjects could be so welcome to his correspondents as the conception, progress, and fortunes of his rapidly planned and nearly as rapidly finished quartos and octavos. In themselves the letters are lively and original, and, with a few exceptions of

early date, easy and unaffected; nor would it be difficult to select from the volumes before us some of the most finished specimens of their author's delightful style. Their juxtaposition and number alone mar, in some degree, their individual beauty.

Whether Mr. Cuthbert Southey be the most appropriate biographer of the late Laureate, we have some doubt. In his preface, indeed, he roundly asserts his superior claim to the pious office; and so far as regards honesty of purpose and reverential feeling, he has unquestionably made good his claim. His position, however, disqualified him, on many accounts, for being much more than an editor of the paternal memoirs. From his hands we could not expect a comprehensive or impartial scrutiny of Southey's station in literature, of his relations to his contemporaries, or of his influence, either as a critic or as an original writer, upon the taste and opinions of his age. A Life of Southey, so executed, would have demanded from his son a stoicism which no one had any right to exact, and which might, indeed, have seemed an inversion of the *patria potestas*. For these reasons we cannot place the volumes before us upon a level with the classical lives of Scott and Byron. We can easily imagine a more graphic portraiture of the original than we have found in them; and we must regard them, therefore, on the whole rather as materials for the future biographer, than as the record which the public expected or Robert Southey deserved. With all these abatements, our obligations to Mr. Cuthbert Southey are still considerable. He has made an important addition to our epistolary literature, and he has furnished us with new motives to admire the genius and revere the memory of his father.

The verdict of this journal on the works and in intellectual position of Southey has been often and unreservedly delivered; and after re-considering these former judgments, we find in them little to modify or reverse. In many important questions—literary, political, and ethical—we differ as before. We thought him often arrogant in his treatment of contemporaries, and eccentric in his views of events and parties—and we think so still. We always bore cordial testimony to his private worth, to his manifold acquirements, to the excellence of some of his writings, and to the singular beauty of his language; and so far, if there be any change in our former impressions, it is in his favor. Indeed, our admiration of his many admirable qualities has been increased by the publication of his

"Correspondence," and we now advert to our dissent from him, only that in surveying for the last time his private and literary career, we may be relieved from the painful duty of again controverting his opinions, or again protesting against his occasionally harsh judgments. Death, the great reconciler, has disarmed, even of their sound and fury, the hard names which he vouchsafed us in his books, and pretty liberally repeats in his letters. But these "terms of impropriation," as Sir Thomas Browne calls them, neither dwell in our memories nor revive our griefs; and to us, Robert Southey, like Plutarch's heroes, has become as one whose failings are written in water, and whose virtues are recorded on tablets more enduring than monumental brass.

His life may be most conveniently divided into three periods—his boyhood, and residence at Oxford; his scheme, or rather dream, of Pantisocracy, with its immediate results; and his adoption of literature as a profession. Over each of these, our limits permit us to take only a brief glance. The letters will be their best illustration, and to them we must refer our readers. Had Southey, indeed, as he once proposed, become his own biographer, we should have possessed a volume of at least equal merit with Gibbon's "Memoir of his Life and Writings." The seventeen letters of autobiography, which usher in Mr. Cuthbert Southey's narrative, and comprise the family and personal history of his father during the first fifteen years of his life, are so interesting and so pictorial, that we feel nearly as much regret at his leaving the work of self-portraiture incomplete, as at his unfulfilled design of a History of the Monastic Orders. His general letters, and the biographical prefaces to the later editions of his poems, in some measure supply the loss; but we miss in them the selection and condensation in which no one was better skilled than himself. In this brief preliminary sketch of his boyhood, his felicity in grouping and narrating is as conspicuous as in his finished Lives of Nelson and Cowper.

The family of Southey's, from which the poet descended, was settled in Somersetshire in the seventeenth century, and appears to have generally consisted of substantial yeomen, who would now rank with the second order of country gentlemen. One of his ancestors was out in Monmouth's insurrection; but fortunately for himself, and the future Rodericks and Kehamas, he managed to elude Judge Jeffries' search-warrants. An-

other married a niece or cousin of John Locke's—an alliance of which most persons would be proud, but which Southey rather petulantly undervalues. The author of the "Book of the Church" had, indeed, few sympathies with the philosopher of the "Human Understanding," still less with the writer of the "Letters on Toleration." The families of the Bradfords, Hills, and Tylers successively mingled lot and lineage with the Southey's. Of these the Tylers afforded the poet a most eccentric aunt, and the Hills a most justly-revered uncle. By one of those evil chances which befall the choice of a vocation in life, Southey's father, whom nature had marked out for a gamekeeper, was apprenticed to a linendraper in Bristol, became, in due time, a master-draper, took a hare, in token of his proper instincts, for a device, failed in business, and bequeathed to his son an estate similar to Joseph Scaliger's,—“the best part whereof lay under his hat.” Of this unlucky father Southey records next to nothing: from his mother, whose maiden name was Hill, he seems to have inherited his well-defined and shapely profile, and the groundwork, at least, of his moral and intellectual character. Before closing our account of Southey's ancestors we must remark upon his singular ill-luck with respect to pecuniary bequests. Two of his paternal uncles, childless themselves, left their property away from him; and one of them, “worth nearly a plum,” refused to aid him when his father had become insolvent. He was thus destined to be the architect of his own fortune, and to learn a nobler use of money than his succession to a million would probably have taught him.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. Happily, however, for him, his childhood was not passed amid the narrow streets of one of the dingiest of cities, but at a farm-house, “about half an hour's walk from Bristol,” the home of his maternal grandmother. The house at Bedminster, with its quaint garden and antique furniture, its paved court-yard and its porch covered with jasmine, was just the quiet homestead which might have suggested an Elia to Lamb, and which has really supplied Southey himself with some hints for his description of Daniel Dove's patrimonial cottage. Here, while Mrs. Hill survived, his holidays were spent, and here, too, he probably imbibed his deep love for country-life; although as little of his father's tastes for country-sports had descended to him as of any other inheritance. The only patrimony he ac-

knowledges to, is, “the drowsiness of his father;” when accounting for the proportion of sleep which he allowed himself. On Mrs. Hill's decease he removed with his aunt, Miss Tyler, to a village nearer Bristol; and he afterwards accompanied that eccentric lady in her subsequent removals until his summary ejection from her roof. Over his gentler mother the said aunt exercised the full prerogatives of an elder sister, as in truth she seems to have ruled all around her with a rod of iron. Had the first volume of these letters been published a few months earlier, Mr. Dickens might have been taxed with borrowing his imaginary Miss Trotwood from the authentic Miss Tyler. Both these excellent ladies were equally firm in purpose, sudden and quick in quarrel, and averse to dust and matrimony. Residing with his aunt, Southey met with many indulgences, but more privations, and those of an injurious kind. He had no playmates; he kept late hours both night and morning; and he was almost debarred from exercise, “never being allowed to do anything by which he might soil his clothes or the carpets.” Still, on the whole, her dwelling was not without its advantages for a studious and imaginative boy. He had access to some book-closets of very miscellaneous contents; the British Circulating Libraries introduced him to “his master, Spenser;” to Ariosto and Tasso, through Hoole's versions of them, and to numerous tomes of voyages and travels. Miss Tyler, too, was a constant frequenter of the Bath and Bristol theatres; the manager courted her applause, or, at least, her suppers; and Thespian phrases were so current in her family, that her nephew was once severely reprehended by her for applying to a large congregation the term of “a full house.” It is not surprising, therefore, that Southey's first essays in composition were juvenile dramas, which he seems to have sketched as rapidly as afterwards epic poems. Under the stronger spell, however, of Spenser, of Hoole's translations, of Pope's Homer, and of Mickle's *Lusiad*, the epic scale preponderated; and the story of Egbert, combining metrical narrative with learned comment, was, apparently, a genuine precursor of *Madoc* and *Kehama*. Southey was not fortunate in his schoolmasters. His first preceptor was a General Baptist, who took Solomon's counsel, and spared not the rod. Another was a learned astronomer, who could not mind earthly things, and who calculated eclipses when he should have explained Corderius. A third—“poor old

Williams"—was a great proficient in the art of writing fair, and in nothing else. From Williams came that clear and shapely handwriting, for which Southey's compositors must have blest the hour which consigned so prolific an author to so skilful a professor of calligraphy. In spite of his teachers, however, his progress in Latin was reasonably rapid, since between his eighth and twelfth years he had "proceeded through Phædrus, Justin, Nepos, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*." To Greek, as we learn from a letter written forty years later, he made no pretence; and his "longs and shorts" would have scandalised the most juvenile Etonian. After all, Southey's best tutor during boyhood was, perhaps, a servant-lad of his aunt's, who rejoiced in the appellation of Shadrach Weeks. Shad—so he was called, except on occasions of ceremony—taught him trapball and kite-making, carpentry and gardening, to cleave blocks, to break bounds, and to set Miss Tyler's discipline at naught. As we may not have occasion to mention this ingenious servitor again, we will add here, that Shad narrowly escaped becoming a universal philanthropist. He was included in the Pantisocratic scheme: and his gifts of block-splitting and boot-cleaning would have doubtless rendered him the most serviceable member of the Susquehanna colony.

In his fourteenth year, with the sanction and assistance of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was placed at Westminster School, where he remained until Midsummer, 1792. "Few boys," he remarks, "were ever less qualified for the discipline of a public school than I was, when it was determined to place me at Westminster." His education had been irregular; his treatment at home injudicious; and his acquirements, considerable as they were for his age, were not of a kind to advance him in the school, or recommend him to companions at once more learned and more ignorant than himself. He appears, however, after the preliminary difficulties were surmounted, to have risen rapidly in the forms, and to have readily adapted himself to the sports, and even the mischief of boys. His taste for composition displayed itself very early at Westminster, and with most unlucky results. To a school-periodical, entitled the "*Flagellant*," he contributed the ninth, and, as it proved, the last number. Number Nine was an attack on corporal punishments; Dr. Vincent, the headmaster, treated the offence as a case of *lèse-majesté*, threatened the printer with an action, and when Southey acknowledged the

authorship, expelled him from the school. The penalty bore no proportion to the offence. But Dr. Vincent, by all accounts, was a pompous pedagogue; and the pretensions are seldom placable. His rigor lost Westminster a scholar superior to Cumberland in general attainments, and second only to Cowper in pure epistolary English. The most valuable and lasting fruit of Southey's pupillage at Westminster were the friendships of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford and of Charles Williams Wynn. The large proportion of letters in the present collection addressed to each of these gentlemen shows the intimacy and tenacity of their relations with their former school-fellow. Of Mr. Wynn's friendship there is still more honorable record. Believing himself indebted to Southey's influence and example, when they were again fellow-students at Oxford, for the direction of his intellect and the strengthening of his character, he requited this high obligation by an annual allowance of 100*l.* from his own purse. This private aid was subsequently exchanged for an equivalent pension from the civil list. The bounty of the Grenville ministry was never better bestowed. It was applied by Southey, not to an increase of his income—since for that he trusted to his pen—but to a life-insurance, which, small as it was, lightened his anxieties for his family, and was the corner-stone of the provision he eventually made for them.

The Westminster boy, on his expulsion, returned to his aunt's house, at College Green, Bristol. The offence was a venial one; and his good uncle, Herbert Hill, who noticed it with sorrow, but "without asperity and without reproaches," was not deterred, by the misadventure of the "*Flagellant*," from furnishing the culprit the means for Oxford. The dismissal, however, happened at an unlucky period of life. It came in the midst of his education; he had not yet reached man's estate, and the misanthropic tone of his letters at this time, in such remarkable contrast with the content and cheerfulness of his later correspondence, betrays the unsettled condition of his mind. His thoughts immediately reverted to authorship. He had been "early dipped in ink." He meditated at once a play, and an epic poem, and a volume of essays to be "dedicated to Envy, Hatred, and Malice." From these unhealthy dreams he was aroused by his father's bankruptcy, and by the necessity of girding himself up for the lectures and schools of Oxford.

It had been intended that he should enter at Christ Church. But the dean, Cyril Jackson—a supercilious pedant, whose reputation was beyond his merits, and whose merits were even less than his pretensions—had heard of the “Flagellant,” and, deeming, probably, that the boyish satirist would “flout the solemn ceremony” of his college, refused to place his name on the boards. Southey was therefore transferred to Balliol, and commenced his residence in January, 1793. Dean Jackson’s auguries were not altogether unverified. Though our young student’s moral conduct was exemplary throughout, and his habits sufficiently diligent; yet he entered the university a republican in politics, and he quitted it a unitarian in creed. “My prepossessions,” he writes in December, 1792, “are not very favorable; I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and aristocracy—from all of which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey!” In spite of these misgivings, matters seem to have run smoothly enough between him and the college dignitaries; but not so with the college barber. He refused to wear hair-powder, and he refused to wear it in the year 1793, when hair unfripped and unadorned was a token of disaffection to Church and State. “All is lost!” exclaimed Dumourier, when the grand chamberlain complained to him that Roland had appeared at Versailles without knee or shoe buckles; and, doubtless, the fellows of Balliol regarded their unshorn freshman as “a tainted wether in their flock.” It was, however, nearly the fulness of time; the dynasty of barbers was on the wane; and even men who aspired to fellowships and livings, copied the example of their unpowdered ringleader.

Gibbon has recorded of himself that he “arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed.” Southey could, perhaps, have subscribed to a similar confession. Westminster had, indeed, in some measure, retrieved the defects of his earlier school-training, but had not, and probably could not, render him the mechanical scholar which Alma Mater has ever delighted to adopt and cherish. His tutor left him nearly to his own inventions, candidly admitting that “from his lectures Southey could learn nothing.” That even then he was a “helluo librorum,” one of his friends well recollected; but we cannot discover what course of reading he pursued, or detect that familiarity with the Greek and Latin poets, which his

biographer ascribes to him. His letters, on the contrary, at all periods of his life,—one admirable letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford especially,—tend to prove that he rather underrated ethnic lore, and preferred the waters of the Tagus and the Arno to those of the Tiber and Ilissus. In his classical reading, he paid some attention at this time to an order of writers whom purists brand with an ill-name, and whom college-tutors seldom patronise. The imperial Stoic and the slave Epictetus were nerving him, by their pregnant maxims, for his approaching stand-up fight with poverty. The pamphlets, which at that time the press was daily pouring forth upon the Rights of Man and the French Revolution, were more congenial food to a republican mind than Aristotle and Aquinas; and Mary Woolstoncraft and Rousseau were more to him than Tully or Plato. His intellect in 1792 was too deeply engrossed with its own struggles, and with the revolutionary influences of the age, to stand patiently on “the ancient ways,” or acquiesce in the curriculum of Oxford studies.

The most important incident in Southey’s Oxonian career, both for its direct and its remote consequences, was his introduction to Coleridge. *Ex illo fonte* came Pantisocracy, Greta Hall, and literature as a profession, as well as the habitual association of his name, both for praise and reproach, with the names of Wordsworth and Lamb, and the author of “Christabel.” In June, 1794, Coleridge had come to Oxford on a visit to an old school-fellow; and an intimacy quickly sprang up between the youthful poets, “fostered by the similarity of their views in both religion and politics.” Southey, in one or two of his earlier letters, adverts to emigration and America, as his probable resort from poverty and disappointment; and Coleridge now brought with him from Cambridge his “fire-new project” of Pantisocracy, which speedily ignited in his new friend’s prepared mind. Thenceforward for nearly two years Pantisocracy incessantly occupied and unsettled the brains of its projectors. It was not altogether original, for the “melancholy Cowley” had once intended to retire with his books to a cottage in America; and in the most corrupt age of the Roman Empire the philosopher Plotinus besought the Emperor Gallienus to grant him a deserted town in Campania, that he might colonize it with philosophers, and exhibit to an admiring world the spectacle of a perfect community. But the Pantisocratists of 1793 soared a pitch above Cowley and Plotinus. They asked for nei-

Christabel nor The Sinner.

ther a city nor a cottage, but proposed to redeem the waste, to build, to sow, to plant, to wash, to wring, to brew, and bake for themselves, without bating a jot of their customary cares—the composition of epic poems, or the construction of metaphysical castles. Helpless as Coleridge was in all practical matters, we are not sure that emigration, with its attendant manual labor, would have been bad for him, even though the world had gone without “Christabel” and the “Friend.” But for Southey, the greatest misfortune that could have betided him at this juncture would have been a legacy of two thousand pounds. For so much, according to Coleridge’s calculation, would have started the colony; and Southey was sufficiently in earnest for a while to have staked his all upon the die. Luckily for all parties, the money was not forthcoming; it was necessary even for philosophers to eat and drink; they had made it imperative on themselves, as Pantisocratisers, to marry, and we shrewdly suspect that Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey indirectly frustrated the scheme. However this may have been, the Transatlantic dream, having first dwindled into the prosaic shape of a farm in Wales, at length melted away before the realities of life. Southey, as might have been foretold, was the first to recover his senses, and Coleridge, as may be believed, was the last to persist in dreaming on. This falling off led to a brief estrangement; but the breach was soon repaired, as both were truly placable and generous men. So contagious, however, is enthusiasm, that Southey’s mother, whose journeys had rarely extended beyond the borders of Somersetshire, came, it is said, to regard exportation with ardor. Mahomet is reported to have counted the conversion of his wife, Cadijah, the greatest of his miracles; and Southey must have had no mean obstacle to surmount in the good sense of his staid and discreet parent. But probably it was not to conviction that she yielded. Life can have few greater trials to a mother than to part with such a son, though on a wiser errand than the foundation of a nephele-coccygia.

In the summer vacation of 1793, and under the roof of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford’s father, Southey resumed, and in six weeks completed, the first of his epic poems—Joan of Arc. It was not published until some time afterwards, and in the meanwhile underwent considerable corrections. Sufficient, however, of the original fabric must remain to warrant us in pronouncing this poem an

extraordinary achievement for a youth in his twentieth year. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the maturity of his art, sighed over some of his early portraits, from their exhibiting, as he thought, more promise than he had fulfilled. The first of Southey’s Epics, immature as it is, might have prompted a similar regret.

Of Southey’s marriage, enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been written. That his engagement to “Edith” was imprudent, and that his marrying without a provision and without a profession, could hardly be justified at the time, we fancy no one will question. If an error, however, it was exempt from the usual consequences of such youthful errors, since he secured for himself a most faithful, sensible, and affectionate partner; who soothed his earlier struggles, and for forty years so managed a narrow income, as in great measure to relieve him from the cares which are most painfully irksome to studious men. The marriage,—we are compelled to hurry over its antecedents,—was not at first acceptable to his uncle; it was most unlikely that it should. That generous and prudent relative had been twice disappointed by his nephew,—first at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford,—and was now still further alarmed by his Transatlantic project. Mr. Hill had destined his nephew for the Church, since in the Church alone could he assist him; but republicanism and unitarianism had effectually bolted the Church door. It was in the hope of deferring his union with Miss Fricker, that Mr. Hill, now chaplain to the British embassy at Lisbon, proposed that he should accompany him thither, and then return to England and qualify himself for the law. Southey went to Lisbon; but he was too deeply attached to “Edith” to retract or even postpone his engagement. On the 14th of November, 1795, they were married at Radcliff Church, in Bristol, but to part immediately after the ceremony. The virgin-bride retained her maiden name until the report of the marriage was bruited abroad; and she remained, during her husband’s absence, “a parlor boarder with the sisters” of the excellent Joseph Cottle, whose name will be revered wherever Southey is held in honor.

There was, however, another relative, upon whom the announcement of Southey’s Pantisocratism and intended marriage fell like a rocket, and enkindled swift, explosive, and inextinguishable wrath. That relative was Miss Tyler. She was a “fine old Christian,”

Hopeful secret!

and abhorred dissenters; she was a staunch Tory, and abominated republicanism; she was a practical Malthusian, at least since middle life, and thought matrimony, improvident matrimony, worse than either the conventicle or the Rights of Man. Moreover, she had always expected her nephew would take orders, and revive, in some prebendal stall perhaps, the decayed dignity of the Southey family. Of his opinions, theological and political, she seems to have lived in blissful ignorance, until, on a certain day in October, 1794, Southey imparted to her his plan of emigration, and his engagement to marry. Here was "worshipful intelligence." The Semiramis of College Green had been unsuspectingly harboring a leveller and a lover! Immediate ejection from her roof, "in a windy and rainy night" of the autumnal equinox, was the penalty of such a confession; and the aunt and nephew never met again.

One piece of what is called good fortune, and one only, was vouchsafed to Southey at this troublous epoch of his life—his introduction to Joseph Cottle. In 1794, Southey had delivered, with some success, a course of Historical Lectures at Bristol, and so became acquainted with the benevolent publisher, his own and Coleridge's first patron. "Joan of Arc" had already been announced for publication by subscription; but subscribers came slowly forward, and the poem seemed destined to remain in its author's desk, when Mr. Cottle surprised him with the offer of fifty guineas for the copyright, and of fifty copies for his subscribers. The offer was, under the circumstances, munificent, and was as important as it was liberal; for on his return from his first visit to Lisbon, Southey learned that "Joan of Arc" had found no small favor with the public. Its success, evidently, strengthened in him the conviction that readers would henceforward endure poems as long as the Faëry Queen, and that his proper vocation was to "heap Pelion on Ossa," and write epic verses by the thousand.

Southey's first visit to Lisbon was useful to him, chiefly in laying the foundation of that wide acquaintance with Spanish and Portuguese literature which he afterwards turned to so much account, and in which, among his own countrymen at least, the late Mr. Hookham Frere alone surpassed him. The value of his new acquisition was at first, however, scarcely cognisable even by himself. His mind was ill at ease; he was a widowed bridegroom for the time; his wandering in-

stinct had not quite subsided; the present was gloomy, and the future doubtful. Nor, as he returned to England with nearly the same political bias as he brought away with him, and with the same determination against taking orders, can Mr. Hill have had much reason to be satisfied with the absentee experiment. Mr. Hill, indeed, seems to have regarded his nephew at this time with the bewilderment which Jonathan Oldbuck, we are told, excited in his master. "Mr. Jonathan," said the man of law, "devours old parchments and makes his sixpence go further than another man's half-crown: but he will take no interest in the practical and profitable concerns of John Doe and Richard Roe."

Sixteen years after the good uncle had sent home a sketch of his nephew's character, drawn much after the same fashion, the now sobered nephew retraced his own earlier lineaments, in a youthful poet, who died ere he had reconciled himself with the world or the world's law. We extract the following passage from a letter of Southey's, written in 1812, as a curious specimen of self-recognition:—

"Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with 6000*l.* a-year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed at Oxford into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled the 'Necessity of Atheism'; sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon 200*l.* a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he is got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and in the course of a week, I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is, that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with 6000*l.* a-year: the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he does not set about it exactly in the right way."

Between 1796, the date of his first return

from Lisbon, and 1803, when he began to reside at Keswick, Southey's migrations were numerous. We need not trace him to Westbury, a pleasant village two miles from Bristol, fertile in verse, and near to Davy and his wonder-working gas; nor again to Lisbon, gazing "on convents and quintas, grey olive-yards, green orange-groves, and greener vineyards;" nor follow him on his return home to an abortive residence in Wales, and an abortive secretaryship in Ireland. These wanderings look very little like reading law. At Oxford he had made a brief experiment in the school of anatomy, with what effect may be supposed, since, as he tells us in his "Colloquies," the sight of a butcher's shop made him ill. Law was his vocation as little as Physic. He now, however, consented to study it. Meantime, where reside? From old associations he might perhaps have endured Bristol. Yet he had an all but unconquerable aversion to great cities, and a livelihood from the law must be sought in places where "men most do congregate." According to his admission or rather his boast, he never overcame his repugnance either to law or streets. For, while his eyes were upon Coke and Lyttleton, his heart was absorbed by plans for epics, dramas, and histories. "To all *serious* studies," he writes, "I bid adieu when I enter upon my London lodgings. The law will neither amuse me, nor ameliorate me, nor instruct me: but the moment it gives me a comfortable independence—and I have but few wants—then farewell to London. I will get me some little house near the sea, and near a country town, for the sake of the post and the bookseller." Themis, "bounteous lady," as she sometimes proves and is more often idly imagined to be, was not likely to be very gracious to so reluctant a votary. In fact, his wooing was of the kind which never thrives. His memory, according to his own account, was more at fault than his industry or understanding. "I am not indolent," he writes; "I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read and read and read; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! the eyes read; the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it—it was very clear. I remembered the page—the sentence: but close the book, and all was gone." Literature and science are compatible with jurisprudence, though not easily; and to be so, the law-student must not contemplate, as in the pre-

sent instance, an *auto-da-fé* of his law library as the natural termination of his legal studies. With so divided an allegiance at the outset—"law in the morning and verses in the evening"—it was as impossible for Southey to have mastered the "Reports," as it would have been for Lord Eldon to have written "Thalaba," and his final divorce from the law in 1802 was as prudent as it was unavoidable.

Accordingly, we regret his divorce from the law much less than his divorce from London. We believe that his preference for a country life, even if favorable to literary fecundity, was prejudicial to his intellectual character. Mingling with the society of the metropolis, he might have written less, but he would have known more of men and their ways. His dislike of Mr. Canning melted away as soon as he became personally acquainted with him, and it is remarked by his biographer that his father's antipathies rarely survived contact with the object of them. In London or Edinburgh, Southey would probably have learned to regard political opponents with equanimity, more especially since, as far as we can discover from his letters, he at no time very cordially agreed with the party he was believed to espouse. In the literary circles of either of these great capitals, he might have shunned the gravest error of his life—the habit of imputing unworthy motives to persons his equals in ability and integrity, and far his superiors in a general charitableness of nature as well as in worldly wisdom. It is not good for man to be alone. It is especially dangerous for a literary man to listen only to the echoes of his own praises or his own dislikes. What would have become of Samuel Johnson but for his love of London? Could "Elia" have been written by a resident at Mackery End? The danger is even greater when the imagination, as in Southey's case, is a more active faculty than the understanding. Achilles is described by Homer as nursing his wrath by the solitary shore; and Southey, in his rural seclusion, brooded over many antipathies which a freer intercourse with the world would have first softened and then removed.

All other schemes failing, Southey now rejoined Coleridge at the Lakes, became the joint tenant with him of Greta Hall, and a permanent resident in the most beautiful county in England. "*Hoc erat in votis.*" Keswick was not very near the sea, but it combined the conveniences of a town with the attractions of the country. Coleridge

was under the same roof; Wordsworth, with whom Southey here became acquainted, although he did not admire the Lyrical Ballads, was at Grasmere. Greta Hall belonged to a liberal landlord: there was a good book-room and a good garden. At length the wanderer had cast anchor, as he phrased it, and the current of his days flowed smoothly forward. In order to avoid recurrence, we shall now endeavor to represent his daily life, such as it was, with occasional varieties of foreign travel or domestic incident, for more than thirty consecutive years. The records of St. Maur afford no more striking example of undeviating and conscientious labor: the annals of philosophy present few more manly spectacles of unfailing cheerfulness and serene content.

Southey's year amid the mountains of Cumberland was divided into two unequal portions. Winter in the latitude of the English lakes generally includes half the autumn and nearly all the spring months. This long brumal period was devoted to the reading which enabled him to write, and to the writing which enabled him to live. His hours were strictly apportioned to his different employments. He was habitually an early riser, and, like Gibbon, wisely refrained from encroaching upon the night. He composed before breakfast; he read and transcribed, he wrote and extracted, from breakfast to a latish dinner; and the hours after the latter meal were generally assigned to that active correspondence which, to less industrious persons, would have been itself a business, or to the correction of proof-sheets, which was to Southey one of the choicest of mundane pleasures. "After tea," he proceeds, summing up the avocations of a day, "I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy, till I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper. And this is my life; which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." The gambols or innocent questionings of his children were alone permitted to break in upon his busy seclusion; for against children their father's door seems never to have been barred. He confesses that he wanted the art of making his pleasantries acceptable to women: so he will have been saved for the most part from those great consumers of the leisure of men of letters.

With the summer came the swallows; and with the swallows came tourists to the neighborhood of Keswick, in even larger numbers than railroads now convey them. Since, in 1806 and for several years after-

wards, the Continent was closed by war, and a voyage across the Atlantic was then an undertaking not of days but weeks. Gray was, we believe, the first describer of English lake scenery; yet he saw a portion only, and that not the most sublime portion, of our island-Alps. Indeed, even at the beginning of the present century many of the Cumbrian dells and passes were comparatively ground unvisited, and Southey mentions more than one discovery made by himself, on his pedestrian excursions. Among the tourists were many old acquaintances; and many more brought with them letters of introduction, which, in some instances, led to new friendships. These incursions on a limited society were salutary interruptions to his continuous winter studies. For although Greta Hall was within reach of Calgarth Park, the residence of the Bishop of Llandaff,—the Bishop being no less a person than Dr. Watson, the author of the "Apology for the Bible," and the "Lectures on Chemistry,"—of Brathay, the home of Charles Lloyd, the translator of "Alfieri," and a genuine, although an almost forgotten poet; of Ellerray, the seat of Professor Wilson; and of Grasmere and Rydal mere, the successive homes of Wordsworth;—yet mountain roads and long winter nights were to most persons, and more especially to one so constantly employed as Southey, effectual impediments to frequent intercourse. But in the summer months, besides frequent hospitality to casual or customary visitors, he indulged himself in excursions to those regions of the mountain country which lay beyond his own immediate neighborhood. These occasional "forays" could not be complete substitutes for daily exercise, but they doubtless helped for some years to recruit his frame and to counteract the prejudicial effects of his ordinary desk-work. Even to strangers he would sacrifice the employments of the day,—employments, for the most part, pressing and onerous,—to do the honors of his adjoining lake and the mountains that environ it. In his "Colloquies" may be found some exquisite samples of his zeal and eloquence as a Cicerone.

The reader will probably be glad if we lay before him a few of the vouchers for the foregoing account of Southey's studious and social life. We extract them almost at random from his letters, for no one ever wrote more naturally and unreservedly of himself:

"I am getting on with my Letters from Portugal. The evenings close in by tea-time, and fire and candle bring with them close work at the

desk, and nothing to take me from it. They will probably extend to three such volumes as *Espriella*. When they are done, the fresh letters of *Espriella* will come in their turn; and so I go on. Huzza! two and twenty volumes already; the *Cid*, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a-year in addition as long as I live.

"I waited to begin a new article for the 'Quarterly' till the first number was published, and as that is so near at hand, will begin to-morrow. But if Gifford likes my pattern-work, he should send me more cloth to cut; he should send me *Travels*, which I review better than any thing else. I am impatient to see the first number. Young lady never felt more desirous to see herself in a new ball-dress, than I do to see my own performance in print, often as that gratification falls to my lot. The reason is that, in the multiplicity of my employments, I forget the form and manner of every thing as soon as it is out of sight, and they come to me like pleasant recollections of what I wish to remember. Besides, the thing looks differently in print. In short, there are a great many philosophical reasons for this fancy of mine, and one of the best of all reasons is, that I hold it good to make every thing a pleasure which it is possible to make so."

"Hitherto," he writes to Mr. Wynn, in 1812, "I have been highly favored. A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart, are the three best boons Nature can bestow; and, God be praised, no man ever enjoyed them more perfectly. My skin and bones scarcely know what an ailment is; my mind is ever on the alert, and yet, when its work is done, becomes as tranquil as a baby; and my spirits invincibly good. Would they have been so, or could I have been what I am, if you had not been for so many years my stay and support? I believe not; yet you have been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and, at one time, my sole subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother: it was being done to as I would have done."

The following letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, written in 1818, is tinged with prophetic melancholy:

"It is, between ourselves, a matter of surprise to me that this bodily machine of mine should have continued its operations with so few derangements, knowing, as I well do, its excessive susceptibility to many deranging causes. If I did not vary my pursuits, and carry on many works of a totally different kind at once, I should soon be incapable of proceeding with any, so surely does it disturb my sleep and affect my dreams if I dwell upon one with any continuous attention. The truth is, that though some persons, whose knowledge of me is scarcely akin-deep, suppose I have no nerves because I have great self-control as far as regards the surface, if it were not for great self-management, and what may be called a strict intellectual regimen, I should very soon be in a very deplorable state of what is called nervous

disease, and this would have been the case any time during the last twenty years."

"Thank God, I am well at present, and well employed. Brazil and Wesley both at the press; a paper for the 'Quarterly Review' in hand, and 'Oliver Newman' now seriously resumed; while, for light reading, I am going through South's *Sermons* and the whole British and Irish part of the *Acta Sanctorum*."

Our closing extract from these annals of Greta Hall is more cheerful:—

"Of my own goings on, I know not that there is any thing which can be said. Imagine me in this great study of mine from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with *Dapper*, the dog, downstairs, who loves me as well as ever *Cupid* did, and the cat, upstairs, plays with me; for puss, finding this room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did the days appear to pass so fast."

Southey, for some time after his return to England, pined for the sublime and luxuriant scenery of Cintra and the Tagus. The Lusitanian springs and autumns, the golden fruitage of the orange groves, the pendulous clusters of the vineyards, the deep umbrage of the forests, the flashing of bright waters in sultry noons, and the brilliant semi-tropical flora of Portugal, were indeed wanting to the Cumbrian mountains. But in their stead nature unfolded around his northern dwelling an equally august, although gloomier, panorama of sinuous dales and mountain bastions, and the broad silvery mirrors of meres and lakes. On the right of Greta Hall were the lovely vale and wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on its left, *Lodore*, celebrated by its poet in sportive dithyrambs, and *Derwentwater*, with its fairy islands. Behind it rose the vast and towering masses of *Skiddaw* and *Blencathara*, and in front was outspread "a giant's camp of tent-like mountains, revealing through a narrow gorge the sublime chaos of *Borrowdale*." Nor was Southey, as many charming passages both in his verse and prose evince, indifferent to the poetic and pictorial accessaries of his abode. He was not, indeed, like Words-

worth, a student of nature at all hours and in every mood. Neither was he familiar, as Scott would have been, with the songs and legends of every dale, and with the weather-beaten features of every ancient crone and shepherd of the neighboring hamlets. But his daily walks, his occasional rambles, and the prospect which hourly greeted him from his library window, refreshed and invigorated his spirit, and taught him to scan and describe, with a profound feeling of their beauty, the mystery and the majesty of flood and fell, of night and morning, and of elemental turbulence and repose. The ocean expected, scarcely a chord in Nature's diapason was wanting in the landscape from Greta Hall.

The view within doors was hardly less attractive to him. In one of his letters, he expresses his conviction that with the library of the British Museum at his command, he should have despaired of accomplishing his literary projects, since infinite opulence would have distracted and discouraged him. His own library had been collected by himself, and was constructed for the most part with a view to his own purposes, accomplished or designed. Its populous shelves afforded him the grateful spectacle of *spolia opima* won by resolute industry, or of the instruments of a reputation to be achieved by hopeful energy. The nucleus and basis of the collection consisted of Spanish, Portuguese, and English books. But, flanking and supporting these three great tribes of European literature, were detachments or recruits from nearly every department of ancient and modern learning; not, as now, in spruce octavos and curt duodecimos, but in tall and stalwart folios, the *megatheria* of the book creation. And above this household brigade of stately veterans, and towering upward to the vertex of the pyramid, were the more diminutive tomes of modern days, radiated as it were from their patriarchal brethren by lines of rare manuscripts, Spanish and Portuguese, horizontally arranged upon brackets. But inasmuch as the cost of the leather or even prunella requisite for coating or reclothing his boarded or dilapidated myriads would have involved his exchequer "in cureless ruin," he called to his aid the members of his household. The faded gilding or tarnished vellum of his folios was repaired by the skill of his brother Thomas; and the ladies of Greta Hall, like the inmates of the Farrer Nunnery at Little Gidding, were adepts in bookbinding and its adjuncts—pasting, stitching, and decorating. They clothed the needy

in fine linen of divers colors. A volume of sermons or a quaker book was dressed in drab; poetry in some flowery pattern; and a pretentious or superficial author—for the fair bookbinders sometimes added a satiric touch—in some garb symbolic of his merits. No fewer than from 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by the Miss Southey's or their auxiliary guests; and the linen-brigade, which completely filled an upper chamber, was designated the Cottonian Library. This vast assemblage of books, so rare and nondescript, affected their owner's destiny in more ways than one. Primarily it enabled him to perform so many diversified and encyclopædic tasks in literature; and secondly, it acted upon his plans in middle life as an anchor or remora. His projected history of Portugal needed a third residence in Lisbon; and a home and an occupation in Southern Europe were long regarded as essential to his health and convenient to his purse. But it was not easy to transplant his nursery: each revolving year rendered it more difficult to transport his library; his growing engagements with the booksellers made it expedient that the sea should not divide him from Paternoster Row; and after a while both prudence and inclination combined to detain him in his Cumbrian home.

Perhaps other readers have been as omnivorous: but we doubt whether any one before has been also as methodical as he is exhibited in the multiform character of his writings, and the recent publication of his *Common-place Books*. His memory for particular facts and passages was less tenacious than that of Porson or Magliabechi; and its original vigor had been impaired, as he himself informs us, by his constant practice of making notes and extracts from the books he read. So far he fulfilled the prediction of the old king of Thebes, that the art of writing would, in the end, prove the art of forgetting. But his annotations, on the other hand, enabled him to amass and draw at once upon his materials for any subject in hand without hesitation or delay, and to pass from verse to prose, from biography to political economy, with a precision and rapidity, surpassed only by Goethe and Voltaire. We subjoin Mr. Cuthbert Southey's account of his father's mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book.

"He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained any thing which he was likely to make use of. A

slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker; and with a slightly-pencilled S he would note down the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged every thing in the work which it was likely he would ever want. . . Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself, at odds and ends of time, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his 'Common-place Books,' recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes; yet if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and, on some authors, such as the old Divines, he 'fed,' as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page, and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately—like an epicure with his wine, 'searching the subtle flavor.'"

But although he read and wrote as incessantly as a candidate for university honors, his home was neither solitary nor cloistral. On the contrary, had his children and the masculine superior himself been kept out of sight, the uninitiated might have mistaken Greta Hall for a small nunnery. It in fact contained for many years three families. For Southey had taken under his roof Mrs. Lovell, the widow of his first poetical colleague, and he had found already established there Mr. Coleridge and his family. But poor Coleridge ere long turned his face away for ever from Keswick, transferring to his more conscientious but scarcely richer brother-in-law, the task of providing for his wife and children. With what un murmuring and un-failing kindness Southey discharged the cares of this triple family is well known. With him the discharge of duty was no cold negation; but the gentle fulfilment of an office, which a generous affection imposed upon him. And he fulfilled these tutelary duties as cheerfully as if his income had not been dependent upon the labor of the day, and as serenely as if health and life were certain, and a provision had already been secured against the contingencies of failing strength or early dissolution. Yet at no period of his exertions—and they were continued for nearly forty years—had Southey the satisfaction of knowing that a year's income was safely housed, although his pension and the laureateship enabled him in some measure to provide for the day when his parental assist-

ance would be withdrawn. Nor was his scantily-furnished and precarious purse ever closed to the wants of friends or deserving claimants. Upon Herbert Knowles he offered to bestow an annual pension to enable him to meet in part the expenses of college; the necessities of William Taylor of Norwich he would have promptly relieved with a similar contribution, had not those necessities proved to be more imaginary than real; and in 1825 we find him, open-hearted and open-handed, making over to his friend Mr. John May, nearly all the ready money he then possessed. Of time, which to him was money, or even more than money, he was equally lavish at the call of friendship or "patient merit." His "Life of Kirke White," and his edition of "Chatterton's Remains," are permanent memorials of the zeal with which he devoted himself to the interests of the unfortunate; his advice to Bernard Barton and Ebenezer Elliott smoothed the preliminary difficulties of their literary career; nor would his counsel apparently have less serviceably befriended William Roberts and Dusautoy, had not death released them from doubt and dependence. Happy was the home at Greta Hall; bounteous and frequent were the charities which flowed from its hearth; and strong the heart and faithful the spirit which, beset by obstacles and oppressed by toil, could ever afford leisure and sympathy to the world-wanderer, and ceased not to uplift and sustain them, until they went on their way rejoicing.

The death of an infant daughter had been the immediate cause of Southey's migration from Bristol to the Lakes in 1803. The wound was healed by the growing up around him of a fair and thriving family, in whom his affections centered without selfishness, and whom he seems to have brought up, "as best befits the mountain child," in hardy and healthy habits, although he neglected his own discipline for himself. The centre of the group was his son Herbert. For him Southey's letters indicate, not only affection, but an absorbing love, rivalling even the love of mothers. In him he saw "his better part transmitted and improved." But he saw not, or seeing dismissed it as "some phantasma or hideous dream," what more indifferent spectators could scarcely fail to discern, that a being so finely organised, and so prematurely accomplished as this favorite child, held but a precarious tenure on life. "I have now," he writes in 1809, "three girls living, and as delightful a play-fellow in the shape of a boy as ever man was blest with. Very often,

when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged." For seven years after the father thus wrote Herbert was the companion of his walks, his thoughts, and even his studies: for, beyond his years, he was "a studious boy," and gave the flattering promise of following his father with more than equal steps. His mind had outgrown his body. His quick intellect and quiet disposition were in an inverse ratio to his prime of youth. Herbert Southey died in his tenth year, and the letters which record his illness, decease, and the griefs that followed, are unsurpassed for truth, tenderness, and Christian resignation.

We have grouped around Greta Hall the principal features of Southey's domestic life for a long period of years, since with him one day told unto another its incidents and avocations. But we must now resume the thread of his history as it regards the world around him. He seldom mingled in it, and too often most unreasonably affected to despise it; but his reputation was increasing, and public applause exerted its usual influence upon him. When he became resident in Cumberland, he had already printed *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba*, and the manuscripts of *Madoc* and *Kehama* were in his desk. His earliest epic, falling in with the revolutionary spirit of the times, and instinct with a vigor which he did not always display afterwards, had been successful beyond his hopes, and, as he thought in comparison with *Thalaba*, beyond its merits. Yet, although he more than once complains of the tardy sale of the latter poem, he began with his wonted energy to revise *Madoc*, and in twelve months published a third portly quarto of verse. He seems, indeed, to have thought that he had revived a taste for epical narrative, and to have projected a series of poems based upon every known system of mythology, except the familiar and attractive myths of Greece and Rome. In 1805 "the Cacique in Mexico and Prince in Wales" appeared before the public tribunal. Its author was at the same time busily employed as an editor and periodical critic; and well was it for him that his means did not depend entirely on his epic adventure,—for *Madoc* eventually brought in to his exchequer somewhat less than four pounds. In 1809 he produced "*Kehama*," and five years later "*Roderick*,"—the intervals between these graver parturitions being taken up with regular contributions to the *Annual* and *Quarterly Reviews*, with the historical portion of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, with a translation of the

Cid, with his *Omniana*, the *Remains of Kirke White*, and the *Life of Nelson*. Upon these works the public has long ago pronounced irrevocable judgment, and generally reversed the verdict of their author. The periodical criticisms, which he deplored as labor unmeet for him, are still read with pleasure, and the biography of Nelson, which he designates as little better than an article, has become a British classic; while the elaborate metres and long narratives, on which the poet and historian expected his reputation was to rest, are seldom read, and less frequently cited.

The present seems a fitting place for a few general observations upon Southey's station in English poetry. If there were ever, formally, a Lake-school, he did not belong to it; since he disliked the Lyrical Ballads, and it was friendship for Wordsworth which seems to have reconciled him to the *Excursion*. As little did he appertain to the order of bards, of whom Byron was the coryphæus,—passion and Southey being irreconcilable terms. He was probably correct in calling "Spenser" his "master," although the interval between them was as wide as the interval between Titian and West. Both, indeed, were poets of quantity: delighting in what Lydgate calls "the long processes of an auneynt tale." But in Spenser space is a shifting and gorgeous panorama, vivid in hue, majestic in form, and populous with zhivalrous and mystic groups. Whereas in Southey amplitude of proportion too often resembles a wintry landscape, from which motion and color are absent, and the outline alone remains of suspended life and luxuriance. Of still life Southey, indeed, is occasionally a skilful painter; but he was too dispassionate in himself, and too unversed in men's works and ways to inform his pictures with dramatic energy. His bad agents are all gloom; his good agents are all seraphic; his lovers are either merely sensual, or merely spiritual and metaphysical; the virtues of his heroes excite no sympathy; the vices of his criminals awaken no horror. Like characters in the old mysteries, they are speaking allegories, and not real persons.

Yet we would recommend the youthful poetic aspirant to study Southey's poems; not indeed as he would study the masters of the great ancient and modern schools, but for the sake of their inexhaustible supplies of poetic materials. No writer, if we except Milton, has hived so much from the stores of books, or has displayed happier skill in discovering veins of imaginative ore even in the most rugged and unlikely soils. The

Not like the Oceanian!

materials, it is true, often surpass the workmanship. Mr. Fox was said to listen attentively to learned but ineffective speeches, in order that he might speak them over again. And although "Madoc" and "Kehama" will never be re-written, their *disjecta membra* may become serviceable under some more adroit combination. To the defects which we have noted, Southey's omnivorous appetite for reading doubtless contributed. Nearly all his poems are as much works of research as of imagination. His notes are more entertaining than the text, and sometimes as poetical. The very objectivity of his mind—a mind averse from introversion, and strenuous rather than susceptible,—favored an undue accretion of its contents from books alone. He set to work upon an epic poem as many painters prepare themselves for an historical picture. They study archaeology; they dive into black letter; they visit scenes of battle or of council; and they produce a brilliant masquerade. In like manner, in his longer poems, Southey assigns authorities for his characters, his costume, his similes, and his episodes, till the wonder is that, working on such a plan, so much of his work should have been so good. Of his ballads we deem much more highly than of his epics. Their needful brevity constrained his habitual gyrations. Yet even in his ballads ease and spontaneity are too often wanting; the legend and the chronicle are too apparent; they savor more of the library than the minstrel; and we turn for relief to Campbell and Scott.

Southey himself, half-humorously and half-gravely, avows his propensity to be voluminous. "Is it not a pity," he says, "that I should not execute my intentions of writing more verses than Lope di Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of dropsy upon me, and 'crescit indulgens.'" He omitted to remark that Dryden's plays are nearly forgotten, that Blackmore's epics procured him a niche in the Dunciad, and that not fifty men in Europe have read a quarter of Lope di Vega's plays. In his nineteenth year Southey had held an *auto-da-fé* upon at least 15,000 verses; he plunged early into the Italian epic poets; he waded, as few men have done, through the *Araucana*; and one of his literary aspirations was to complete the "Faëry Queen." He composed verses at his morning toilette, in his solitary walks, on his occasional journeys; he poured them forth like unpremeditated

conversation; he transcribed with the diligence of a Benedictine monk. Shelley called him a great improvisatore. The morning after he had completed "Kehama," he was ready to begin "Roderick." Poetry, he remarks, softens the heart: "Madoc was essential to his happiness;" "no man ever tagged rhyme without being the better for it." But although in prose the more men write, the better probably they will write, it is not so with verse. "Poetry," says Milton, "is solemn, sensuous, and severe;" and these are qualities earned only by excision, selection, and concentration. The taste of the reading public at the beginning of the present century affords indeed a cause, if not a justification, of this excess in quantity. In 1802, the greatness of a poet was thought to depend upon a certain cubic amount of verse. Glover's "Leonidas" and Klopstock's "Messiah" were not quite obsolete. Collins, and Gray, and Burns had not written enough for a diploma of the first order. A similar propensity displayed itself at one time in Roman literature; and the later Roman epics are the least read, and perhaps the least readable, of the verse which survived, and scarcely survived, to modern times. It would be unjust to compare Southey with the post-Augustan writers, except perhaps with Valerius Flaccus. He has much more vigor and variety, and is much less tedious. Yet we doubt whether, in another generation, "Madoc" will be better known than "Silvius Italicus," or "Kehama" be more frequently cited than the "Thebaid."

In 1816, and in his forty-second year, Southey adverts to the decline of his poetical powers. Was this also, like his belief that he should die in harness, a premonition of intellectual decay? "I am inclined to think," he says, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, "that my service to the muses has been long enough, and that I should perhaps have claimed my discharge. The ardor of youth is gone by. However I may have fallen short of my own aspirations, my best is done; and I ought to prefer those employments which require the matured faculties and collected stores of declining life." It was a subject of congratulation to Dr. Arnold that the great observer of mankind, the philosopher Aristotle, had pronounced the age of forty-seven as the culminating year of the human intellect. Southey appears to have felt earlier the inroads of time and toil. Ten years later we find him lamenting the decreased sale of his writings. He had produced each successive work with apparently

a sure and certain hope of success and perpetuity. His latest work was always, in his own estimation, his best. But in 1828 he says, "From the public my last proceeds were:—For the 'Book of the Church' and the 'Vindiciæ,' per John Murray, *nil.*; and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about 26*l.* My books have nearly come to a dead stand-still in their sale; so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses."

Periodical writing had indeed been at all times Southey's sheet anchor. He pays it himself the homely compliment, that "it made the pot boil." The "Edinburgh Annual Register" had yielded him for a time an annual income of 400*l.*; and when he ceased to conduct its historical department, the "Quarterly Review" made up for its loss. But although Southey was well inclined to think highly of his poetical and historical compositions,—so much so indeed as to compare "Madoe" with the *Odyssey*, and the "History of Brazil" with *Herodotus*!—he was equally disposed to underrate his contributions to periodical literature. His letters frequently express a poignant regret that these ephemeral tasks should engross so much of his time. In case abstinence from this "drudgery," for such he terms it, would have ensured the completion of his grander historical projects—the histories of the Monastic Orders, of Portugal, and of English literature—we should cordially echo his regret; and, as it is, we deeply lament that national or royal bounty should not have enabled him, while he had yet the power, to accomplish designs so well suited to his genius, and so likely to have remained "possessions for ever." But we cannot regret that Southey should have added, by his enforced labor, so many beautiful chapters to the current and more consumable literature of his age. As a critic, indeed, he ranks below Lessing and the Schlegels. He was less analytic than Coleridge, less discriminating than Mr. Hallam, and less pictorial than Mr. Macaulay. But he possessed, in an unusual degree, the requisites for periodical composition. His clear, masculine, and harmonious style, it is superfluous to commend. His universal reading enabled him to adorn every subject that he treated. He passed from one topic to another with the versatility of an advocate passing from the Crown Court to *Nisi Prius*; and his fancy was never more happily employed than in enlivening the themes of another, whether dull and superficial, or live-

ly and well informed, with his own pithy analogies or humorous allusions. To the "Quarterly Review" alone he furnished, in the course of thirty years, nearly a hundred articles. His aid and reputation are well known to have contributed most materially and in many respects most justly to the early success and permanent celebrity of that journal.

The friends of Southey proposed or attempted many schemes for the improvement of his worldly circumstances. But every successive scheme proved either impracticable or unadvisable. Some we have already noticed. In 1809 he applied for the stewardship of the Derwentwater estates belonging to Greenwich Hospital. Their proximity to Greta Hall, and the annual salary of the office, 700*l.*, were obvious recommendations. But, upon inquiry, the duties of the stewardship were wholly unsuited to his habits and pursuits. "The place of residence varied over a tract of country of about eighty miles." This was too roving a commission for one whose tap-root was so firmly fixed to one spot. And the steward was expected to be "a perfect agriculturist, land-surveyor, mineralogist, and lawyer." Now of farming Southey knew as much as Virgil or "honest Tusser" could teach him; he had probably never measured his own garden by any other gauge than long strides; he did not know granite from oolite, and he had long shaken hands with law. "For my own part," writes Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, after recounting the Protean functions of the steward, "I would rather live in a hollow tree all the summer, and die when the cold weather should set in, than undertake such an employment." The situation of librarian to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, with a salary of 400*l.* a-year, and with the prospect of an increase, was offered him in 1818; but this, as well as a proposal to take part in the political management of the "Times" newspaper, were declined by him,—the one, because it would have obliged him to live in a great city, the other, because it would have tied him down to a certain line of opinions, to both of which he was equally averse. Southey, indeed, was not an easy man to serve or suit. His constitutional cheerfulness rendered him comparatively indifferent to preferment; while his love of home, and his inveterate habits of study, indisposed him to change and removal. "The truth is," he said, "that I have found my way in the world, and am in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and for which

it has pleased Him to qualify me. At the same time my means are certainly so straitened that I should very gladly obtain an addition to them, if it could be obtained without changing the main stream of my pursuits." By the university of Oxford he was clothed with the highest honor which that learned body can bestow upon a layman—the title of Doctor—of which he made no use, and which "put nothing in his purse." Two other distinctions, of which men of more ambition or of less simplicity and independence would have been proud, he refused—a baronetcy, as inconsistent with his means, and a seat in Parliament, as incompatible with his pursuits. The laureateship, which was conferred on him principally through the intervention of Sir Walter Scott, was a more substantial boon, since it enabled him, by a fresh life-insurance, to make further provision for his family; and the subsequent pension so gracefully granted and received, at the hands of Sir Robert Peel, might have been a national benefit, had it been given earlier. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe so deficient as England in appropriate provisions for literary men who are not connected with the universities, or who have not taken refuge in the Church. Of literature itself the State takes little or no cognizance. It is difficult for contemporaries to gauge its merits; it is still more difficult for a government to apportion its rewards.

For one who travelled late in life, and whom it was so difficult to detach from home, Southey travelled extensively, at least at a time when as yet railways were not, and the diligence and post-waggon retained their aboriginal tardiness. The records of his "trips" are so agreeable, that we cannot help wishing that "to travel and tell his travels had been more of his employment." He was among the crowd of English who hurried to the Continent in 1815; and the "Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo" is one of the fruits of his first journey. He had watched the fluctuations of the mighty struggle between Europe and England, and finally between Europe and Napoleon, with all the ardor of his temperament, and hailed its unexpected termination with unbounded and indiscriminating joy. For his prophecies of a triumphant issue he took more than due credit: the inexorable end came to pass indeed, not, however, so much by the standing up of kings, as by the banding together of nations. With the immediate results of the Great Peace he appears to have been altogether dissatisfied. The world did not revert entirely to the year

1788; and therefore Southey complained that the revolutionary serpent was not killed, but only scotched. Throughout his remarks upon the social and political state of England at this time,—from 1816 and for several years afterwards,—upon the measures of government as well as upon the tactics of opposition,—we can discern little sagacity, little sound information, and even less tolerance and comprehensiveness, than we could imagine possible in a spectator so intelligent and so much in earnest. He indulged in a species of pastoral dream about the superior honesty and happiness of the "felices agricolæ;" he feared and hated manufactures; he was opposed to freedom of commerce; he identified dissent with disaffection: he sighed for the Church of Laud and for the policy of Burleigh and the Tudors. Yet what else could be expected from one whose days were passed with the dead, and who, according to his biographer, "long as he had resided at Keswick, knew scarcely anything of the persons among whom he lived." These remarks must not be thought ungracious: our opinions upon Southey's social and political theories have often been unreservedly expressed; and, in support of them, we appeal to the contrast between his essays upon subjects he understood and his essays upon subjects on which he only felt. Let readers, who distrust our judgment, compare his papers in the "Quarterly Review," upon "Monastic Institutions, Cemeteries, and the Copyright Act," with his papers on "The Manufacturing System, Parliamentary Reform, and the Rise and Progress of Disaffection," and he will admit—unless we greatly err—that, in political controversy, he had, in Milton's expressive phrase, "the use only of his left hand."

Southey's literary reputation rendered him a welcome and an honored visitant in whatever quarter his continental excursions were directed; but nowhere was he more welcome than in Holland, and in no family more completely domesticated than in that of Bilderdijk the poet. Mrs. Bilderdijk had translated "Roderick" into her native language, and made its author famous in the Low Countries. Her husband—like Southey himself—was, in his domestic circle, full of life, spirits, and enthusiasm; and, as there is some resemblance in the character of their poetry, so there was a close accordance in the general opinions of the brother bards. An accident, which put a stop to Southey's journey in 1825, and consigned him to the sofa instead of the diligence and packet-boat, tended directly to foster their new friendship. He

became an inmate in Bilderdijk's house; was nursed by his fair and accomplished translator; and, in the blooming promise and home-education of her son Lodowijk, saw reflected the image of his own hearth.

We have already alluded to the early working out of Southey's poetical vein; so contrary to the experience of greater poets. After the publication of "Roderick," in 1814, he produced nothing of moment in poetry, and the *Corpus Southeianum*—for so his collected epics might be called—was obscured by the more fervid and genial brilliance of Byron and Moore, of Shelley and Wordsworth. But Southey's poetic spring was succeeded by a long and fruitful season of prose writings; of which some few were comparatively still-born, but many of them survive, and will probably last as long as the English language. In his *Life of Nelson*, first published in 1813, he opened, in our opinion, the true vein of his genius—Biography; and, if we were required to perform for his works a service similar to that which the priest and barber rendered to the library of Don Quixotte, we would at once rescue from the purgatory flames his *Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper*. Southey was naturally too voluminous to be safely entrusted with a subject of ample verge and margin. The narrower limits of biography were salutary for his genius. They compelled him to be brief, without denying him the privilege of short excursions and legitimate ornament. His diction, too, smooth and rhythmical as it was, was also in a still higher degree colloquial. In anecdotes he delighted, and he told them well: he read character—at least the characters of the dead—acutely, and he delineated it perspicuously; his command of illustrative matter was unbounded, and he framed his portraits with it most skilfully. On these accounts, had he executed his design of continuing Warton's *History of English Poetry*, he would, in all respects, except epigrammatic vigor, have probably surpassed "Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*." This is on the supposition,—first, that his continuation would have been made on other principles than those which Mackintosh justly censures as having misled him in his "*Specimens of the later English Poets*,"—and next, that his code of anti-Johnsonian criticism would have been reduced within the bounds of reason. Of Southey's three historical works, the *Narrative of the Peninsular War* has long been dead, if, indeed, it can be said to have lived at all. It was constructed on Raleigh's and

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Howell's plan of perpetually stopping progress to discuss the origin of every place or circumstance he had occasion to introduce. His "*Book of the Church*" will always be read with pleasure for its style, but cannot be trusted for its assertions. Had it been as impartial as it is picturesque, it would be one of the most delightful of manuals. But the temper in which it is written will satisfy those alone who are predetermined to think Laud in the right, and the Puritans and Long Parliament in the wrong. The "*History of Brazil*" is a performance of far higher merit than either of the fore-mentioned works. Its subject alone is a drawback upon its popularity, for few persons have any special motive for studying the records of a Portuguese settlement in three quarto volumes. The materials on this occasion were collected by his uncle, Herbert Hill, were themselves unrivalled in value, and were accessible at the time to none but the historian. His whole heart was in this book: it was an episode in his long-cherished *History of Portugal*: and the labor of love was discharged with unwonted vigor and alacrity. In his account of the Brazils, no political antipathies disturb the genial current of his fancy. He revels in glowing descriptions of the marvels of tropical nature, the picturesque features of savage life, and the chivalrous adventures of the European settlers. The "*Colloquies*" and the "*Doctor*" combined, display the twofold aspect of Southey's character—its earnest and its sportive side. The earlier of these works has been described by Mr. Macaulay in a former number of this *Journal*. The latter, besides its odd learning and Shandean turn of speculation, exhibits in the character of the Doves, and in a most graceful love-story, powers which, more sedulously cultivated, might have enrolled their author in the goodly company of British novelists.

We have endeavored to delineate Robert Southey as he lived at Greta Hall, as he appeared to the world, and in his relations to literature. But we must now hasten onward to the mournful and affecting close of his career. His works had enriched various departments of English Literature; honors had been lavished upon him by native and foreign universities; and his acquaintance was sought by all who had a respect for learning and a knowledge of his worth. He had indeed drunk deeply of the cup of affliction, but he had also enjoyed and recognised his enjoyment in no ordinary share of earthly happiness. Death and marriage had, indeed, narrowed the circle at Greta Hall; but his

faculties were still unclouded, and his energy was yet unimpaired. He continued to delight in his mountain rambles, in his annual tour, in correspondence and hospitality; and he looked forward, with characteristic cheerfulness, to the completion of the works which he had in hand, and to the accomplishment of literary plans more extensive still. But the cloud which was destined to settle permanently on his intellect began to gather its sombre folds around him in the summer of 1826. In the June of that year, in company with Mr. H. Taylor and Mr. Rickman, he made a short tour in Holland, and revisited the Bilderdijs at Leyden. His return to Keswick from all former excursions had been an event of the liveliest interest both to the travellers and to those who had remained at home. He was now welcomed with tears and sad anticipations. His youngest daughter, Isabel, was laid on a bed of sickness from which she never rose.

The precarious nature of her husband's income had been the cause of almost lifelong anxiety to Mrs. Southey, and it combined with the recurrence of domestic bereavement to undermine her naturally nervous constitution. Keswick, alternately, as we have seen, a lonely and much-visited abode, was considered, in 1834, when her mental malady had reached its crisis, too unquiet a residence for one no longer competent to even family duties; and it became necessary to place her in a lunatic asylum at York. She returned to Keswick, only to die in the bosom of her family. Her mental disorder lasted three years. The afflicted husband sustained with Christian fortitude this last and heaviest trial, but when the necessity for exertion ceased, he had become an altered man. "I feel," he says in one of his letters at this period, "as one of the Siamese twins would do, if the other had died and he had survived the separation." A tour in the West of England in 1837, and a brief excursion into Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine, in the autumn of the following year, were the last of his summer journeys. His fellow-travellers remarked the change which was stealing over him. All his movements were slower; he was liable to frequent fits of absence; his journal, once so minute, was at first irregularly kept, and then laid aside; his clear and compact handwriting became feeble and indistinct, like the early efforts of a child.

With the following anecdote, we shall drop the curtain upon the parting scene of this tragic history. Addison has finely remarked,

that Babylon in ruins is not so affecting or so solemn a spectacle as a noble intellect overthrown. In Southey's ashes still lingered their wonted fires:—

"One of the plainest signs," says Mr. Cuthbert Southey, "that his over-wrought mind was completely worn out, was the cessation of his accustomed labors. But while doing nothing (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done), he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with his old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor; all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest, all completed, and new works added to these. For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading; and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly-prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end; and he would walk slowly around his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically. In the earlier stages of his disorder (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay,) he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past; and, as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still farther back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow, and sadly exclaim,—'Memory, memory! where art thou gone?'"

In a dark and stormy morning of March, 1843, the mortal remains of Southey were deposited in their final abode, in the churchyard of Crosthwaite. The over-toiled brain, the liberal and capacious heart, at length rested in the bosom of the mountain land which he had adopted and loved to the last so well. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, surrounded by the graves of the children and the wife who had passed away before him. Of the literary contemporaries who eclipsed or equalled his celebrity, Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers are now, we believe, the sole survivors. A great cycle has nearly closed which a distant and reverent posterity will regard as second only to the Elizabethan era. On that bede-roll of English worthies the name of Robert Southey will be indelibly inscribed.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

GLASGOW CELEBRITIES.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

DR. SMOLLETT, who received his early education in the College of Glasgow, and was apprenticed there to a surgeon, revisited the city in 1765 or 1766, and has given the result of his observations on it in his excellent novel of "Humphrey Clinker"—perhaps the most ingenious of all his writings. According to this author—and from his personal acquaintances and connections he had the best means of information—Glasgow, at this period, was a "perfect beehive in point of industry." The following account which he gives of one of the leading merchants will show the great extent of business carried on by a few individuals of this comparatively small community:—"I conversed," he says, "with one Mr. Glassford, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had, at one time, five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken. You must know I have a national attachment to this part of Scotland," &c.

The branch of commerce in which Mr. Glassford and others realised such large fortunes was the tobacco trade; at that time, and for some years afterwards, till the breaking out of the American war, the great staple of the trade of Glasgow. This trade is said to have taken its rise from very small beginnings. The first adventure which was sent from the Clyde to Virginia was, it is reported, put under the management of the captain of the vessel, who acted also as supercargo. This captain was a shrewd man, but totally unacquainted with accounts. Being asked, on his return, for a statement of

his management, he said he had none to give; "but there were the proceeds," producing, at the same time, a large *hoggar* (stocking) filled with coin. The adventure had been successful; and the parties interested in it, conceiving that if an uneducated man had done so well, one versant in figures would do still better, sent out a second shipment of goods, with an experienced accountant as supercargo. This person, when he came back to Glasgow, rendered a beautifully-made-out account to his employers—but there was no *hoggar*.

This new branch of trade, which had been only opened up to Glasgow since the Union, gradually increased, and was pushed with so much vigor as to excite the jealousy of the English merchants, who looked on the Scotch as interlopers, and used every means to crush them in the bud. At length, however, the perseverance of the Glasgow merchants overcame all obstacles, and that city became the great emporium for the tobacco trade in the kingdom.

At a certain hour of the day, the principal merchants to whom we have alluded were accustomed to assemble on a privileged walk, arrayed in scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs, where they strutted about with as much assumed dignity as a senator of Venice pacing the Rialto; and wo to the luckless plebeian who then ventured to come betwixt the wind and their gentility! The master tradesmen, who were in the habit of receiving their orders, were obliged to take their stand on the opposite side of the street, from whence they endeavored to catch the eye of their employers. From the following anecdote, communicated many years since by an old American merchant, it would appear that the foreign mode of salutation was then in fashion. A certain tobacco lord, who had enjoyed the double honor of being at the same time Lord Provost and M.P. for the city, was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*; and besides the peculiarity of visage which had gained him

this sobriquet, was gifted with an immense capacity of mouth, extending from ear to ear. This dignitary was no small man on the *plainstones* (or pavement) opposite King William's statue at the Cross, were the walk in question was situated. He was complaining one day of "some d—d fellow" (swearing was then in greater repute than it is now) "who had come up to him on the walk, and, will he, nill he, bussed him on both sides of the face, slavering him with his filthy saliva." "If I had been you," said his friend, looking significantly at his mouth, "I would have *bitten off his head!*"

Another well-known provost of Glasgow, who afterwards went to London, and became a most active and efficient police magistrate there, was standing one day on the same privileged ground chatting with the Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of Govan, a shrewd but sarcastic observer, when a ragged little urchin had the temerity to ask his lordship for an alms. The dignitary replied with a growl, and the boy was running off, when Mr. Thom stopped him with, "Stay, laddie; let me see thy face: thou's a bit decent callant enough. Here's a bawbee for thee; ye'll may be provost of Glasgow yet." The provost himself had been of humble origin.

This gentleman, before he left Glasgow, was considered a very precise person. One story of him was well authenticated, and often repeated. Scolding a clerk in his office one day for some trifling blunder, he softened a little towards the close of his lecture, and said, "Well, I believe I must forgive you for this time; *I myself was once guilty of a mistake.*" Like many *parvulus*, this provost was very fond of good living, and had expressed to some one the peculiar relish with which he ate his dinner from China dishes. A bitter old lady, to whom the observation was repeated, and who knew his family well, said, "Cheeny, quotha; set him wi' cheeny! I mind his mother taking her dinner—and that was a herring—aff a peat, and when she wanted another plate, she just turned the t'ither side o't!"

The Rev. Mr. Thom, whom we have just introduced to our readers, seems to have had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one fine Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather, fell fast asleep during sermon. In the middle of the discourse, a dog which had got into church most inopportunely set up a howl. "Put out that dog," said the minister: "put out that dog

instantly—he'll wauken a Glasgow magistrate!"

I have mentioned the exclusiveness of the merchant-grandeers at this period; but there was one of their customers who was not to be daunted, and who kept "the crown o' the causey" with the best of them. This was a grocer named Robert McNair, a shrewd, sagacious man, who knew his own interest well, but, in an age of eccentric characters, pursued his objects in a manner quite his own. A sign-board above his shop had the names, Robert McNaire and Jane Holmes (his wife), inscribed in large letters; and all his business transactions, which were extensive, were under this firm. Like many of his neighbors of that day, he appears to have had a taste for litigation, and was occasionally before the "fyfeteen" (Court of Session). One of his causes, which had been long depending, was one day called for trial. Robin, as he was usually called, was in court himself, but no counsel for him. "Where is your counsel, Mr. McNair?" said the judge. "My lord," said McNair, "I have no counsel. The cause has been twenty-one years in court. It is now of *age*, and should be able to take care of itself." An old gentleman who told me this story remembered Robin well. "The law-pleen," he said, "was at last decided in his favor."

There being little competition among the grocers in those days, and Mr. McNair and his spouse, Jane Holmes, living very frugally, he amassed by degrees a very handsome competency. A lot of ground, on which he had set his heart, having been offered for sale by public auction, he purchased it, and built a steading on it, which, in honor of his better half, he called Jeanfield. When his name was given in as purchaser, he was asked as usual for his security. "I have no security to offer," said Robin; "Jean Holmes is not here, but here's her pouch!" at the same time throwing down an immense pocket, used by the goodwives of the time, full of bank-notes, with which he paid for his purchase.

Robin, when he had become well-to-do in the world, took it into his head to give an entertainment to all the merchants with whom he had dealings. He was a good customer, and most of them accepted the invitation. When dinner was served up, they found that nothing had been provided for them but herrings and potatoes. "Accustomed as they were to the good things of this life, we may suppose that the guests looked rather blank at this sorry fare; but there was no remedy.

When all of them had been helped, and were about to commence, Robin said, "Gentlemen, this is the way in which I made my money; follow me, and I will show you how I mean to spend it." He then led the way into another room, where they found an excellent dinner, set out with all the delicacies of the season, and, what some of them would relish as much, with the choicest wines which could be procured.

About the middle of last century Glasgow was a pleasant city of habitation, even externally. Arkwright, whose invention of the spinning-jenny has effected such a revolution in the manufactures of the country, was then a barber's apprentice. The dense volumes of smoke which, perpetually vomiting from the cotton-mills, gas-works, and numberless manufactories, hang like a lowering cloud over the capital of the west of Scotland, poisoning the air by its mephitic influence, were then unknown.* The atmosphere was as clear and bright as in a country village, or as you see it in some of the smaller towns in Belgium, to which, in its gable-end houses, fronting the streets, Glasgow at this period bore no small resemblance.

Several of the mansion-houses of the first-rate merchants of Glasgow at this period were built in a style of sumptuous magnificence, greatly superior to any private dwellings which have since been erected in the city. They were generally surrounded with fine gardens, thus forming a "*rus in urbe*." The immense rise which has taken place in the value of ground in Glasgow, is the reason that, one after the other, these fine houses have been sacrificed to the wants of a continually-increasing community. One of the last which was taken down was the very fine mansion-house in Queen Street, built by Mr. Cunningham of Lainshaw, a Glasgow merchant, after the model, it is said, of a palace at Rome. It was latterly purchased by the Royal Bank of Scotland for their branch established here, and afterwards disposed of by them as a site for the Royal Exchange. The Royal Bank's present office is situated in the ground which in days of yore was part

of Mr. Cunningham's garden—the remaining space round the Royal Exchange being filled up by a square of very substantial shops and warehouses, built by the Royal Bank Company, which no doubt that wealthy establishment have found a profitable investment. "*Ex uno disce omnes*;" all the old houses of the Glasgow patricians have disappeared from the same cause.

The great value of such houses, even in the times when they were built, may be estimated from the heavy damages adjudged to Mr. Campbell of Shawfield, the member of parliament for Glasgow, whose house was destroyed by a riotous mob in 1725, in consequence of his having voted for the extension of the malt tax to Scotland. The sum was £6400, besides £2600 for other damages.

The style of life in the middle classes was very different. The bulk of the inhabitants, including many who had prospered considerably in the world, dwelt in *flats*—that is, floors of large houses, denominated *lands*, such as the 'Trades' Land, Gibson's land, and the like. In one of these, Donald's Land, opposite the Tron Church, Sir John Moore, the "*Hero of Corunna*," first saw the light; and the fathers of many of the most distinguished citizens who were destined to make a figure in the world—of Sir Thomas Munro, Kirkman Finlay, and many others—had no better dwellings. As might have been expected in a rising mercantile community, time was precious, and the hours of the citizens generally were very early. The maxim inculcated on the rising generation was—

"He that would thrive,
Must rise at five;"

and their fathers enforced the rule by their own example. It is recorded that three leading merchants had made an appointment to meet each other at five o'clock on a winter morning, for the purpose of examining their books, and striking a balance-sheet. Two of them had met while the clock was striking, and the third, as the story goes, made his appearance with his *bowat* (small lantern) "*just as the last stroke of the bell had chappit*." The same method was pursued by some of the merchants till a much later period in the century. Thus the late Mr. Carrick, one of the most successful bankers in Scotland, and who realised an immense fortune by his own industry and good management, regularly as the balance-day came round—some day, I think, in July—was

* The smokiness of manufacturing towns is surely susceptible of some degree of remedy, if we can attach any consequence to the results of an arrangement applied to the furnace of the tolerably large boiler used in printing these sheets. It certainly prevents smoke entirely, and that without any drawback or difficulty whatever, the simple principle being a gradual and regulated introduction of the coals. We trust soon to be able to return to this subject, with details as to saving of fuel, &c.—Ep.

seen to a very late period in his life, working most assiduously at six o'clock in the morning, surrounded by his clerks, each laboring in his own department to bring out the results. Mr. Carrick's maxim was, that one hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon. The good effects of this orderly method were exemplified in his own case: "Carrick on the Promises," as his promissory bank-notes were quaintly called, had a circulation all over Scotland, particularly in the Highlands, to which they were taken by the drovers, and where they were greatly preferred to gold or silver. The writer has himself seen notes of the Ship Bank—of which Mr. Carrick was cashier and principal partner—originally issued in 1775, and not returned for payment till nearly thirty years afterwards—thus, at the rate of compound interest, more than doubling their value. So much for the profits of Scotch bankers at this period.

The usual hour of dinner was two o'clock, and for fashionable parties an hour later. Tea, at six o'clock, was a very sociable meal. The best families in the city used then to meet each other, to chat over the occurrences of the day; and after a hand at whist, or a round game of cards, generally concluded with a hot supper, which, like the supper of the Romans, was in fact the principal meal. As the streets were badly lighted in winter nights, a servant-girl, very trimly arrayed, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Mattie, generally preceded her master, mistress, and family, bearing a small lantern. This practice was continued to a very recent period in Glasgow—indeed till the introduction of gas-light made it unnecessary. The celebrated Dibdin—the composer of those admirable sea-songs which infused so much spirit into our gallant tars during the last war—at his visit to Glasgow about the beginning of this century, was struck with the peculiarity which I have mentioned, and introduced it into the amusing fund of anecdotes with which he was accustomed to vary his musical entertainments. "In other places which he had visited," he said, "when the company were departing, the usual order to the servant was, 'John, bring up the curriole,' or, 'John, order up the carriage;' but in Glasgow it was, 'Whaur's the lass and the lantern?'"

Such was the usual temperate mode of life of the respectable citizens of Glasgow. But all rules are liable to exceptions. Occasionally they would take what they called a "screed," and then, to be sure, all the rules of temperance were thrown to the winds.

When a jollification had been resolved on, after the ladies, if there were any in the party, had retired, the first thing done by the landlord was to lock the door, and put the key in his pocket. Punch was then, and long afterwards, the favorite beverage; it was, according to a song of the day, "the liquor of life," and wo to the luckless wight who failed to do justice to the toast! As the glass went round, coarse wit and broad humor had their full swing, like Counsellor Pleydell at his high-jinks, till at last few of the company were conscious of what either themselves or their neighbors were about. It is a well-authenticated fact, that at a joyous meeting of this kind, where the Laird of Garscaddan—an estate in the neighborhood—was present, some one made the remark to the person who sat next him, that "his neebour Garscad was looking unco gash" (grave). "Deil mean him," said the other, "to look gash, he has been with his Maker for the last half hour." "And why didn't you speak out?" "Ou, I didna like to spoil gude company!" was the reply.

This occasional relaxation of manners was, perhaps, never seen to a greater extent than in what is now very properly accompanied with suitable feelings of solemnity—a funeral.

I have often heard the story, that a Dumbartonshire laird—connected, perhaps, with Glasgow—at the *drèje* given in honor of his mother, where, as in duty bound, he presided—delighted with the mirth and good-humor of the party, and totally forgetting the occasion of the meeting, proposed as a toast—"May ne'er waur be amang us!"

In the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries, claret seems to have been the favorite wine with the wealthier Glasgow citizens, and those of the middle class who could afford it; and the only perquisite of office afforded to the Lord Provost was a certain sum for a hogshead of claret, that he might entertain therewith the chief citizens. After the trade to the West Indian colonies had been opened up to the Scotch merchants by the union of the kingdoms, rum-punch gradually superseded claret and wines of every description, and maintained its place for many long years as the favorite beverage of Glasgow. Brydone, the celebrated traveller, tells a good story of this mixture. Dining one day with a large party of Sicilians at Agrigentum, where he and his English friends had been regaled with the choicest delicacies, they were asked to make a bowl of punch, which the Italians had often heard of, but had never seen. The materials were at hand:

a bowl was made, and so much approved of, that he was obliged to replenish the contents again and again. The Italians preferred it to their own wines, of which there was a great variety on the table. They called it Pontio, and (alluding to Pontius Pilate) said, "Pontio was a much better fellow than they had ever taken him for!" "However, after dinner"—I give the words of the lively writer—"one of them, a reverend canon, became excessively sick, and while throwing up, he turned to me with a rueful countenance, and shaking his head, he groaned out—'Ah, Signor Capitano, sapeva sempre che Pontio era un grande traditore!'—('I always knew that Pontius was a great traitor!')"

The *deceptive* qualities of this very pleasant liquor, to which Brydone's unfortunate canon alluded, were quite proverbial among strangers who visited Glasgow for the first time; and it was only the "auld-used hands," or, as they were usually called, "seasoned casks," who could stand the debauch of an evening where punch was the only tippie. I remember, many years since, that a party of very gentlemanlike officers belonging to the Cheshire militia, then quartered in Glasgow, dined one day with a gentleman, who, as usual after dinner, made a bowl of punch. The Cheshire men were much pleased with the beverage, but gently hinted at the smallness of the glasses. "Very well, gentlemen," said the landlord, "larger glasses are at your service." These were ordered; but alas for the pride of England, not one, or two, but several of the gallant soldiers were, ere long, laid under the table!

Sir John Sinclair, in his "Code of Health and Longevity," published many years since, attributes the general good health and long lives of the Glasgow people to their free use of punch, which, unlike immoderate indulgence in wine, was never followed by gout, gravel, or other complaints which he enumerates. It is certainly remarkable that many of the votaries of punch lived to a good old age; and I remember very well often seeing, when a boy, an old West India merchant who had spent the greater part of his life in Jamaica, and who, it was notorious, never went sober to bed; to which, however, he

retired at an early hour, and rose betwixt four and five o'clock next morning. This patriarch died about the venerable age of ninety.

The reduction on the duties on foreign wines, which took place some years after the late war, introduced, or rather extended, in Glasgow, a taste for these luxuries. Punch gradually became unfashionable, and at length was all but excluded from the higher circles. One wealthy West India merchant, at whose hospitable table the *élite* of the society was always to be found, continued his devotions to the punch-bowl as formerly to the end of his days; and great was his contempt, if any younger guest hinted that punch did not agree with his stomach. "For his part," he said, "he had been born before *stomachs* were in fashion." This gentleman certainly tried a Herculean constitution as much as any man I ever knew. He was engaged from one year's end to the other in a constant round of dinner parties at home or abroad, and usually concluded the evening with a hot supper, after which the punch-bowl was always introduced. A robust frame of body, early rising, and regular exercise, long prevented the usual effects of such a mode of life from being visible. But "*non omnia possumus omnes*:" nature will vindicate her rights. One evening, while dealing out his favorite potation to a party of friends, he was suddenly seized with a vertigo (or *whirley*, as it then used to be called,) and fell insensible on the table. His friends, knowing that he would be mortally offended were he to find he had been interfered with, prudently waited till he should recover. He did so in about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and grasping the punch-spoon, gave the well-known call, "Put in your glasses, gentlemen!" as if nothing had happened.

Punch, so long the favorite drink of Glasgow men—high and low—received its *coup de grace* when the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in this country. It was then interdicted by the faculty, and has never since recovered favor. "*Stat nominis umbra*," the name only is remembered, and scarcely even that, except by veterans of the old school like myself.

From the Quarterly Review.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

STRANGE though the fact may seem, at a time when ingenious men are seeking subjects throughout every domain of human knowledge, it is certain that we have no English work, deserving the name of a history of the Roman Empire, prior to the point at which Gibbon takes up his vast and splendid theme. Nay, this deficiency, it can hardly be denied, extends over the whole antecedent period. It might fairly be deemed a vacant field to which Dr. Arnold came, when he undertook the work which was abruptly and unhappily terminated by his death. His learning and candour fitted him well for the task; and though there are some defects of method in its earlier part, no writer need disdain the task of completing what he has thus begun. Such completion is indisputably required to sustain the fair fame of our literature; so faulty on this subject, that even now it is difficult to place before the student an English book which creditably relates the great events intervening between the close of the second Carthaginian war and the death of Sylla. The work of Middleton comes in at this time; but owes its reputation much less to its own merits or originality than to our deep interest in the actors it records, and to a comparison with the bald and feeble essays which precede it—volumes uninformed by critical research, and destitute of every charm which style or philosophy can afford.

Our continental neighbours have dealt more copiously and successfully with this great subject. In France the writings of Dr. Beaufort opened that vein of sceptical inquiry as to the early history of Rome which has since been so boldly pursued elsewhere. To the theme of her grandeur and decay Montesquieu brought his high philosophy; Vertot, Michelet, Thierry, &c., have furnished works excellent for study; while other writers have diligently pursued those researches which connect the Roman Empire in western Europe with institutions and usages existing down to our own times.

The German scholars of the last half-century have given to the Roman history that zealous and minute labour which is their best characteristic. It may well be called an ex-

haustive power of research, for they leave no record or fact untouched; though often, it must be owned, without any just regard to the authority, or worth in any respect, of the materials they accumulate. They have taken up this subject, like others, not merely on the broad scale of history, but in detached parts; illustrating more fully the course and effect of certain political changes, and the career of those men whose genius or fortune has brought about such revolutions. We may notice as examples Schulze's history of the republic to the time of the first plebeian consul; Hegewisch's and Heeren's history of the Gracchi; Heyne on the social war; Schleuter's history of the period between the two narratives of Sallust; Meissner's life of Julius Cæsar. The more recent book of Drumann well deserves the eulogiums Mr. Merivale has bestowed upon it, and the use he has made of it in his own. Nor can we omit mentioning the *Stemmata Gentium Romanorum* (the account of the great families) of Ruperti, as one of the most valuable aids to Roman history yet published. Finally, we must name the great work of Niebuhr; coldly or harshly critical it may be; often theoretical; and in parts doubtful or mistaken; yet correcting much of common error, and affording a juster estimate of the relative value of those documents, whether Greek or Latin, from which the Roman history is derived.

Mr. Merivale now aspires to fill the historical void in our own literature. We opened his book with interest, but not without jealousy; because, even if itself not worthily fulfilling the objects designed, it might yet so far succeed as to deter one of higher genius and more complete equipment from attempting the same labour. It is a space in the world's history far too vast and important to be allotted to any one who is unable to found thereon a fair and lasting edifice. Mr. Merivale was already known as an accomplished scholar; his reading and power of Latin verification had been placed advantageously before the public; his 'Age of Augustus,' published a few years ago, was a natural antecedent of his present undertaking. Whe-

ther he regarded it as tentative of the larger work, or was led to the latter by getting thus far into the middle of the subject, he does not inform us. But we can well understand that a man, who found himself immersed in the epoch of final change from republic to monarchy, might naturally proceed to spread his scheme over the first great period of the Empire.

Looking at these two volumes with the jealousy we have sought to justify, we venture to speak of them as a fair foundation for the whole work; in some parts not so massive or well wrought as we might have desired, yet fully capable, we think, of supporting the superstructure designed. We should have hesitated in forming this opinion from the first chapters only; but Mr. Merivale rises with his subject; and the great figure of Julius Cæsar becoming dominant on his canvas, gives more vigour and earnestness to his manner than when treating of that general condition of the republic, and those city parties and civil broils in which this wonderful man was nurtured. It is a good sign when an author warms with the actions he records.

Mr. Merivale could not have dispensed with a preliminary outline of Roman history, even from its origin. In any case, to render such a summary clear, just, and effective for its purpose, is the highest test to which an historian can be put. In the case of Rome the difficulty exceeds perhaps that of any other. We think ourselves familiar with it from the teaching of schools; but this knowledge is for the most part of events only; few comprehend at all distinctly the strangely interwoven elements of Roman government and internal polity, the progressive changes therein, the mutual effects of these changes, the influence of foreign conquest on the social and political condition of the state, or those other more secret and subtle causes which are ever at work, altering and undermining all human institutions. If the reader has at any period devoted himself to such studies, the summary in the first of these chapters may suffice to refresh his memory of all that is most essential. But we do not think it will adequately instruct those who come only half informed to the subject, and for whom it is the duty as well as profit of the historian to smoothen the road to the threshold of his work. This duty, indeed, has its limits, and no writer can be called upon to provide for utter ignorance. But still we complain of the present introduction as less lucid than it should have

been. There is too much of obvious labour for effect, and a certain turgescence of phrase which falls heavily on the ear, and tends to make obscure what it is most needful should be easily understood.

Our author's second and third chapters are chiefly occupied with the conspiracy of Catiline, and with sketches of the character and early life of the two illustrious rivals just noticed, and of others who played an eminent part in the great drama of Roman revolution, now approaching towards its crisis. Of what relates to Julius Cæsar, we shall have occasion to speak afterwards. As respects Pompeius—or may we be pardoned for adhering to *Pompey*, since it is part of the greatness of certain names that they are naturalized among nations remote in position as in date—the estimate Mr. Merivale forms of his character and public conduct is probably just on the whole, though we think he commits the error of defining too absolutely the course of thought and policy which led to this public career. It may be that Pompey saw and felt what our author affirms he did; but there are several circumstances which inspire very great doubt on the subject. Energetic and successful in military action, his political course, where not actually feeble, was tortuous and uncertain even to his friends and confederates. Adopted the successor to Sylla as leader of the aristocratic party, he was often lukewarm, sometimes a traitor to their interests. His accession to the triumvirate comes closely under the latter interpretation. His permission of the violent and flagitious acts of Clodius, when he might have prevented them, can hardly be explained, still less vindicated; and his relations, political and personal, to Cicero aggravate this charge against him. Warm and amiable generally in his private affections, he wanted the vigorous consistency needful to his ambition—more urgently needful when engaged in competition with a Cæsar. He brought to this conflict for the mastery of Rome the fame of his former acts and the support of the old nobility, for whom, though with a confidence abated by time, he was the only hope. Cæsar came to it, armed with present glory, and with a steadiness of purpose and action all his own. So confronted, it could not be doubtful how the contest between these two great Romans would end.

These views of the character of Pompey, and the doubt whether he held any settled scheme of political action, are mainly derived

from the writings of Cicero; his advocate, as far as circumstances would allow him to be so—an advocate, or an accuser, not merely with his own time, but with all succeeding ages! In the case of this eminent man, also, a bold and skilful pen is needed to serve the cause of strict historical truth, without needlessly offending opinions which have gained a sanction from the general adoption of posterity. The character of Cicero, as drawn by our author, is not altogether such a picture as might have been desired: neither his merits nor his foibles are brought out with sufficient force. Little is said of the consummate grandeur and completeness of his oratory, though upon these performances his glory mainly rests. His philosophical and purely literary works hardly add to his real fame, though they do not deduct from it. His epistles, admirable as documents of character and manners, are so at the cost of his personal reputation. Vanity, pedantry, feebleness of will, and feebleness of endurance, all stand in record against him under the unconscious testimony of his own pen. Such is the evidence that we are compelled, despite ourselves, to apply it to the greatest act of his public life, and to doubt whether his conduct in the Catiline conspiracy was all that he himself has depicted to us. This doubt is strengthened from other historical sources; and the acclamation which hailed him Father of his Country was a cry of momentary impulse, which, a year afterwards, dwelt in few memories but his own. He met his death, indeed, with fortitude, but even here we have it from a high contemporary authority that 'it was the sole calamity which he bore as it became a man to do.'

Incomparable as an advocate, these other and lower qualities, and a certain jealousy as to his origin, forbade his ever attaining the higher conditions of a statesman, especially at the time of revolution in which his lot was cast. We have various proofs that Cæsar and Pompey thoroughly understood all his foibles, and worked upon them for their own purposes. To the masculine vigour and singleness of Cæsar's mind, in particular, they appear in remarkable contrast, and there is curious evidence how much the orator stood in awe of the great commander even before his career of victory had begun. We can well believe that the latter must often have smiled at the mixed humility and vanity of Cicero's communications with him—the submissiveness of a conscious inferiority in will and action—the vanity of a man whom it is painful to call a

pedant, but who in reality was such. In the midst of Cæsar's last Spanish campaign, one of the most critical of his life, Cicero introduced to him a young man, named Præcilius, in a letter interlarded as thickly with Greek phrases and quotations as is a modern fashionable novel with French; and, it must needs be added, with as little pertinency or fitness. It is true that he calls it *genus novum iterarum*; but still we feel it strange that such a letter should have been written by Cicero and addressed to Cæsar.

There is something of moral guilt in indiscriminate praise, as in indiscriminate censure. To this further reproach we fear that Cicero must be submitted. He was *deneg. stravens* in the strongest sense of the phrase. His speeches against Verres, Catiline, and Antony show how large an armoury of caustic language he had at command. But in his epistles and elsewhere we possess the most copious collection of laudatory phrases in existence—one that has served as a lexicon to the learned flatterers of every later time. It is impossible not to see that he generally praises with a reflex view towards himself. He is governed much more by the seduction of his own style than by the reality before him. If the letters of introduction, of which he is so liberal, were but half true as to the virtues of those recommended, Rome could not have been so speedily submitted to the servitude which now hung over her.

The character of Cato is not formally brought forward by our author among those of the other great actors of the time. This we regard as an omission. He is one of those personages in history who have become, in some degree, the property of the poet and the moralist, and respecting whom there is a conventional language of panegyric not wholly in accordance with the rough and rude reality. The succeeding part of Mr. Merivale's narrative, in as far as it relates to the Roman Stoic, shows what the truth of history requires to be deducted from common repute regarding him.

The account of the intrigues and combinations which produced the first Triumvirate is clear and forcible. It was an unprincipled cabal, annulling by a transient union the real powers of the constitution, while keeping up its outward forms. The interests of the senate and nobles were sacrificed by one triumvir; those of the people by another; while the third ministered to the alliance that power which wealth gives in a corrupted state. What individual ambition could not yet effect was attained by this conjunction. It

was the empire of Augustus by anticipation, and conducting to this as a natural result. But it wanted that stability which unity of person and purpose alone could give, and was dissolved by the separation of the same ambitious interests which had created it.

The first effect of the Triumvirate was to give to Cæsar the consulship, which he could not otherwise have obtained. He was regarded by the aristocracy of Rome as too dangerous a representative of the doctrines and acts of the Gracchi and Marius to admit of their acquiescence in the power which this office conferred on him. But the power was got—the colleague whom they thrust in to cripple it thrown violently aside—and the position of Cæsar further confirmed by the marriage of Pompey with his daughter. The uxorious temperament of the latter offered a pledge and security to Cæsar, during the long absence from Rome which was close at hand as the first act in his high career. This career now lies before us in a more definite form than heretofore; and, though more or less familiar to all, yet, considering the grandeur of the man, the greatness of what he accomplished, and the influence this has had upon all succeeding ages, we may be excused for dwelling at some length on the subject. It occupies, indeed, more than one half the volumes before us; and we cannot hesitate in admitting that Mr. Merivale has done it full justice. As we before said, he rises in vigour as he gets free from the complex intrigues of the city, and embodies in his narrative that series of stirring events which carried Cæsar to single supremacy.

We have before noticed several foreign works, and particularly those of Meissner and Drumann, in which the life, character, and policy of Julius Cæsar are fully and ably handled. In England we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Arnold and to Mr. Long for what we possess on this subject; and in Mr. Merivale's preface he warmly and gracefully acknowledges the aid he has derived from the writings of the former on the later commonwealth of Rome. Of the original materials for the life of Cæsar, we have little room and not much occasion to speak. They are well known to scholars in their different degrees of value and authenticity. We may well regret here, as so often elsewhere, the lost books of Livy, whose personal knowledge of those who had witnessed or partaken in the acts of this eventful time would have given still deeper interest and charm to his narrative power. We should willingly recover from the spoils of time the history of Asinius

Pollio, the cynical companion of Cæsar in all his most arduous campaigns; or the letters and biography of Atticus, the tranquil observer and common friend of all parties, even when factions were fiercest. Yet more should we wish that the stern truth and lofty moral dignity of Tacitus could have been applied to the life of a man who made such mighty changes in the destinies of his country. These are vain aspirations; yet in some sort forced upon us when disheartened by the doubtful stories of Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion Cassius, and other anecdote-mongers of antiquity. The authority of Appian is abated by distance of time and other doubts as to his histories. The little we have from Salust upon this period the bias of the writer compels us to receive with caution. The *Pharsalia* of Lucan may not safely be taken as more than subsidiary authority to facts recorded elsewhere; though we are unwilling to utter anything in depreciation of this fine composition, which we can hardly agree with Quintilian in regarding rather as oratory than poetry.* The materials which come to us for the life of Cæsar most free from cavil and doubt are his own Commentaries, and Cicero's Epistles and Orations. The former, whatever their merits, cannot be rescued altogether from the charge of partial representation. The latter need to be read with a critical eye, from the peculiarities of Cicero's character, and his political position in regard to the great men who figure in the events before us.

The early life of Cæsar affords two or three anecdotes which we cannot well distrust, seeing how entirely they accord with his later acts. His bold and successful collision with Sylla, then in the fulness of power, and enforcing his will with blood—and the chivalrous transaction with the Cilician pirates—are instances of the strong determination, self-confidence, and perfect intrepidity so amply shown in the sequel. The moral courage of the youth is said to have drawn a prediction from Sylla of the future fortune of the man. Such stories are often begotten by the event; but we can well believe that Sylla might discover, in a character having so much kindred with his own, those elements which are sure to be

* We suspect that Mr. Merivale concurs with us in our high estimate of Lucan, seeing the great frequency of his quotations from this poet, and the undue value he thus gives to his historical authority. Occasionally too, we are sorry to add, we find his style passing insensibly into what is almost a translation of the *Pharsalia*.

effective in a state bordering on dissolution.

The other information we possess as to the early part of Cæsar's life, with the exception of his study of rhetoric at Rhodes, places him before us as a reckless spendthrift, a city voluptuary, a fearless politician and partisan. His relationship to Marius gave name and foundation to a course of action which he would probably have pursued had no such connexion existed. For though, in this instance also, we think Mr. Merivale too decided in assigning motives and method to political conduct, yet we cannot doubt that Cæsar, conscious of and confiding in his own powers, and observant of the decay of ancient institutions and all republican virtues around him, must have felt that a great arena was open to the exercise of these powers, and to the ambition which their possession was sure to inspire. Under such impressions he took the line of party most natural to him as the nephew of Marius, and offering a surer road to influence than the adhesion to a jealous, intriguing, and tottering aristocracy. Without pretending to affirm it, we see no cause to suppose more of scheme or foresight than this in Cæsar's early public life. He flung himself upon the tide of events then rushing stormily on—prepared to stem it with strong arm and heart of controversy—but yet unaware how he should be carried forwards, or on what shore his fortune would cast him.

This broad view tallies better, we think, with Cæsar's character and the records of his early life, than any more refined speculation as to his political and personal objects at this period. The juvenile excesses related of him were due in some part, probably, to physical constitution—an element never to be disregarded in forming such estimates—in part, perhaps, to the desire of warding off suspicion at a time when the hand of power was strong against his party. We have already had occasion to comment on the frequent error of historians in regarding character as single and unchangeable, and parcelling out their theory of motives and events accordingly. The mind of Cæsar was as entirely individual, as little touched by time or changed by circumstances, as any on record. But it is perfectly consistent with this to suppose that his views were enlarged, and their direction determined by events themselves. The ambition with which he was early charged, he undoubtedly had—seconded by a strong and consistent will and high intellectual power—and these sufficiently defined his course in the existing state of Rome. He

seems to have avoided any direct connexion with the profligate plots so frequent at this period. We doubt his being otherwise concerned in that of Catiline than as a too indulgent spectator of scenes which might open new avenues to his own ambition. During the career of Clodius he was absent from the city; but he signalized himself by his efforts to shelter his political adversary Cicero, whom Pompey, professedly a friend, betrayed to the violent demagogue. His own measures in the popular cause, both before and during his consulship, appear to have been in themselves neither intemperate nor unreasonable. His period of government in Spain was successful in arms, able in administration. But this was his sole independent command before the Gallic war; and when we compare his early course with the wide career and large renown of his rival, yet find them equally associated in the Triumvirate, we see that Rome had already learnt to know the loftier character and higher resources of Cæsar, and that this position was one which could not safely be denied to him.

In his fifth chapter, as an introduction to the Gallic campaigns of Cæsar, Mr. Merivale gives an able and lucid history of the great Celtic race, which in its different branches, and at successive times came into urgent collision with Rome—once putting her very existence at stake, and often inflicting panic by the conjunction of these northern hordes with the Italian states hostile to the republic. The last great alarm from this people had been the irruption of the Cimbri, in transient connexion with certain Teutonic tribes, into Italy and Southern Gaul—a gigantic armed migration, which swept away more than one Roman army, and required the strenuous arm of Marius to arrest it. Bloody victories, ending in massacres, satisfied the dignity and restored the safety of Rome. It was reserved for the greater nephew of Marius to complete the work on the soil of Gaul itself, and by the conquests of successive campaigns to bring the whole of this warlike country into subjection to the Roman power—a splendid achievement, and, from the causes just mentioned, duly estimated at Rome. The formidable king of Pontus, a worthy rival in arms to Sylla and Pompey, had disturbed, after all, but the distant possessions of the Republic. The Gauls once reached the Capitol, and still stood at the mountain gates of Italy, menacing her provinces, and requiring the constant watchfulness of her legions.

These Gallic campaigns of Cæsar, extended through his long proconsulship of nine

years, illustrate splendidly the genius and resources of the man, and throw, moreover, a curious light on the still remaining institutions of the republic. As proconsul, and with provinces and legions allotted to him, the law forbade his going out of the limits they assigned. The city was interdicted to him; and for this long period of time, though forty years of age when this section of his career began, he never entered the place in which the interests of the world were centered. Yet in no other way could his ambition have been better served. The active part of each year was passed with his legions in marches and victories, and in the acquisition of spoils, with which to purchase further power. Leaving his army under his lieutenants at the end of the campaign, to be recruited and refreshed, he came himself each winter to the frontier of his province nearest to Rome, where he was met by his numerous friends and partisans from the city, animated by his conquests and increasing fame. His military court there had more validity in it than the habitual presence of his rival in the heart of Rome. It now became a contest between living success on the one side, and the memory of past achievements on the other—a contest which the world will ever decide in the same way:—

"To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery."

The resistance of the Gauls might possibly have been prolonged, or more successful, had they been familiar with the methods of guerilla warfare. But either from temperament or national custom, they aggregated themselves into masses wholly incapable of withstanding the organized valor of the invaders. The history of the tenth legion is familiar to every reader of these stirring campaigns. Cæsar was well served by his generals as by his soldiers. Yet, as in the case of Napoleon's marshals, their fame was little more than the reflection of his. Labienus, the most noted of them, deserted the standard of Cæsar at the time he passed the Rubicon; an act which served but to show how entirely it was the spirit of the great commander which ruled and invigorated his army. Though Labienus served the enemies of Cæsar until he perished in the battle of Munda, his name never again appears before us associated with any great action of war. Other causes may be conceived for this; but the main one doubtless was, the absence of

that inspiration which came from the genius of the Master.

Our author's account of these military transactions is spirited, and fairly illustrated by reference to existing localities, though such is the life which illustrations of this kind impart that we could have wished them carried still much farther. We draw our chief acquaintance with the Gallic wars, it is needless to say, from the books which have come down to us under the name of the great chief himself. The Commentaries have ever held a high place among historical records; and no wonder, considering his fame, the masculine simplicity of the style, and the greatness of the deeds recorded. Even here, however, the audacity of modern criticism has flung its doubts on the theme of our schoolboy exercise and delight. We have already adverted to a general suspicion of partiality in the narrative. Other charges have been made impeaching the accuracy even of the military details, which we are surprised to find that Mr. Merivale passes over without notice. Long ago, M. Puysegur, a French general, had broached this pyrrhonism as to certain parts of the work. Frederic of Prussia, sceptic and warrior by profession, and fresh from his own bloody campaigns, avowed that he read the Commentaries in later life with altered faith from that of his earlier days. His friend Voltaire—if we may thus profane the name of friendship—living close to the scene of the actions recorded in the first book; and Warnery, upon a minute survey of the same localities; started grave scruples as to the operations by which Cæsar sought to stop the egress of the Helvetians from their mountain territory.* Various passages in the other campaigns have been the subject of like criticism, and doubts even stated as to the authorship of the whole work. In these doubts we cannot for a moment acquiesce. Without referring to those other writers, Rohan, Guichard, &c., who have vindicated the military narrative, we find in Cæsar's Commentaries a perfect reflection of the energy and intelligence of the man, and an entire correspondence with the description which Cicero gives of their style:—*Nudi*

* The great stumbling-block here is the fortified wall, reported to have been built to bar this passage; 19 miles in length and 16 feet in height, with ditch, and all other appurtenances to such fortification. The length is deemed by Warnery to be refuted by local circumstances. The execution of the work by one legion, in the time indicated, is thought impossible by others. See on this subject an interesting series of papers in the United Service Magazine for 1850.

sunt et recti et venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste, detecto. We cannot indeed conceive any other or lesser artist to have thrown off so completely all ornamental coloring from his narrative, and to have preserved such entire unity throughout the whole. And what record or note has there been left to us of such other author? We may admit the recorded criticism of Asinius Pollio, that many things were written by Cæsar from the report of others long after the events, and still see in these Commentaries the genuine work of Cæsar himself, and one of the most authentic and valuable records of ancient warfare.

But passing over this question of criticism, there is no question as to the fact that, in eight or nine years, with a force never exceeding sixty thousand legionary soldiers, Cæsar subdued the whole of Gaul—a mighty and a terrible work. We do not give ready belief to historical numbers, especially where fields of battle are concerned; but where the struggle was so fierce, and the conquest so complete and lasting, we are obliged to think it probable that the estimate of more than a million of Gauls perishing in these campaigns is not above the truth. It is one of the many unhappinesses of war in every age, that by its real or supposed necessities it leads to acts of cruelty and bloodshed, even where most alien to the feelings of those who conduct it. We have no reason to charge the character of Cæsar with inhumanity, or that gross indifference to human life which Marius and Sylla displayed throughout. On the contrary, we have many instances on record of his personal humanity and forbearance. But the history of these Gallic wars is undoubtedly one of profuse bloodshed—the natural result of a struggle between disciplined legions and undisciplined multitudes—of critical positions in the midst of an enemy's country, the *ne-cessitas in loco, salus ex victoria*—of exasperation of the soldiery—and of intimidation used as an instrument of success. Our vindication can go no further than this; unless, indeed, we were to find it in a parallel with the wars of Frederic and Napoleon, an argument upon which we have neither room nor disposition to enter.

The two invasions of Britain and the passages of the Rhine are episodes in the history, chiefly remarkable as proofs of the indomitable boldness of Cæsar, who thus adventured on new lands while those behind him were yet but half subdued. In the fame, however, and the fear which followed these

deeds, he found an equivalent to the risk incurred. At Rome, as well as in Gaul, his passage to Britain was a step towards empire; while, to a mind thus instructed and enlightened, there must have been a further interest in this new land and people beyond the sea. We possess some curious evidence from astronomy to show the time and place of his disembarkation in Britain—evidence which may well excite the wonder of those who know not how physical science triumphs in its proofs, even upon the most obscure historical questions; and how deeply chronology is indebted to eclipses and the recorded places of stars for some of its happiest discoveries. Our scientific readers are well aware of the method by which Halley accomplished this calculation; indicating the beach at Walmer or Deal as the place of landing of the Roman legions, and not Hythe, as others from an expression of Dion Cassius had supposed.* From this castle at Walmer the illustrious Warden of the Cinque Ports looks down upon the spot where Cæsar first trod the soil of England—himself equal to Cæsar in military fame and success; incalculably superior to the Roman, as to all other commanders, in those loftier virtues of a citizen which have secured to him the eternal gratitude of his country.

We must, however, hurry forward to those remaining events in the life of Julius Cæsar, occupying only a few years, but years of marvellous activity and success, which brought him to the very steps of the throne he was not destined himself to fill. The defeat and death of Crassus in his Parthian expedition changed the name of the Triumvirate, but hardly affected the real contest for power, which remained, as before, between the two great military chiefs—Pompey in the city, Cæsar in his camp. Jealousies and causes of rupture multiplied as time went on. The death of Julia—more deeply lamented, it

* The single statement of a full moon occurring on the fourth night after Cæsar's arrival off the cliffs of Dover gives the clue to the calculation. His passage across the Channel was early in the morning of the 26th of August. That retrospective reckoning, which is one of the prime powers and wonders of astronomy, enabled Halley to determine that there were two full moons in August, 58 B. C., and the narrative shows the last of these, at midnight on the 30th, to be the one recorded. The course of proofs then turns to the tides. On the 26th the tide must have begun to flow at Dover at 2 P. M., running northward round the South Foreland. The fleet left its moorings off Dover on this tide, and the length of course Cæsar describes would very exactly suffice, under ordinary circumstances, to bring them to the flat beach of Walmer or Deal.

would seem, by the husband than the father—broke asunder one bond of union between them. The anarchy in Rome, fomented rather than repressed by Pompey, had placed him in the condition of sole consul of the republic; an anomalous admixture of the old institutions with the aggressions and tyranny of the existing time, and certain not to subsist long, when so palpable a fiction in itself, and so entirely opposed to the interests of his matchless rival. On the side of Cæsar, the spoils of Gaul were poured into the city as bribes and largesses; the tribunes were gained to his cause; at length he put forward claims to a participation in the extraordinary powers thus conceded to another—and to a second consulate, while yet holding his province and absent from the city:—demands adverse alike to the letter and spirit of the constitution, and sanctioned only by the breaches already made in it. The claim of Cæsar was refused, as he probably anticipated, under the influence of the senatorial party. He passed the Rubicon, the limit of his province; boldly, as was his wont; but deliberately, we are told, and with full knowledge of the importance of the act, which has served ever since to designate all conclusive audacities of ambition. His march upon Rome and occupation of the city, while the great strength of his army was yet far distant, were marked by the same dauntless determination. In sixty days from the passage of the fatal streamlet he was master of Italy. The conduct of Pompey in evading the first struggle of arms has been variously explained. Whatever the impulse or urgency of the procedure, it was a proof of present disability, disheartening to his adherents and a source of dissension to the party. Though a vast body of senators clung to his flying camp, it was the senate of Rome no longer, and brought neither counsel nor strength to his cause.

At this time when the *Duumvirate* resolved itself into a personal contest between the two leaders, we may believe that the views of Cæsar had become more exactly defined, and that he saw, as the needful issue, the mastery of one or the other over the whole fortunes of the republic. Now, if not before, we may suppose him to have uttered the lines which Cicero tells us were often on his lips, from the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, that 'if ever it be fitting to commit wrong, the noblest motive for this is the gain of sovereign power.' Hastening forwards with the tide of events, we find them still all marked with the character of the man, ever more

energetic and capable as the difficulties were greater. While Pompey was loitering with his senators and troops in Epirus, Cæsar pushed across the Alps and Pyrenees into Spain, subdued in an arduous and critical campaign of forty days the large legionary army opposed to him on the Ebro, overcame the remaining Pompeian forces on the Guadalquivir; and, when hardly yet known to be on the shores of the Atlantic at Cadiz, suddenly appeared at Marseilles to decide the surrender of that city, long vainly besieged by his subalterns. To estimate rightly what such marches and victories were, it is needful to revert to the aspect of these countries at the time, to the state of the mountain roads, to the means and danger of navigation on the seas. When we are told that Cæsar himself often crossed rivers by swimming on inflated skins, overtaking his own couriers in the speed of his course, we form some idea at once of the difficulties encountered, and of the energy by which they were overcome.

After quelling by his single presence and speech a mutiny of some of his legions at Placentia, he reappeared at Rome, confirmed his authority there by wise and salutary acts, and then, with such part of his army as he could collect in time, threw himself suddenly upon the coast of Epirus, there to confront for the first time his great adversary. A protracted contest followed near Dyrrachium, of refined strategy and alternate blockade by sea and land. The inferiority of Cæsar's force, even after being joined by fresh legions, exposed him to a severe check, which had the effect of suddenly transferring the war, across the mountain chain of Pindus, to the plains of Thessaly. Here the momentous battle of Pharsalia closed the war, and decided the fortunes of Cæsar. His hardy legions, like the iron regiments of Cromwell, confident in their commander, won complete victory over the numerous, but more courtly and effeminate army opposed to them. The field is to this day unchanged in its main features; the stream of the Enipeus is still seen winding across it; a village occupies the site, and yet bears the name, of Pharsalus. We ourselves have twice trodden over this ground, and been able to note, without any great ambiguity, the main localities of a conflict thus famous in history.

Cæsar permitted no pause in the pursuit of his rival or in the interest of his own career. With a hardihood which might be censured as rashness, were it not so constantly justified by success, he was still ever in advance of his army. Rapidly traversing

Thrace and Asia Minor, he embarked for Egypt, where, though he found Pompey slain, no meaner talent or fortitude than his own could have saved him from the peril to which he thus exposed himself amidst the populace of Alexandria, infuriated by his bold demands and interference in their national affairs. Rescued from this danger, the history of Cæsar for a moment changes its complexion, and we find the warrior and statesman yielding himself to the blandishments of Cleopatra, and the companion of the Egyptian queen in the lawless and luxurious revelries of the East. We hardly know in what degree this picture has been colored by hostile scandal or poetical embellishment. Both, we suspect, have been at work with the story; though we must add that Mr. Merivale gives larger belief to it, and describes the character of Cæsar as permanently changed by the vices and indulgences of his Egyptian life.

Scarcely had the untiring Cæsar reached Rome from his victory over the son of Mithridates in Asia, when he set forth again with his army for Africa to encounter the powerful force collected there by Cato and Scipio. The conflict at Thapsus closed the campaign at once; and gave a motive, though we are far from believing a necessity, to the tragic end of Cato. On that subject we have satisfaction in quoting from the book before us:—

'Such was the proud though melancholy end of the gravest philosopher Rome had yet produced—the first of a long line of heroes of the robe, whose dignified submission to an adverse fate will illustrate the pages of our history throughout the gloom of the imperial tyranny. The ancient heathens but faintly questioned the sufferer's right to escape from calamity by a voluntary death. It was reserved for the Christian moralists, in their vindication of nobler principles, to impugn the act which has rendered Cato's fame immortal. The creed of the stoic taught, indeed, that the world is governed by a moral intelligence, and from such premises the obvious inference is, that it is the part of man to conform to its behests and fulfil his appointed lot, whether for good or for evil. But the philosophy which exalted man to a certain participation in the nature of the Deity seemed to make him in some sort the arbiter of his own actions, and suicide, in Cato's view, might be no other than the accomplishment of a self-appointed destiny. The wisest of the heathens never understood that the true dignity of human nature consists in its submission to a higher existence; that its only hope for the future is in the consciousness of its imperfection and weakness and responsibility here.'

From Africa Cæsar returned to Rome, and

celebrated there a quadruple triumph of greater magnificence than any that had gone before, but with all the strange and ferocious exhibitions belonging to this festival. It was a needful concession to national usage, whether made willingly, or not, we have no means of affirming. Much discretion was required in the selection of the subjects for triumph; since civil wars had been so closely interwoven with foreign that his greatest exploits and successes were needfully kept out of sight. And scarcely indeed were these shows ended when he was again summoned to the field to put down the large insurrectionary army which the sons of Pompey had assembled in Spain. In twenty-seven days—*celeri festinatione*, as his historian well says—he was with his forces in Andalusia. The bloody but decisive day of Munda, where 30,000 soldiers were left on the field, and the victor himself exposed to imminent personal danger, closed this last formidable antagonism and the military life of Cæsar. It is a point of time when even those who most deprecate war in all its forms may look back with astonishment, if not with admiration, at the wonderful career of victory so terminated. Whether we consider the vast countries and distances traversed in Europe, Africa and Asia, the battles gained or the conquests effected, we cannot but feel that Cicero has well applied the term *τερας* to express the activity, the vigilance, the sagacious daring of Julius. He is indeed a *prodigy* in the history of mankind.

After his final campaign he returned to Italy: this also was for the last time. Though absent for many months, the awe inspired by his name had protected the city against all turbulence or innovation; and he now came back, single and supreme, the arbiter of the future destiny of Rome and the world. Already three times declared Dictator, he was now named such for life; the consulship was given to him for ten successive years; a crown of laurel and triumphal robes were allotted to his public appearances; his head, for the first time, was stamped on the public coinage. All these things were outrages on old custom and feeling—they betokened the greatness of the change no less than of the man who had completed it. The title of Emperor, given at the same time, had much less import and weight than it has since obtained. Though never before prefixed to a name, it avoided the odium which was still attached to the style of King; but associated as it was in Cæsar with more than regal power, it became the badge of sovereignty, and descended through a long line of Roman

(or so called) Emperors to the times in which we live.

This last epoch of Cæsar's life, at which we arrive, was of little more than eight months' duration. It was occupied in various useful reforms and legislation; the sequel in principle to the measures which at prior times he had proposed, or partially carried into effect. He indulged the people with the sports and shows which usage and policy required; but his aims were evidently beyond these things; and from what he actually did, we have reason to believe that, though his destined term of life was nearly completed, his designs were far from being so. We have no exact knowledge of the date of his several measures; but as far as we can see, they had as their basis the establishment of order in the city and provinces, the suppression of existing abuses, and the change or extinction of those old institutions which were now effective only in lending a shelter to them. His liberal extension of the rights of Roman citizenship was but a sequel to the policy of his whole life on that point; and the result doubtless of his conviction that what was not yielded peaceably would be, sooner or later, extorted by violence. The large increase of the Senate, and the admission of numerous foreigners into this body, while it seemed to repair the breaches made by the civil wars and flattered the new citizens from the provinces, was virtually an annihilation of this part of the old Roman government, already debased by luxury and intrigue, and incapable of fulfilling its ancient functions. With the same view, probably, he shortened the term of the consulate; an office which was now sought for by turbulence and bribery, and exercised only for party purposes. The consular and prætorian provincial governments were also abridged in duration; for the wise purpose of checking the gross peculations and abuses which had grown up in this part of the Roman administration. Larger admission was given to all public offices, with less limitation as to rank and age; a measure which tended to destroy the influence of those great families (*præclaro nomine tantum insignes*) who made their ancestral fame an avenue to public functions, which they dishonoured by their acts. As Censor, Cæsar enacted certain sumptuary laws, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have enforced; and began various improvements in the judicial system, and especially in criminal law. He established colonies of veteran soldiers on a plan which procured exemption from many of the disor-

ders consequent on long civil war. He appointed a commission, and furnished a scheme for a land-survey and map of the whole empire; and with the same zeal for practical good and knowledge of the resources of science, he accomplished that reform of the Calendar which would alone have preserved his name to posterity.

While thus indicating the general principles upon which Cæsar guided his government, there remains the curious inquiry—what would have been his own future course and position in it, had his life been prolonged? Master of the Roman world he was—master he must have continued, under one title or other. No conspiracy by open arms could have succeeded, or been attempted, in the face of his military renown; and the resignation of Sylla, of which he is said to have spoken disdainfully, could never, indeed, have seemed other than a warning—since it had but given fresh scope to those civil disorders which he, above all men, knew the necessity of bringing to an end. His personal ambition doubtless here concurred with and strengthened these convictions of his reason. But power, even the most entire, cannot well subsist without some external form or title; and the *turba Remi* resembled the populace of every age and country. We know not how far the story of the kingly crown being offered to him, and of his reluctant refusal of it, is worthy of reliance; but we suspect that the officiousness of friends, or the malignity of enemies, were more concerned in this matter than the will of Cæsar himself. There never was a man less governed by mere phrases, or who would more readily abandon an outward show for the reality that was before him. The new *præfix* of Imperator sufficed for the designation of that power; which, in default of direct issue, he would probably have conveyed downwards to the very successor on whom future events actually conferred it. We further believe, on all the evidence of his acts and character, that his own rule would have been one of vigour, tempered by moderation and humanity—of firmness to repress sedition, and of wisdom to organize new institutions where the old ones had become impotent for good.

Two anecdotes, unconnected with politics, belong to this last period of Cæsar's life, which have the greater interest from the time of their occurrence. One is the narrative, contained in a letter from Cicero to Atticus, of the visit paid by the great master of Rome to its great orator, at his villa near Puteoli. The details of the interview, and

the dinner given to the Dictator and his numerous attendants, illustrate most agreeably the manners of the day; but far more strikingly describe the two remarkable men, thus brought together for the last time—both deeply concerned in the public events of the preceding twenty years, both destined to perish by a violent death. We would willingly invite the attention of those of our readers who may have forgotten it, to this curious and characteristic letter. We have always been especially entertained by the frank confession of Cicero to Atticus, that Cæsar was not a guest to whom he could say, 'Pray, pay me another visit on your return,'—*semel satis est*; and also by his acknowledgment that no serious matter (σπουδαίον οὐδέν) was discussed between them; but that the conversation turned mainly on literary topics. The motive for this restraint may readily be found in the history of the time and in the relative position of Cicero and his great visitor;—the direction of the conversation, we doubt not, rested entirely with the latter. Even with such restraint upon it, who does not wish that a Boswell had been present at such an entertainment?*

The other anecdote to which we allude has less certain authority for its truth, but great internal probability. Cæsar was the guest of M. Lepidus at supper at Rome. After the repast, a conversation arising on the question which was the most desirable manner of death, the Dictator pronounced as his opinion that it was 'the one most sudden and unexpected'—a sentiment natural to the man, and which, in a qualified form, was afterwards repeated by his first successor in the empire.

On the very day, as we are told, after this supper, Cæsar's life was ended by that murder which seemed at the time fated to change the condition of the world. It would be difficult indeed to name any single incident of deeper interest. On the one side we have the character and dignity of Cæsar, the power he had acquired, and the prospect of this power being permanent as a new form of Roman rule—on the other side, the publicity of the assassination, and the condition and qualities of the men whose swords were thus

The death of Cæsar, like that of Cato, has almost lost its historical character in the poetry and romance of later times, which have appropriated to themselves an event thus signal in all its circumstances. Shakspeare probably comes nearest, as he generally does, to reality; as indeed his whole portraiture of Julius may perhaps deserve to be considered as the most wonderful of his wonders. His Cassius is at once a faithful transcript from history, and a picture of the jealous and ambitious conspirator of all ages. The Brutus of his play was necessary to the dramatic effect which he so well understood; and accordingly we find that, while closely adhering to historical truth in most parts, he has pitched the character of the Roman patriot somewhat higher than the level assigned by contemporary authorities. History has been defined 'philosophy teaching by examples;' but we have little faith in the force of such example, as opposed to living and current events; and, removing all artificial colouring from the act before us, we are disposed to regard it as the result of jealousy, ambition, and other personal feelings, much more than of the pure love of liberty, or the desire of restoring the grandeur of Rome. His assassination inflicted another civil war on the state, without really retarding the great change which was on the eve of accomplishment. Had Cæsar's life been prolonged, it is probable that his enlightened vigour of administration would have given a better basis to the empire, and a higher model and precept to his successors, than the more subtle and temporising reign of Augustus was able afterwards to afford.

The mind of Cæsar had, we believe, very much more of singleness and consistency than has ever been common; but the events and relations of his career were so various and extraordinary, that it would indeed require vast critical research and discrimination to present a picture of him which would satisfy all the requirements of equity or probability. On the whole we may say, without attempting such an analysis, that, while his public course during the last sixteen years of his life was one of almost constant and bloody warfare, his natural temperament seems to have been humane, and free from that remorseless cruelty which stained the career of so many of the public men of his age. Whatever of moral contradiction there may seem in this, experience teaches that the conditions are compatible; and in the instance before us we have proof sufficient to justify the opinion given. The 'gaudensque viam fe-

* made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.'

* We gather further from this letter that Cæsar had other and more ordinary powers of making himself an agreeable guest at dinner. 'Edit et bibit adesens et jucunde—opipare, sane, et apparate.' We are surprised that Mr. Merivale should so slightly press this curious document of Roman life.

cisse ruinâ' of Lucan is the phrase of the poet, and not the truth of the historian. Amidst the thousand private animosities which civil wars engender and envenom, we call to mind not a single action of Cæsar prompted by private malice or revenge—many of humanity and generosity to enemies who fell within his power. Whether he was a man of warm affections may admit of more doubt. We incline to think not; though without any certain evidence by which to decide the question. He had friends indeed—Oppius, Calpurnia, Balbus, &c.—who were deeply attached to him; and various acts of his personal kindness to them and others are on record: but his superiority to all around him was such that it is difficult to measure the feelings in this case by any ordinary rule. All the strongest traits of Cæsar's mind were intellectual; and we doubt whether softer sentiments, passion, or romance, had ever any very strong hold upon him. A tragedy, indeed, was among the number of his literary works; but it no longer exists, nor have we any such accounts of it as to affect our guesses.

The profligacy of his early course—partially, as it seems, carried on into his later years—has been a main allegation against him in all succeeding times. We cannot accuse him of intemperance at table, since Cato remarks that he was 'the only one who went forth sober to the overturning of the commonwealth.' But the charges of other sensuality admit no excuse or palliation; unless we find such in the general corruption of the age, or in some suspicion that the public eminence of Cæsar might have led to exaggerated statements of all that regarded his demeanour in private life. Making every allowance for such over-colouring, however, we are still unable to dismiss the general imputation. Temperament, temptation, opportunity, were all on one side, without a single aid from religion or moral discipline on the other. Two or three small incidents are presented to us as proofs of superstitious feeling; but we believe them to have depended rather on a politic or careless conformity to popular sentiment; for Cæsar lived, as Virgil did,

'Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.'

and it was impossible that an acute intellect like his should have submitted itself for a moment to the puerile absurdities of the Grecian or Roman belief, or derived motives to virtue from sources thus scanty and impure. He lived without religion, on the very verge

of that time which brought new light and truth into the world.

As to the intellectual qualities of Cæsar, it is needless to say more. They are inscribed on every page of his life and history, and are the subject of constant admiration to his contemporaries, as well as to succeeding writers. A single sentence of Cicero, than whom no man was better entitled to judge, is a relation to all future time of that combination of faculties which has rarely, if ever, had its parallel: 'Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, litteræ, curæ, cogitatio, diligentia.' Pliny, in his Natural History, recording the most noted examples of intellectual power, instances Cæsar as possessed of an innate vigour of mind, transcending all others; able, without confusion, to embrace various subjects at once, to dictate clearly on each, and to pass with the celerity of lightning from one to another. Omitting the many other testimonies of the same age, we may take the eulogy by Drumann as a brief and just statement of what was achieved in various ways by this wonderful force and capacity of mind. 'He was great in everything he essayed: as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect.' We have only to object to this that it assumes something like a parity of excellence in points where we may suppose that there was much real inequality. But nothing is stated which Cæsar did not actually accomplish; and his mind rose so high above mediocrity, that, even where our evidence is imperfect, we may fairly presume that some part of his genius was conveyed to all he undertook.

With the exception, and this a doubtful one, of Frederick of Prussia, Cæsar is, perhaps, the only great commander who adds the fame of literature to that of war. Unhappily all his writings are lost to us except the Commentaries; a fact which, regarding the author both in his own greatness and as the head of a long line of sovereigns, may reasonably excite surprise as well as regret. We are indeed imperfectly informed as to the mode in which the manuscripts, forming the literature of ancient days, passed into circulation, and were transferred from one generation to another; but still it must appear strange that so large a part of the writings of a man like Cæsar should utterly have disappeared from the world. It is related that he composed a grammatical treatise, *De Analogia*, while travelling through the Alps, and a poem called *Iter* during a journey in Spain. Looking at other points in his character, we

are half inclined to believe that he wrote them solely for his amusement while on the road; and that, indifferent to literary fame, he took little care to multiply the copies, which might secure transmission to later times. Of his other writings we most covet the satire of the Anti-Cato, the treatise on Auguries and Presages, and his tragedy of *Cædipus*. We venture no opinion as to the merit of these works, beyond the general inference already stated; but may hazard a conjecture that the poetical and imaginative part would have added least to his gigantic reputation. Niebuhr has somewhere remarked that there is no witty saying of Cæsar on record. It is difficult enough to define wit in any form, and we should hardly go to a German professor for aid in such definition; but if pithy and pointed expressions and retorts come under the term, we know that Cæsar had such at command—some specimens live indeed in every scholar's memory;—and if his collection of apophthegms—*mucrones verborum*, as Lord Bacon calls them—had reached us, we should probably have had abundant evidence for his keen apprehension of those great sayings which form the true wit of every time and language of man.

We are greatly surprised that Mr. Merivale takes such slight notice of the oratorical fame of Cæsar, seeing the strong impression it made upon the best judges of his own age and country. Where Cicero and Quintilian have testified their admiration in terms so remarkable, it is hardly enough to despatch the subject in a short sentence, without any

reference to these eminent authorities. From one passage in the *De Claris Oratoribus*, it may be seen how high a value Cicero attached to Cæsar's recorded opinion of his own oratorical powers. What other commander or conqueror, how few statesmen even, have obtained or merited tributes like these, and given by such judges! Nor can we fail to notice the portrait they convey to us of the noble aspect, attitudes, and voice of Cæsar, when addressing an assembly. We are able, in considerable part, to complete the picture of his lineaments from busts, coins, and actual description; all which indicate, as far as mere outline can ever do so, the high intellect, vigour, and determination belonging to this wonderful character.

* Cæsar autem, rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque cum ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum adjungit illa oratorum ornamenta dicendi, tum videtur tanquam tabulas benè pictas collocare in bono lumine. * * * Splendidam quendam, minimèque veteratiorum rationem dicendi tenet, voce, motû, formâ etiâ magnificâ et generosâ quodammodo.—*Cicero de Claris Oratoribus*.

Quem huic antepones eorum, qui nihil aliud egerunt! quis sententiis aut acutior aut crebrior! quis verbis aut ornatior aut elegantior!—*Ibid.*

Caius verò Cæsar si foro tantum vacasset, non alius ex nostris contra Ciceronem nominaretur; tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse, quo bellavit, appareat.—*Quintilian*, lib. 10.

It is obvious that Quintilian would not thus have expressed himself, unless some at least of Cæsar's speeches had been extant in his time.

BOWLES AT HOME.—"Look at the history of Bremhill, and you will see Bowles's parsonage; it is near the fine old church, and as there are not many better livings, there are few more pleasantly situated. The garden is ornamented in his way, with a jet fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lily, have a pond to themselves, and if they are not duly fed there at the usual time, up they march to the breakfast-room window. Mrs. Bowles has also a pet hawk called Peter, a name which has been borne by two of his predecessors. The view from the back of the house extends over a rich country, to the distant downs, and the white horse may be seen distinctly by better eyes than mine, without the aid of a glass. Much as I had heard of

Bowles's peculiarities, I should very imperfectly have understood his character if I had not passed some little time under his roof. He has indulged his natural timidity to a degree little short of insanity, yet he sees how ridiculous it makes him, and laughs himself at follies which nevertheless he is continually repenting. He is literally afraid of everything. His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good-nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with. He is in his seventy-third year, and for that age is certainly a fine old man, in full possession of all his faculties, though so afraid of being deaf, when a slight cold affects his hearing, that he puts a watch to his ear twenty times in the course of the day."—*Southey's Life and Correspondence*.

From Hegg's Instructor.

NAPOLEON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

A VERY interesting book were a history of the histories of Napoleon—a criticism on the criticisms written about him—a sketch of his sketchers! He, who at one period of his life had the monarchs and ambassadors of Europe waiting in his antechamber, has enjoyed since a levee, larger still, of the authors, orators, and poets of the world. Who has not tried his hand at painting the marvellous manikin of Corsica—fortune's favorite and football—nature's pride and shame—France's glory and ruin—who was arrested and flung back, when he was just vaulting into the saddle of universal dominion? What eminent author has not written either on the *pros* or the *cons* of this prodigy of modern men? To name only a few—Horsley has tried on him the broad and heavy edge of his invective—Hall has assailed him with his more refined and polished indignation—Foster has held up his stiff and rugged hands in stationary wonder at him—Byron has bent before him his proud knee, and become the laureate of his exile—Hazlitt has fought his cause with as much zeal and courage as if he had belonged to his old guard—Coleridge has woven his metaphysic mazes about and about him—Wordsworth has sung of him, in grave, solemn, and deprecatory verse—Southey has, both in prose and rhyme, turned against him his dull and dignified resentment—Scott has pictured him in Don Roderick, and written nine volumes on his history—Brougham, Jeffrey, and Lockhart have met, and embraced each other in fascinated admiration, or fine-spun analysis of his genius—Phillips has set his character in his most brilliant antithesis, and surrounded his picture with his most sounding commonplaces—Croly has dashed off his life with his usual energy and speed—Wilson has let out his admiration in many a glorious gush of eloquence—poor B. Symmons (recently dead) has written on him some strains the world must not let die (his “Napoleon Sleeping” is in the highest style of art, and on Napoleon, or aught that was his, he could

not choose but write nobly)—Channing, in the name of the freedom of the western world, has impeached him before high Heaven—Emerson has anatomised him, as with the lancet of the gods, and calmly reported the result—Carlyle has proclaimed him the “hero of tools”—and, to single out two from a crowd, Thiers and Alison have told his history with minute and careful attention, as well as with glowing ardor of appreciation. Time would fail us, besides, to speak of the memoirs, favorable or libellous—of the dramas, novels, tales, and poems, in which he has figured, in primary or in partial display. Surely the man who has borne such discussion, endured such abuse, sustained such panegyric, and who remains an object of curiosity, wonder, and inquiry still, must have been the most extraordinary production of modern days. He must have united profundity and brilliance, splendor and solidity, qualities creating fear and love, and been such a compound of the demigod and the demon, the wise king and the tyrant, as the earth never saw before, nor is ever likely to behold again.

This, indeed, is the peculiarity of Napoleon. He was profound, as well as brilliantly successful. Unlike most conquerors, his mind was big with a great thought, which was never fully developed. He was not raised, as many have stupidly thought, upon the breath of popular triumph. It was not “chance that made him king,” or that crowned him, or that won his battles. He was a cumulative conqueror. Every victory, every peace, every law, every movement, was the step of a giant stair, winding upward toward universal dominion. All was systematic. All was full of purpose. All was growingly progressive. No rest was possible. He might have noonday breathing-times, but there was no nightly repose. “Onwards” was the voice ever sounding behind him: nor was this the voice of his nation, ever insatiate for novelty and conquest; nor was it the mere “Give, give,” of

his restless ambition; it was the voice of his ideal, the cry of his unquenchable soul. He became the greatest of warriors and conquerors, or at least one of the greatest, because, like a true painter or poet, he *came down* upon the practice of his art, from a stern and lofty conception, or hypothesis, to which everything required to yield. As Michael Angelo subjected all things to his pursuit, and the ideal he had formed of it, painted the crucifixion by the side of a writhing slave, and, pious though he was, would have broken up the true cross for pencils, and studied *chiaro-scuro* at Calvary; so Napoleon pursued his ideal through tempests of death-hail and seas of blood, and looked upon poison, and gunpowder, and men's lives, as the box of colors necessary to his new and terrible art of war and grand scheme of conquest.

But were the art and the scheme, thus frightfully followed out, worthy and noble? Viewed in a Christian light, they were not. The religion of Jesus denounces war, in all save its defensive aspects. It denounces, too, indirectly, the idea of universal dominion, for it exhibits always the earth as Christ's property, and predicts that he shall yet be crowned Lord of all. But when we try Napoleon by human standards, and compare his scheme with that of other conquerors, both seem transcendently superb. He saw clearly that there was no alternative between the surges of anarchy and the absolute government of one master-mind. He saw that what was called "balance of power" was a feeble and useless dream, and that all things in Europe were tending either to anarchy or a new absolutism—either to the dominion of millions, or of that one who should be found a match for millions. He felt himself that one. His iron hand could, in the first place, grasp the great sceptre; and his wise and powerful mind would afterwards consolidate his dominion by just and liberal laws. "On this hint he spake" in cannon. This purpose he pursued with an undeviating energy, which seemed, for a season, sure and irresistible as one of the laws of nature. The unity of his tactic only reflected the unity of his plan. It was just the giant club in the giant hand. Of his system of strategy, the true praise is simply that it gave a fit and full expression to his idea—it was what heroic rhyme was to Dryden, blank verse to Milton, and the Spenserian stanza to Byron.

To his scheme, and his mode of pursuing it, there occur, however, certain strong ob-

jections; but all, or nearly all, founded upon principles the truth of which *he* did not recognise. First, it is a scheme impossible. No one human arm or mind can ever govern the world. There is but one person before whom every knee shall bow, and whose lordship every tongue shall confess. Napoleon saw that there was no help for the world, but in the absolute dominance of a single mind; but he did not see that this mind, ere it can keep as well as gain dominion, and ere it can use that dominion well, must be divine. Who can govern even a child without perpetual mistakes? And how much less can one ungifted with divine knowledge and power govern the world?

But, secondly, Napoleon mistook the means for gaining his object. He thought himself invested with immunities which he did not possess. The being who can repeal the laws of justice and mercy—who can pursue plans of ultimate benevolence through paths of profound and blood-sprinkled darkness—who can command the Canaanites to be extirpated, and permit the people of Rabbah to be put under axes and saws of iron, and raise up base, bad, or dubious characters, to work out his holy purposes, must be a being superior to man—a god. Whereas the man, however endowed, who violates all conventional as well as moral law, in seeking his object—who can "break open letters, tell lies, calumniate private character," as well as assassinate and poison, must be pronounced a being in many respects inferior to mankind, a human Satan, uniting magnitude of object and of power to detestable meanness and maliciousness of character and of instrumentality. We ought, perhaps, to apologise for bringing thus, even into momentary contrast, the Governor of the universe and his mysterious, but most righteous ways, and the reckless actions of the Emperor of the French.

A greater mistake still was committed by Napoleon when he allied himself with the princes of Europe, when he ceased to be the soldier and the Cæsar of democracy, and when, above all, he sought to found a house, and was weak enough to believe that he could ever have a successor from his own loins equal to himself. Cromwells and Napoleons are but thinly sown, and "not transferable" might be written on their brains. Here we see another proof of the gross miscalculation he made of his own, and, indeed, of human nature. "My children must be as great as myself," was his secret thought: otherwise, "I am God, and gods must spring from me." But it is not in human nature to

continue a hereditary series of able and wise rulers, far less a procession of prodigies. From heaven must come down the one immutable Man, who is without beginning of days or end of life, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and the days of whose years are for ever and ever.

But, thirdly, taking Napoleon on his own godless ground, in seeking his great object, he neglected some important elements of success. He not only committed grave errors, but he omitted some wise and prudent steps. He reinstated the crosier and re-crowned the Pope, instead of patronising a moderate Protestantism. He was more anxious to attack aristocrats, than the *spirit* of oligarchy. He sought rather to crush than to transfuse the Jacobin element. He contrived elaborately to disguise his real purpose, the "giant's dream" of his imagination, under the trappings and pretension of vulgar ambition, and thus created a torrent of prejudice against himself. He made the contest against Russia assume the aspect of a strife between two butchers for a very fair heifer, rather than that of civilization bearding, since it could not interpenetrate, barbarism—not the hunter seeking the bear in his den. The enthusiasm he kindled was chiefly that of the love of martial glory, or of attachment to his flag and person, not of the "idea" which possessed his own breast. Hence the ardor of his army, being of the "earth, earthy," yielded quickly to the first gush of genuine patriotism which arose to oppose them, and which, though as narrow as intense, was, in comparison, "light from heaven." Perhaps, in truth, his inspiring idea was not easily communicable to such men as those he led, who, shouting "Vive la France," or "Vive l'Empereur," little imagined that he was paving, on their carcasses, his path to the title and the throne of an "omniarch."

The theory of Napoleon, thus propounded, seems to explain some points in his character which are counted obscure. It accounts for his restless dissatisfaction with the success he did gain. What were Belgium, Holland, and Italy to him, who had formed, not the mere dream, but the hope and design of a fifth monarchy? It explains his marvellous triumphs. He fought not for a paltry battlefield, nor for the possession of an island, but to gain a planet, to float his standard in the breezes of the whole earth! Hence an enthusiasm, a secret spring of ardor, a determination, and a profundity of resource, which could hardly be resisted. How keen the eye, and sharpened almost to agony the in-

tellect, of a man gambling for a world! It explains the strange gloom, and stranger gaiety, the oddness of manner, the symptoms which made many think him mad. The man, making a fool of the world, became often himself the fool of a company, who knew not besides that he was the fool of an idea. The thought of universal dominion—the feeling that he was made for it, and tending to it—this made him sometimes silent when he should have spoken, and sometimes speak when he should have been silent—this was a weird wine which the hand of his demon poured out to him, and of which he drank without measure, and in secret. It explains the occasional carelessness of his conduct—a carelessness like that of the sun, who, warming the earth and glorifying the heavens, yet sometimes scatters abroad strokes which burn men's brains, and anon set corn-fields on fire. It explains the truth and tenderness, the love of justice and the gleams of compassion, which mingled with his public and private conduct. He was too wise to underrate, and too great not to feel, the primary laws of human nature. And he intended that, when his power was consolidated, these should be the laws of his empire. His progress was a voyage through blood, toward mildness, peace, and justice. But in that ocean of blood there lay an island, and in the island did that perilous voyage terminate, and to it was our daring hero chained, till his soul departed. Against *one* island had this continental genius bent all the fury and the energy of his nature, and in *another* island was he for a time imprisoned, and in a *third* island he breathed his last.

Our theory, in fine, accounts for the calm firmness with which he met his reverses. His empire, indeed, had fallen, but his idea remained intact. He might never express it in execution; but he had thrown it down on the arena of the world, and it lies still in that "court of the Gentiles." It has started anew in these degenerate days, an invigorating thought, the thought of a single ruler for this distracted earth; a thought which, like leaven, is sure to work on till it leaven all the lump; and it is to be fulfilled in a way of which men dream not. Napoleon, though he failed in the attempt, felt, doubtless, the consolation of having *made* it, and of having thereby established for himself an impersonal and imperishable glory. The reality of empire departed when he resigned; but the bright prophetic dream of empire only left him when he died, and has become his legacy to the world.

Such, we think, were Napoleon's purpose and its partial fulfilment. His powers, achievements, and private character remain. His powers have been, on the one hand, unduly praised, and, on the other, unduly depreciated. His unexampled success led to the first extreme, and his unexampled downfall to the latter. While some have talked of him as greater than Cæsar, others think him a clever impostor—a vulgar conjurer, with one trick, which was at last discovered. Our notion lies between. He must, indeed, stand at some distance from Cæsar—the all-accomplished, the author, the orator—whose practical wisdom was equal to his genius—who wore over all his faculties, and around his very errors and crimes, a mantle of dignity—and whose one immortal bulletin, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," stamps an image of the energy of his character, the power of his talents, and the laconic severity of his taste. Nor can he be equalled to Hannibal, in rugged daring of purpose, in fertility of resources, in originality of conception, in personal courage, or in indomitable perseverance—Hannibal, who sprang like a bulldog at the throat of the Roman power, and who held his grasp till it was loosened in death. But neither does he sink to the level of the Tamerlanes or Bajazets. His genius soared above the sphere of such skilful marshals and martinets as Turenne and Marlborough. They were the slaves of their system of strategy; he was the king of his. They fought a battle as coolly as they played a game of chess; he was full of impulses and sudden thoughts, which became the seeds of victory, and could set his soldiers on fire, even when he remained calm himself. In our age, the name of Wellington alone can balance with his. But admitting the duke's great qualities, his iron firmness, his profound knowledge of his art, and the almost superhuman tide of success which has followed him, he has never displayed such dazzling genius, and, without enthusiasm in himself, has seldom kindled it in others. He is a clear, steady star; Napoleon a blood-red meteor, whose very downfall is more interesting than the other's rising. Passing from comparisons, Napoleon possessed a prodigal assortment of faculties. He had an intellect, clear, rapid and trenchant as a scimitar; he *saw* his way, never for a moment *felt* it; an imagination fertile in resources, if incorrect in taste; a swift logic; a decisive will; a prompt and lively eloquence; and passions, in general, concentrated and quiet as a charcoal furnace. Let us not forget his wondrous faculty of silence. He

could talk, but he seldom babbled, and seldom used a word too much. His conversation was the reflex of his military tactics. As in the field he concentrated his forces on a certain strong point, which when gained, all was gained; so in conversation, he sprang into the centre of every subject, and, tearing out its heart, left the minor members to shift for themselves. Profound in no science save that of war, what he knew, he knew thoroughly, and could immediately turn to account. He called England a "nation of shopkeepers;" but he was as practical as a shopkeeper himself—the emperor of a shopkeeping age. Theorizers he regarded with considerable contempt. Theories he looked at, shook roughly, and asked the inexorable question, "Will they stand?" Glimpses of truth came often on him like inspiration. "Who made all that, gentlemen?" was his question at the atheistic savans, as they sailed beneath the starry heavens and denied the Maker. The misty brilliance, too often disguising little, of such a writer as Madame de Stael was naught in his eyes. How, had he been alive, would he have laughed over the elegant sentimentalism of Lamartine, and with a strong contemptuous breath blown away his finest periods! Yet he had a little corner of literary romance in his heart. He loved Ossian's poems. For this his taste has been questioned; but to literary taste Napoleon did not pretend. He could only criticise the arrangements of a battle, 'was the author of a new and elegant art of bloodshed, and liked a terribly terse style of warfare. But, in Ossian, he found fire amid fustian; and partly for the fustian, and partly for the fire, he loved him. In fact, Ossian is just a Frenchified version of Homer; and no wonder that it pleased at once Napoleon's martial spirit and his national taste. The ancient bard himself had been too simple. M'Pherson served him up with flummery, and he went sweetly down the throat of this new "Spirit of Lodi."

Napoleon's real writings were his battles. Lodi let us call a wild and passionate ode; Austerlitz an epic; and Waterloo a tragedy. Yet, amid the bombast and falsetto of his bulletins and speeches, there occur coals of genuine fire, and gleams of lofty genius. Every one remembers the sentence, "Frenchmen, remember that from the top of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon your actions;" a sentence enough to make a man immortal, and, to equal which, we may search in vain all the writings of all military commanders since the world

began. In keeping with the genius discovered in this sentence, were his allusions to the "sun of Austerlitz," which, like another Joshua, seemed to stand still at his bidding—his belief in destiny, and the other sublime superstitions, which, like bats in a mid-day market-place, flitted strangely to and fro through the clear and stern atmosphere of his soul, and prophesied in silence of change, ruin, and death.

Like all men of his order, Napoleon was subject to moods and fits, and presents thus, in mind, as well as in character, a capricious and inconsistent aspect. Enjoying the keenest and coldest of intellects, and the most iron of wills, he had at times the fretfulness of a child, and, at other times, the fury of a demon. He was strong, but surrounded by contemptible weaknesses. Possessing the French empire, he seemed himself at times "possessed"—now of a miserable imp, and now of a master-fiend. Now, almost a god, he is anon an idiot. Now organizing and executing with equal wisdom and energy complicated and stupendous schemes, he falls frequently into blunders which a child might have avoided. You are reminded of a person of majestic stature and presence, who is suddenly seized with St. Vitus's Dance. How strange the inconsistencies and follies of genius! But not a Burns, seeing two moons from the top of a whisky-barrel—nor a Coleridge, dogged by an unemployed operative, to keep him out of a druggist's shop—nor a Johnson, standing in the rain to do penance for disobedience to his father—nor a Hall, charging a lady to instruct her children in the belief of ghosts—nor a Byron, shaving his brow to make it seem higher than it was, or contemplating his hands, and saying, "These hands are white"—is a more striking specimen of the follies of the wise, of the alloys mingled with the "most fine gold," than a Napoleon, now playing for a world, and now cheating one of his own officers at whist.

We sometimes envy those who were privileged to be contemporaries of the battles of Napoleon, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott, while each splendid series was yet in progress. The first Italian campaign must have made the blood of Burke (opposed though he was) dance on his very deathbed, for there he was lying at the time. And how grand, for a poetic ear, to have heard the news of Jena, and Austerlitz, and Wagram, and Borodino, succeeding each other like the boom of distant cannon, like the roar of many thunders! Especially when that dark cloud of invasion

had gathered around our own shores, and was expected to burst in a tempest of fire, how deep must have been the suspense, how silent the hush of the expectation, and how needless, methinks, sermons, however eloquent, or poems, however spirit-stirring, to concentrate, or increase, or express, the land's one vast emotion!

Looking back, even now, upon the achievements of Napoleon, they seem still calculated to awaken wonder and fear—*wonder* at their multitude, their variety, their dream-like pomp and speed, the power and terrible beauty which make them shine like a tiger's skin, and that they did not produce a still deeper impression upon the world's mind, and a still stronger reverberation from the world's poetry and eloquence; and *fear*, at the power sometimes lent to man, at its abuse, and at the possibilities of the future. Another Napoleon may arise, abler, wickeder, wiser, and may throw heavier barricades of cannon across the path of the nations, crush them with a rougher rod, may live to consolidate a thicker crust of despotism over the world, may fight another Austerlitz without a Waterloo, and occupy another St. Cloud without another St. Helena; for what did all those far-heard cannon proclaim, but "All things are possible to him that dareth enough, that feareth none, that getteth a giant's power, and useth it tyrannously like a giant—that can by individual might, reckless of rights, human or divine, rise and ride on the topmost billow of his age?"

In looking more closely and calmly at those battles of Napoleon, we have a little, though not very much, of misty exaggeration and false glory to brush away. Latterly, they lose greatly that air of romance and miracle which surrounded the first campaigns of Italy. The boy, who had been a prodigy, matures into the full-grown and thoroughly-furnished man. The style, which had been somewhat florid, but very fresh and powerful, becomes calmer and rather less rapid. Napoleon, who had fought at first with an energy that seemed desperation, with a fire that seemed superhuman, against great odds of experience and numbers, fights now with many advantages on his side. He is backed by vast, and trained, and veteran armies. He is surrounded by generals only inferior to himself, and whom he has himself reared. And, above all, he is preceded by the Gorgon-headed Medusa of his fame, carrying dismay into the opposing ranks, nerving his own men into iron, and stiffening his enemies into stone. And, although longer and

sterner ever became the resistance, the result of victory was equally sure. And now he has reached a climax; and yet, not satisfied therewith, he resolves on a project, the greatest and most daring ever taken or even entertained by him. It is to disturb the Russian bear in his forests, and kill or maim him in his dark lair. For this purpose, he has collected an army, reminding you of those of Jenghiz Khan or Tamerlane, unparalleled in numbers, magnificent in equipment, unbounded in confidence and attachment to their chief, led by officers of tried valor and skill, and wielded and propelled by the genius of Napoleon, like one body by one living soul. Not only were the eyes of the world fixed upon this prodigious force, but we may conceive the eyes of angels, too, turned upon its movements with looks of anxiety and interest. But the "Lord in the heavens did laugh;" the Lord held him and his force "in derision." For now his time was fully come. And now must the decree of the watchers and the holy ones, long registered against him, begin to obtain fulfilment. And how did God fulfil it? He led him into no ambushade. He overwhelmed him with no superior force. He raised up against him no superior genius. But he took his punishment into his own hand. He sent winter before its time, to destroy him and his "many men so beautiful." He loosened snow, like a flood of waters, and frost, like a flood of fire, upon his host; and Napoleon, like Satan, yielded to God alone, and might have exclaimed, with that lost archangel,

"Into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen, so much the stronger
 proved
He with his thunder, and, till then, who knew
The force of those dire arms?"

Thus had man and his Maker come into collision, and the potsherd was broken in the unequal strife. All that followed resembled only the convulsive struggles of one down, taken, and bound. Even when cast back like a burning ember, from Elba to the French shores, it was evidently all too late. His "star" had first paled before the fires of Moscow, and at last set amid the snows of his flight from it.

Of the private character of Napoleon, there are many contradictory opinions. Indeed, properly speaking, he had no private character at all. For the greater part of his life, he was as public as the sun. He ate and drank, read and wrote, snuffed and slept in a glare of publicity. The wrinkles, darkening into

gloom, on that massive forehead, did indeed conceal many a dark and secret thought; but his mere actions and habitudes were all public property. How tell what he was in private, since in private he never was? He was like the man who had "lost his shadow." No sweet relief; no dim and tender background in his character. Whatever private virtues he might have possessed, never found an atmosphere to develop them in; nay, they withered and died in the surrounding glare. He had no time to be a good son, or husband, or father, or friend. The idea which devoured him devoured all such ties too. Still, we believe that he never ceased to possess a heart, and that much of his apathy and apparent hardness of nature was the effect of policy or of absence of mind. A thousand different spectators report differently of his manner in private. To some, he appeared all grace and dignity—to others, a cold, absent fiend, lost in schemes of far-off villainy—to a third class, an awkward and unmannered blunderer—and to a fourth, the very demon of curiosity, a machine of questions, an embodied inquisition. One acute spectator, the husband of Madame Rahel, reports of a perpetual scowl on his brow, and a perpetual smile on his lips. We care very little for such representations, which rather describe the man's moods than the man himself. We heard once, we protest, a more edifying picture of him from the lips of a Scotch innkeeper, who declared that he believed "Boney, when he was at leisure, aye sat, wi' his airm in a bowl o' water, resting on a cannon-ball, an' nae doubt meditating mischief!" It were difficult to catch the features of an undeveloped thought—and what else was Napoleon?

As concentration was the power of his mind, so it was the peculiarity of his person. His body was a little vial of intense existence. The thrones of Europe seemed falling before a ninepin! He seemed made of skin, marrow, bone, and fire. Had France been in labor, and brought forth a mouse? But it was a frame formed for endurance. It took no punishment, it felt no fatigue, it refreshed itself by a wink, its tiny hand shivered kingdoms at a touch, and its voice, small as the "treble of a fay," was powerful and irresistible as the roar of Mars, the homicidal god. Nature is often strange in her economies of power. She often packs her poisons and her glorious essences alike into small bulk. In Napoleon, as in Alexander the Great and Alexander Pope, a portion of both was strangely and inextricably mingled.

We might deduce many lessons from this

rapid sketch of the Emperor of the French. That "moral of his story," of which Symonds speaks, would require seven thunders fully to express it. We will not dwell on the commonplaces about "vaulting ambition," "diseased pride," "fallen greatness," "lesson to be humble and thankful in our own spheres," &c. Napoleon was a brave, great man; in part mistaken, perhaps also in part insane, and also in a large part guilty. But he did a work—not his full work, but still a work that he only could have accomplished. He continued that shaking of the sediments of the nations, which the French revolution began. He pointed attention with his bristling guns to the danger the civilization of Europe is exposed to from the Russian silent conspiracy of ages—cold, vast, quietly progressive, as a glacier gathering round an alpine valley. He backed and bridled the Bucephalus of the revolution. He shook the throne of the Austrian domination, and left that of his own successors tottering to receive them. He drew out, by long antagonism, the resources of Britain. He cast a ghastly smile of contempt, which lingers still, around the papal crown. While he proved the disadvantages, as well as advantages, of the domination of a single human mind, he unconsciously shadowed forth the time when one di-

vine hand shall take the kingdom—his empire, during its palmy days, forming a feeble earthly emblem of the reign of the universal king.

In spite of fears and forebodings, a new Napoleon is not likely to arise; nor, though he should, long to continue to reign. But even as the ancient polypharmist and mistaken alchemist was the parent and the prophecy of those modern chemists, who may yet advance the science even to its ideal limits, so, in this age, Napoleon has been the unwitting pioneer and imperfect prophet of a sovereign, the extent and the duration of whose kingdom shall equal and surpass his wildest dreams. Did he, by sheer native genius, nearly snatch from the hands of all kings their time-honored sceptres—nearly confirm his sway into a concentrated and iron empire—and prove the advantages of centralization, as they were never proved before? And *why* should not "another king, one Jesus," exerting a mightier might, obtain a more lasting empire, and form the only real government which, save the short theocracy of the Jews, ever existed on earth? We pause—nay, nature, the world, the church, poor afflicted humanity, distracted governments, falling thrones, earth and heaven together, seem to pause with us, to hear the wherefore to this why.

From the Edinburgh Review.

VICTOR COUSIN.

THESE five series of volumes form one connected and uniform edition of M. Cousin's entire original works.* The translations which he has issued at different periods, and the writings of other celebrated authors which he has carried through the press (accompanied not unfrequently with notes and

introductions of his own), are not included in the plan. The three first series contain all his productions of a purely philosophical character. The fourth consists of literary fragments. While the fifth comprises the well-known Reports on Education in Holland and Germany, together with the acts of M. Cousin as Minister of Public Instruction, and his speeches in defence of the University system of France. As these volumes comprise the whole of what our author has published during a long and active life of literary labor, we may regard them as offering a fair opportunity for estimating his merits as a philosopher, an historian, and a littérateur.

Such an edition of Cousin's writings was urgently called for. Several of the publications which from time to time have appeared

* 1. *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. 5 vols. Paris: 1846.

2. *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne.* 2^e Série. 3 vols. Paris: 1847.

3. *Fragmentes Philosophiques pour faire Suite aux Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie.* 4 vols. Paris: 1847.

4. *Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin.* 4. Série. Littérature. 3 vols. Paris: 1849.

5. *Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin.* 5. Série. Instruction Publique en France sous le Gouvernement de Juillet. Paris: 1850.

under his name, have been far from giving a correct representation of his philosophical opinions on the one hand, or of the purity of his style on the other. Lectures, taken down in short-hand from the lips of the speaker, have gone forth as though they were finished compositions; and these, again, have been reproduced in foreign editions, without receiving the slightest correction from himself, or the slightest voucher for the accuracy of their contents. For the errors and misunderstandings which have thus arisen there will no longer be any excuse; and we earnestly recommend all persons who wish to learn our author's real opinions, to abjure the use of all apocryphal accounts of them, and to have recourse at once, whether for exposition or refutation, to his own acknowledged writings.

In the present edition, duly corrected and arranged by the author, the means are at length afforded us of reviewing his career from unquestionably authentic sources. Of no living writer, perhaps, could it be said that such a review was more needed, in order to place the literary world at large in possession of his real sentiments, or of the course of their formation. To say nothing of the imperfect character of some of the former editions, it is evident that the fragmentary and miscellaneous nature of his productions, which, to be properly judged of, must be regarded as a whole, and the rhetorical form in which many of his most important doctrines were delivered, have of themselves contributed to scatter the most disjointed, and even opposite, notions, respecting the true idea of Cousin's philosophy, throughout the world. When we look at his collected works side by side, we find in them a series of efforts, ranging from the period in which their author was scarcely out of his teens down to the present day, each of which is not uncommonly read and quoted, as though it were a full and accurate representation of his opinions, instead of being a small portion of the several stages through which his opinions have been gradually formed. No wonder that philosophical sciolists and keen-eyed critics have discovered among them a harvest of rhetorical phrases—of verbal errors—and even of logical contradictions, upon which to practise their art and display their ingenuity. For if there are few who make sufficient allowance for the case of mental progress, where a man commits his thoughts consecutively to the press, or who forbear to stamp on its

results the title of inconsistency, still fewer are there who can face a paradox without flinching, and allow to the rhetorician a license in the statement of truths, which very probably the rigid laws of logic may neither justify nor comprehend.

The very first requisite for understanding an author like Cousin aright, is to view him as a whole; to regard each of his successive works as a fragment of the process which goes to make up our integral idea of him; to consider attentively the point from which he started—the advances he made in the course of his continued labors—the influence of men and circumstances upon his mental development—and the mode in which his intellectual life has embodied itself in his writings, as an organic growth. This accordingly is the view which it is our present design to furnish, and which will be based upon the works before us. We have no intention of criticising minutely the philosophical doctrines which our author has propounded, to wind our way through the intricate metaphysical problems he has endeavored to solve, or to test his solutions by any scientific touchstone. Such a task might indeed be interesting to the speculative philosopher, but it would scarcely be sufficiently attractive to the public at large. In his works, as now collected and arranged in distinct series, we shall see M. Cousin in the light of a student, a professor, an orator, an historian, and, more than all, of a great writer, whose pointed periods have touched the chords of modern society, and thrilled through the minds of thousands in almost every quarter of the civilized world.

A popular statement of the phases through which M. Cousin has passed in his progress, and of the system in which he has taken up what appears likely to be his permanent abode, may assist in removing the misapprehensions to which Professor Sedgwick alludes in a Preliminary Dissertation to the *Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*. After recommending the critical discussion of Locke's *Essay* in the *Lectures of Victor Cousin*, both as a guide and safeguard in passing "onwards to the higher transcendental speculations of the German school," Professor Sedgwick adds: "The works of this writer have, by some men, been sneered at and undervalued, because they are critical and eclectic. But this may be, and often is, a first-rate merit. There can be no end to the motley forms of science, if every succeeding author is to give us a new system.

Because we reject some part of the scheme of Locke, or think that the common sense induction school of Scotland has fallen short of a perfect system:—because we think that the idealism of the German school may have been pushed too far by shutting from our view the true foundations of that great mass of material knowledge, which rests on the evidence of our senses, and is therefore fundamentally empirical or sensual:—because we believe all this, it follows not, that we are to deny the good that is already done or to close our eyes to the great truths that have been in part unfolded. No system of psychology has perhaps yet been published, or ever will be published, in such a form as to contain the whole essence of metaphysical truth." (5th Edit. 1850.) Among the text-books for the Cambridge Moral Science Tripos of next year, the only work by a living writer is "The Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century."

On the early life of M. Cousin it is not our province to dwell. Suffice it to mention that he was a "child of Paris," educated at the Lyceum of Charlemagne; that he became a student at the *École Normale*, on the establishment of that institution in 1810; that he there entered on the study of philosophy under the guidance of MM. Laromiguière, Maine de Biran, and Royer Collard; and that on the elevation of the latter to the head of the University by the restored Government of 1815, M. Cousin, then only twenty-three years of age, was appointed his successor to the Chair of Philosophy in the *Faculté des Lettres*. From that time to the present day, (with a few interruptions which will be noticed in the sequel), he has retained his connection with the University of France, and labored in it personally as a public expositor of the history of philosophy.

Before we follow him into the duties of his new calling, or describe the spirit in which those duties were undertaken, let us pause for a moment and take a rapid glance at the condition of philosophy in France at this precise juncture. The general tendency of philosophical thinking throughout Europe, during the eighteenth century, is well known. That every thing should be made clear and palpable was the unconscious bent of the age, and was made its imperious demand. Mystery it could not endure. All the secrets of the universe must be laid bare to the light of day. Wherever there seemed to be darkness, forthwith, unless light was procured, reality was denied. In fact, the spirit of Voltaire had become the master spirit of the

time; and common sense, in the grossest acceptance of the term, the absolute test of truth. The effect of this tendency was to fix upon that which is most accessible to the unreflecting mind,—namely, matter and organization,—as the sole basis of all things; to regard morals, not as the indication of the deep hidden laws of our spiritual being, but as another name for worldly wisdom; and to look upon religion as a mere creation of priestcraft, cleverly designed to aid ambition, and throw dust into the eyes of the simple. A broad separation grew up between the natural and the supernatural; between that which was supposed to harmonize with the course of nature, and what were considered the shadowy creations of an unreal enthusiasm. On one side was man—a compact mass of nerves and organs—placed in the midst of a material universe; on the other side were dreams about mind, freedom, duty, and religion. It seems never to have occurred to these materialists, that there was a contradiction in the very statement of their principles,—that if man were wholly a part of organic nature, and slavishly subject to its laws, every thing which results from his organization must be natural also; and that, assuming the ganglia and the brain to regularly secrete morals, religion, and other such phenomena, these more abstruse phenomena would have the same title to be legitimate results of the natural working of the universe as the nerves and organs themselves; and could not, therefore, rationally be thrown aside into the regions of falsehood and imagination. Such, however, in spite of every contradiction, was the bias or rather passion of that period. All departments of mental and moral science were translated into the language of pure materialism. Cabanis, the physiologist of the school, professed to demonstrate with his scalpel the process by which a vibration of the nervous system becomes transformed into thought and emotion. Volney and St. Lambert were its moralists; while M. Destutt de Tracy elaborated the same theory on the side of psychology and logic with unusual clearness and plausibility.

What those secret and irresistible laws really are, which guide the intellectual tendencies of an age or a people, no one has yet succeeded in explaining. The fact, however, that such laws and periodic tendencies exist, can no longer be a matter of doubt. The tide of materialism, which had inundated France and wrought a sensible impression at once upon both its literature and its practical life, seemed to have reached its height, spent

itself, and come to a temporary resting place very soon after the opening of the present century. A reaction was in fact then preparing, and was turning the hidden processes of thought into a new direction, even in minds apparently least disposed to yield to its influence.

The first of the public professors, in whom this nascent tendency became manifest, was M. Laromiguière. Nurtured in the school of the ideologists, nothing was further from his intention than to dispute the main principles for which the ideologist had contended. And yet we find him, in his own despite, veering round to another quarter, and giving up, almost unawares, the whole passive theory of the origin of our ideas. Such a change indeed became inevitable when he introduced the element of *attention* as an indispensable step in every act of intelligence, and maintained, as a necessary consequence, the autonomy of the human will. Connected with M. Laromiguière was a man of still greater vigor of mind, of more independent spirit, and with far stronger powers of psychological analysis,—M. Maine de Biran. Led by no teacher, impelled forward by no influences beyond his own deeply reflective nature, M. de Biran gradually modified his philosophic theory from the lowest depths of materialism, to an idealistic principle almost rivalling that of Fichte himself. Fixing his keen eye upon the power of the *will*, he stripped it of all determining circumstances, disengaged it as a primitive force from the phenomena of desire; and showed that, if we are to have one absolute basis for philosophy, such basis can be no other than *self*, at once the revealer and the type of all causality, whether in Nature or in God. There was still a third, in whom the new tendency manifested itself, combined with a peculiar gift of lucid exposition, both as a lecturer and a writer,—namely M. Royer Collard. He it was, who had the honor of making the first open breach with the materialistic school, of declaring the whole basis of their speculations unsound, and of professing to take his stand upon directly contrary principles. Conscious that the Scottish school, under the guidance of Reid, had struggled successfully against the empiricism and the scepticism which had prevailed in England; perceiving that it had carried the main points of the controversy in a fair and open fight; M. R. Collard naturally betook himself thither to find at once alliance and sympathy in the combat commencing now in France. The principles for which he was seen contending

were, accordingly, the very same as those for which Reid had contended before him. Like his Scottish predecessor, he investigated with the greatest care the doctrine of the immediacy of human knowledge in the act of perception, in opposition to that of representative ideas, or the still more materialistic theory of nervous impressions. Together with Reid, he affirmed the existence of original principles of belief; and in justice to him, let it be also said, that he had the credit of separating, far more clearly than Reid himself, the subjective and constitutive elements of human knowledge from the immediate experiences given in our perceptive and intuitive faculties.

Under the guidance of these three minds, the early philosophical education of M. Cousin had been begun and completed. The materialistic theory he had never himself imbibed. More favorably situated than his predecessors, he was, therefore, never subjected to the necessity of painfully working himself out of the dregs of ideology by an effort, in which their mental strength had been well nigh exhausted. Not only did he come upon the stage after the reaction had fully set in, but he was brought up under the direct influence of the men in whom that reaction was most clearly developed. Added to this, he had been a favorite pupil of M. Royer Collard; he had been selected by him, as the most worthy expounder of his philosophical principles; and was chosen by him, when hardly mature either in age or culture, to be his successor in the chair of the "History of Philosophy," on being himself called upon by higher duties to resign it. Under these circumstances it will not be wondered at that M. Cousin made his first appearance as a professed disciple of the Scottish School. His emancipation by date of birth from the sensational philosophy, his veneration for the teacher whose footsteps he had now to follow, and the reputation which the doctrines of Reid were then enjoying, as being the most energetic protest against the sceptical theories lately in fashion, all concurred to make "the philosophy of common sense" the starting point, from which he entered on his career as a public professor.

In the December of 1815, Cousin delivered his first lecture at the opening of the session in the Faculté des Lettres. This lecture appears in the first volume of the present series, and it leaves no doubt concerning the doctrines he had undertaken to expound, and which he was now still further to develop. It was plain that the battle against material-

ism would be here fought upon the field of Reid's perceptualist theory. The principle of Descartes,—that every truth is to be ultimately referred to the *consciousness of the Ego*,—is charged with all the consequences of Berkeley and Hume; while the theory of the immediacy of our knowledge of the external world, is described as the portal into all true science and true philosophy.

"What a service," he exclaims, "has that philosophy rendered to the world, which, by dissipating the prestige of an illusory representation, for ever destroyed the ideal hypothesis, and succeeded in pulling down the vain props by which philosophy had sought to vindicate the material world,—in order to re-establish it on its natural foundation. Reid is the first who disengaged perception from the sensation which envelops it, and placed it in the rank of our original faculties. The reign of Descartes ended with Reid. say his reign, not his glory, which is immortal."—*I. Série*, tome i. p. 14.

Notwithstanding the plan marked out in this opening address, the lectures which followed were anything but a development of it. The attempt to unravel the theory of perception brought the lecturer unconsciously upon the prior question of personal identity, and the nature of the *Ego*—the perceiving principle itself. Leaving, therefore, the development of the theory of perception, Cousin devoted all his energies to explain the existence, the personality, and the substantial reality of *The Me*, as implying a self-acting and intelligent being; tracing the subject historically, all through the English, Scotch, French, and to some extent, even the German schools of philosophy. During this process, the incomplete nature of Reid's analysis of first principles gradually dawned upon him. It had been the lot of Reid to be the first boldly to take the field against doctrines which had long been deeply rooted in the philosophical mind of Europe. Intent upon the great fundamental points for which he was contending, he had little time, and perhaps less disposition, to construct them into a system, or even subject them to any very close analysis. Hence the "first principles," which he enumerated, were any thing but a scientific classification of the *a priori* elements of human knowledge. There was no separation yet effected between the *matter* and the *form* of our ideas; but simply and uncritical, and (as it professed to be) a *common sense* exhibition of the first truths, which rest upon universal consent, and enter necessarily into our knowledge in its various branches. M. Royer Collard, as we before mentioned, had attempted,

and not without some success, an improvement in the statement and classification of these primary principles; and had advanced so far towards the extrication of the *forms* of thought from the *concrete* phenomena, as to employ the term "Constitutive principles of the human Understanding." But the analysis was far from being complete; the critical element in his system was still comparatively slight; and the problems respecting the nature of human knowledge were hardly raised above the platform upon which they had been investigated by Reid himself.

Ere the first session was ended, Cousin became fully aware of this deficiency. His mind, naturally acute and analytic, sought to penetrate further into the relation between the knowing and the known; to see what are the elements which come respectively from each, and how they are blended in knowledge itself; to complete, in a word, the table of categories or forms of thought, which M. R. Collard had so felicitously commenced. Where, then, was our young philosopher to look for assistance in this arduous task? or, to whose aid had M. Collard owed his previous measure of success? Rumors of the Sage of Königsberg, as being the source of these improved analyses, had already crossed the Rhine. The barbarous Latin translation, for so he terms it, of the "*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*," was even now in Cousin's hands; and he determined, in spite of all the difficulty of the enterprise, to see what light could be shed upon the question from this quarter.

In the opening lecture of the next session we, accordingly, find that a very palpable element of the Critical Philosophy has been introduced into the Scottish method of the year before. The relation of Subject and Object now appears in the foreground, as the question out of which the main problems of philosophy virtually spring. The schools of Locke, of Reid, and of Kant, are regarded as representing three progressive modes of treating the same great question; all of them valuable in one point of view, and all defective in another. Thus early was the value of Kant's critical labors fully asserted, though without yielding to them any implicit assent; and in a few bold sentences was drawn the first rough sketch of that peculiar system of Eclecticism, which has since gathered round its centre almost all the rising metaphysical genius of France, and nurtured into full growth one of the most popular, and in some respects most energetic, schools of modern philosophy.

Cousin, however, was not long content to

terminate his researches with the philosophy of Kant. Excited by the reports which from time to time reached him of new and fruitful philosophical systems, as yet wholly unknown to France, he determined to spend the autumn of the year 1817 in making, as it were, a voyage of discovery into Germany. The "*Natur-Philosophie*" was then in the zenith of its glory; every one had been charmed with its novelty, its poetry, and the eloquence with which it had been expounded by its author.

"The great name of Schelling," remarks Cousin, "resounded in all the schools—here celebrated, there almost cursed; everywhere exciting that passionate interest, that concert of ardent eulogium and violent attack, which we call glory."—III. *Série*, tome iv. p. 74.

In place, however, of visiting Schelling, whom he had so ardently desired to know, Cousin met, by chance, at Heidelberg, a quiet unostentatious young man, of whom he had scarcely heard, and who then passed as a somewhat clever disciple of Schelling. His name was *Hegel*. What benefit he derived from his intercourse, it would not now be easy to decide. The one knew very little of German—the other just as little of French; and yet after the very first conversation, or rather attempt at it, Cousin assures us that he felt himself in the presence of a Superior Spirit; that on leaving Heidelberg he announced him, and became his prophet; and that on his return to France he said to his friends—"I have seen a man of genius." Hegel, it seems, made him a present of his *Logic*, which had just appeared; but, says Cousin, "c'était un livre tout hérissé de formules, d'une apparence assez scholastique et écrit dans une langue très peu lucide, surtout pour moi."

Whatever may have been the effect of this intercourse with Germany, certain it is that Cousin, during the next session (which occupied the greater part of the year 1818), produced a highly interesting course of lectures based upon the Ideas of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. The opening lecture is devoted to an exposition and a defence of the principle of Eclecticism, and the second to the question of Method. Having cleared the way by a general view of these two points, he proceeds to the exposition and analysis of what are termed absolute Ideas; whence, preserving all along the grace and clearness which so peculiarly distinguish him, he floats onward through the regions of metaphysical, of æsthetic, and of moral truth,—

at the same time criticising the doctrines of every remarkable school of philosophy, developing his own more or less fully, and pointing out the applications of each to art, science and natural theology. Whatever opinion the philosophical student may form concerning the metaphysical basis of this course, no scholar assuredly will deny either the exquisite touches of criticism, or the sudden glimpses into broad and practical principles, which are scattered throughout the whole.

During his next vacation, Cousin revisited Germany; and repairing to Munich, found both Schelling and Jacobi, who appear to have received him into their friendship with true German cordiality, and to have devoted an entire month—little enough—to indoctrinating him into the mysteries of their philosophy. We can hardly help envying our author the reminiscences of a visit passed with such companions. The one the most suggestive, the most poetical, the most artistic, of modern philosophers,—the man who, beyond all others, had realised the ideal side of nature, who had given to it the most lofty expression, and had construed the world most perfectly into the language of pure Idea: the other the modern Plato of the Teutonic schools, at once the critic and the counterpoise of Kant, the herald and the prophet of intuition, the conductor of the principles which Reid had introduced on the stage of perception, into the higher regions of spiritual truth. Little wonder is there that Cousin, himself a philosopher, and almost a poet—a young enthusiast, too, in the first ardor of the Ideal philosophy, should have allowed his enthusiasm to pass into something like blind veneration. Yet he never yielded up the proper independence of his own understanding, or failed to point out what appeared to him a departure from the sober pathway of common sense; and, however fruitful may have been the seeds sown in his mind by his new friends, he at any rate made little immediate manifestation of them. Almost the whole of the next session (that of the year 1819) was in fact devoted, not to the German, but to the Scottish school, which he here takes as the basis of an extended course on morals. And of all the lectures which he delivered at the *Faculté des Lettres*, these now fill the largest volume, and appear the most complete. The character, genius, and historical position of the Scottish people are severally portrayed with spirit and accuracy: the breach made in the reigning philosophy of Locke is traced from its commencement in Hutcheson, through

its further enlargement in Adam Smith, to its completion under Reid, when from it issued the systematized doctrine of common sense. Of this last philosopher he gives the following description:—

"Reid was the hero of this philosophic warfare; and he is a complete representation of the character of his country. There was not a single quality of Scottish genius wanting to him. It may be said of him, without any exaggeration, that he was common sense itself. Often common sense appeared in him somewhat superficial; often, however, profound; but never actually defective. The Scotch good sense is full of *finesse*; accordingly, we find in Reid an infinity of *esprit*. His first work, 'Researches into the Human Understanding according to the Light of Common Sense,' is studded with the happiest traits. Malice and irony would appear to predominate there, were they not constantly tempered with serenity and benevolence. Above these rare qualities, moreover, there reigns an admirable method, which of itself would suffice to place Reid in the very first rank of philosophical thinkers.—*I. Série*, tome iv. p. 26."

Hardly any thing can be more striking than the contrast which Cousin draws in these lectures between the selfish system of Helvetius, the moral despotism of Hobbes, and the grave, steady, deeply-pondered, timid, yet sure procedure of the Scottish School, in determining philosophically the basis of good and evil. Whatever may have been the predilections, which he manifested, from time to time, in favor of French or German speculations, however he may have been dazzled by the vivacity of the one or the profundity of the other, still it is impossible not to perceive that the real sympathy of his nature goes along with the "principles of common sense." He clearly saw, that in the grave concerns of our moral life we are satisfied neither with the elegance of an easy theory, nor with the mystifications of abstract speculation; but that we ever need to fall back upon those great catholic principles which human nature in its struggles, its trials, its aspirations, its unwearied progress, has sanctioned as giving firmness to the head, courage to the heart, and steadiness of purpose to the will, in the serious duties of human life.

During the next session, that of the year 1820, M. Cousin continued his historical course upon Moral Philosophy, making now the works of Kant the great object of his study, and the main theme of his teaching. These lectures are contained in the Fifth Volume of the First Series, and comprehend a detailed exposition of the "Critick of pure

Reason," together with a running estimate of its merits and defects. There have been more profound treatises undoubtedly written upon the "critical philosophy;" but we much doubt whether any one has seized upon the main points of the argument with more judgment, or ever set them forth in terms so satisfactory to the common understanding. The whole, it should be remembered, was written as a university course, intended, not for the mature and philosophic mind, but for the instruction of students now first entering upon the study of philosophy,—not intended, moreover, for the eye, to be perused and reperused at pleasure, but designed for the ear, and meant to be grasped at once by the listener. For such a purpose it would be difficult to find a "*Cours de Philosophie Kantienne*," in which the matter is at once so felicitously arranged, and so clearly and elegantly expressed. It was assuredly a remarkable proof of acuteness of mind in a young man of twenty-seven,—with every thing against him, without help or sympathy at home, in a case where a knowledge was to be acquired as well of the most difficult language of Europe, as of the most crabbed metaphysical technology,—that he should have been able to penetrate into those most subtle processes of thought, and re-produce them in language at once fervid and precise. There is, indeed, in the whole of these earlier productions a peculiar freshness and vitality. They want the ease and finish of his later works; but they are, on the other hand, impressed with the wonder and enthusiasm which characterize a mind first passing into new regions of thought, of which it can already perceive the grandeur, though not yet estimate the depths.

A sudden change of circumstances now interrupted the course of the young professor so auspiciously commenced. Having formed the project of publishing the inedited works of Proclus, he had proceeded to Italy to collate some manuscripts. Buried in literary labor, he had not been watching the political changes in his own country; where, on his return, only after a few weeks' absence, he found that a reaction had set in, which must have an important bearing upon his own career. Not only was the liberty of the press curtailed, but the Government had also determined to fetter the freedom of public instruction, and close the lips of those who were thought unfavorable to Absolutism. Royer Collard was accordingly removed from the presidency of the University; Guizot was thrown out of the Conseil

d'Etat; Cousin, being suspected of liberalism, was silenced at the Faculté des Lettres; and, after a short time, the *École Normale* was itself suppressed.

Arrested in his lectures, Cousin turned with so much the more ardor to his studies. In addition to Proclus, he now determined on rendering the entire works of Plato into French, and on enriching them with notes, introductions, and other apparatus for a critical study of the Platonic philosophy. It was during this same period of leisure that he collected the fragments he had written at various periods for different reviews and journals, and published them with a preface, in which the chief points of his philosophy, as then developed, were expounded with remarkable force and brevity. As we have now, therefore, arrived at the close of Cousin's first career, this seems the proper place for shortly noticing his progress as a philosophical thinker, before we pass on to the events which soon succeeded.

The first point to which Cousin had directed his attention on assuming the chair of philosophy, had been the proper *method of research*. The *method* he adopted—as he himself reminds us—was once sanctioned by the whole spirit of the age, and the undoubted scientific tendency of the European mind. Bacon first showed, how observation and induction formed the true mode of proceeding in the pursuit of natural science: and from his time downwards the same *organum* became gradually introduced into mental philosophy. A false, or rather imperfect application of this method had given rise, first, to the philosophy of Locke, and afterwards to that of Condillac, along with the whole materialistic school. With the very same weapons, on the other hand, this philosophy had been combated by Reid and Kant; both of whom assumed the facts of consciousness duly observed for the real basis upon which the whole superstructure of their subsequent systems was to be raised.

"Facts," observes Cousin, "facts are the point of departure, if not the *limits* of philosophy. But these facts, whatever they may be, only exist for us, in so far as they reach the consciousness. It is there alone that observation watches them, before delivering them over to that process of induction which draws out of them the consequences which they contain within their bosom. The field of philosophic observation is consciousness—there is no other; but, within it nothing must be neglected; all is important; for every thing there holds together; and, if one portion fail, the unity of the whole cannot be grasped. To enter into the consciousness, and study with scrupulous

care all its phenomena, its variations, its relations—this is the first department of philosophy; its scientific name is *Psychology*. Psychology, accordingly, is the condition, and, as it were, the vestibule of philosophy."—III. *Serie*, tome iv. p. 11.

Cousin's next purpose was to show that a careful study of all the facts of consciousness reveals three great classes of phenomena, which, however interwoven in their operations, are yet perfectly distinct in their nature. These are the facts of reason, of will, and of sensibility.

In the field of *Reason* the philosophy of Reid had already proved that we are not wholly dependent for our Ideas upon empirical impressions, but that there are original principles necessarily involved in every branch of human knowledge. Reid, however, had never investigated fully what these principles were, and never reduced them to a clear scientific statement; while Kant, possessed as he was of far greater analytic and critical powers, had performed this task with remarkable success. Cousin, accordingly, under the guidance of Kant, had gone beyond the common sense philosophy, had separated the forms of thought completely from the immediate phenomena as given in experience, and seen that it was possible to reduce them to a table of categories. The next question he asked himself was, is the classification of Kant perfect, or might it not be simplified still further? And the result of his inquiry was the reduction of the four head categories of Kant to the two fundamental ideas of Substance and Cause. Thus far the analysis was simply confined to subjective phenomena. The actual facts of consciousness had been first observed; then they had been traced up to their primitive states, as shown in our rational, voluntary, and sensitive life; and, lastly, the conceptions of reason had been reduced to two great categories, under which all its varieties might be marshalled. The next point, however, which Cousin attempted to investigate, was the passage from psychology to ontology,—from the facts of consciousness to the facts of existence. And here it is that he introduces the notion of the impersonality of Reason, viewed in its purely spontaneous activity; and joins issue with Kant, who had concluded, that *pure* reason only establishes the existence of objective realities within the limits of our sensible experience: thus throwing the evidence of all transcendental realities—such as the being of a God—upon the decisions of the *practical* reason. We freely confess, however, our opinion that, after all, this dispute is mor

verbal than real. Kant admits that we actually *do* get to the knowledge of "noumena," or things beyond sense,—holding only that we get there through the practical reason; while Cousin shows that we get there by the spontaneous reason. The mode of stating the question and also the terminology differ, it is true; but the grand result is the same. Like most other metaphysical distinctions, there is no difference in the actual experiences from which all take their start, but only in the terms under which we give them a scientific statement.

Next to the reason, Cousin proceeded to analyse *the Will*. The main purport of this analysis was to prove that will is identical with personality; that it is the universal type under which we conceive the idea of a cause; that mingling in two different ways with the reason, it forms, in the first place, the spontaneous, and in the second place, the reflective mode of intelligence; and that it belongs to the very essence of the mind, alike in its spontaneous as in its reflective life, to be free.

Last of all comes the analysis of *Sensation*. This faculty, he shows, viewed in connexion with the reason and the will, enables us to carry our observations into the regions of Nature,—to see the world around us as a vast assemblage of causes,—to trace their laws, and measure their force. Here, accordingly, the dualism of the universe gives way to the perception of the essential unity of mind and matter; both being included under the common category of causality.

"Vary and multiply," says Cousin, "the phenomena of Sensation as you will, still reason always refers them, and that necessarily, to a force, to which it successively refers, in proportion as our experiences extend themselves, not indeed the internal modifications of the subject, but the objective properties calculated to excite them. In other words, it develops the notion of *cause*, but without going farther; for properties are always causes, and can only be known as such. The exterior world, therefore, is simply an assemblage of such causes, corresponding to our real or possible sensations; and the relations of these causes among themselves are the order of the world. Thus the world is made of the same *stuff* as ourselves, and Nature is the sister of man: she is, like him, active, living, animated; and her history is a dream as well as our own."—III. *Série*, tome iv. p. 30.

Such were the results to which Cousin had arrived in the first period of his philosophical career;—results which certainly require to be well guarded and accurately explained; but which, notwithstanding, lay firm hold on

some of the main principles to which all science, whether physical, metaphysical, or moral, has, for some time past, been steadily conducting us.

There is yet one application of our author's philosophical principles, to which we must here briefly allude;—and that is, Natural Theology. According to Cousin, there is a point in which the conception of cause and substance unite. The mind cannot rest in the ultimatum of an assemblage of causes on the one hand, or a vast variety of substances on the other. We are necessarily impelled, by the very laws of reason, to seek and to demand some unity to which they stand alike related; in other words, to trace them up to a great first cause—to an absolute being—to a God. Here, therefore, we are brought to the infinite, as being at once the counterpart and the complement of the finite: and our ideas of *mind* and *nature* may be reconciled and grounded in that central point of absolute unity which we term *God*. The following passage is a specimen of the style of reasoning which we are now describing:

"The facts of consciousness, which comprehend three internal elements, reveal also to us three external elements. Every fact of consciousness is psychological and ontological at the same time; and comprehends, from the first, the three grand ideas, which science afterwards divides or sums up, but which it can never transcend; namely, Man, Nature, and God. But the Man, the Nature, and the God of Consciousness, are not vain formulas—they are facts and realities. Man is not in consciousness without Nature, nor Nature without Man; but both meet there, at once in their opposition and their reciprocity; just like relative causes and substances, whose nature is always to develop themselves, and always by means of each other. The God of Consciousness is not an abstract Deity—a solitary monarch retained on the other side of creation, upon the desert throne of a silent eternity and an absolute existence, which, indeed, could resemble only the nonentity of existence; he is a God at once real and true; one and many; eternity and time; space and number; essence and life; indivisibility and totality, principle, end, and middle; at the summit and at the base of existence; infinite and finite at once; in brief, a trinity which comprehends at once God, Nature, and Humanity."

That Cousin penned this and some similar passages under the immediate influence of the pantheistic side of Schelling's philosophy, can hardly be doubted. To deny their purely pantheistic character is plainly impossible; neither does the author himself appear disposed to defend them from this

charge, which has been so often made against them. Instead of this, in a note to the present edition he admits that he was led, in the hurry of composition, into "des phrases excessives;" and he has given, in a note to the Fifth Lecture of the Second Series, an exposition of the views which he is to be considered as properly maintaining, when stripped of all oratorical figures. In this note he points out, forcibly and clearly, the middle path (which he considers to be the true one) between the abstract deity of the scholastic theology, and the pantheism of the modern German school. It must be confessed, we think, by every candid reader of the note, that Cousin entirely clears himself in it of the charge of pantheism, as being either an admitted element or result of his philosophy. Those who are only seeking for an opportunity of party warfare with him, in either politics or philosophy, may undoubtedly cull a number of "phrases excessives" from his writings, and hold them up as decisive evidence of his opinions. It is not, however, from sudden and rhetorical phrases that the real opinions of fervid writers are to be gathered; since, for the sake of greater force of expression, their opinions are not unfrequently thrown into the form of paradoxes, in which the latitude of one is left to be counteracted by the restrictions of another. But let his critics look to the whole structure and tendency of his philosophy, and we assert, without the least hesitation, that they could not honestly venture on such a charge. Indeed, pantheism has always been the child of over-wrought speculation, the refuge of the recluse, when worn out with pondering over the mysteries of existence and the insoluble problems of human destiny; while the whole tendency of our author's eclecticism is to depreciate mere individual speculation, to appeal to the sentiments of mankind at large, and to consider that no philosophical dogma has any authority whatever, until it is shown to be based upon and sustained by the massive foundations of common sense.

Passing from this digression, and resuming the thread of Cousin's philosophical biography, we come across an episode which was not without effect upon his subsequent literary productions. During the year 1821, his public duties being suspended and his health precarious, he devoted himself, in his retreat near the Luxembourg, to the philosophical works on which he had been for some time engaged. It was the year of the Piedmontese Revolution, the failure of which

brought the Count de Santa Rosa to Paris. An almost fraternal affection sprang up between them, which only terminated with the death of Santa Rosa in Greece. About the time that the Italian patriot left for Greece, Cousin departed for Germany, as companion to the young Duc de Montebello. He had always been the advocate of liberal opinions; he had joined the association formed by the Duc de Broglie for the maintenance of the freedom of the press; and he was now the bosom friend of a revolutionary exile. Having thus become an object of suspicion, his steps were watched; and no time was lost before he was accused of visiting Germany for the purpose of promoting rebellion against the governments, was arrested at Dresden, and conveyed a prisoner to Berlin. However, after some months' confinement, an honorable acquittal followed of necessity, with the advantage, during his detention, of having enjoyed the constant society of Hegel, Schleiermacher, and their followers. Berlin was then famous for its school of philosophy; and these were its two greatest thinkers.

In 1825, Cousin returned to Paris, and lived there the next two years in obscurity. In 1827, however, when M. de Martignac became prime minister, and the policy of the Government assumed a more liberal tone, he was restored, in common with Guizot and Royer Collard, to his original position at the Faculté des Lettres. The brilliant success which attended his next public course, must be looked upon as forming the zenith of his renown as a professor of philosophy. Never, perhaps, (without going back to the days of Abelard) was so large a concourse assembled to listen to a series of lectures on such a subject. Moreover, when we consider that these lectures were accompanied by contemporaneous courses under Guizot and Villemaine, which were listened to with equal ardor, we can hardly fail to regard the whole as forming in itself a remarkable era in the literary history of France. Above 2000 auditors were present on these occasions, collected from the very *élite* of the metropolis; reporters took down the words as they fell from the lips of the professors; and in a short time the sentiments which had absorbed the attention of this crowd of hearers at Paris were on their road to every corner of the country. Let us look then for a moment to the lectures themselves, and see what were their contents.

The preface to the fragments, of which we before spoke, was written subsequent to Cousin's return from Germany; and it forms

the middle point between his earlier and his later philosophical doctrines. In it we find his first decided attempt to construct a passage from the psychological system with which he started, to the more purely rational system to which he was now advancing. The influence of the Hegelian philosophy, after this, becomes for a time more and more manifest. Such is especially the case with the course delivered in 1828, which grasps some of its principal ideas, and puts them forward in popular and often in a very striking form. The course itself purports to be a general introduction to the study of the history of philosophy. Its aim is to give such an explanation of philosophy itself, when considered as a necessary element in the life of man; such an analysis of the great ideas, from which all human development must originate; such a view of the plan of providence in human progress, and the modifying influence upon it of race, climate, geographical position, and other circumstances, as should lay the foundations for a philosophical treatment of history, and rescue it finally from its purely empirical character.

The mode in which this is carried out has undoubtedly a close affinity with the Hegelian view of human consciousness, as a process of thought in which the divine idea perpetually realises and unfolds itself. We have the same bi-polar representation of ideas, as being a unity between opposites; the same virtual identity established between thought and existence; the same doctrine of the *immanence* of Deity in creation; the same constant striving to find a purely rational expression for everything, whether in nature, history, or theology. We do not mean to say that Cousin developed these views with any degree of perfectness; but they assuredly represent a temporary phase, through which his mind actually passed at that period. The course of 1829, on the other hand, is far less Hegelian in its whole character. The author is now again upon his own more proper field; the various movements of the human mind, in its search after truth, come once more before him, in the form of different philosophical systems; and he descends from the transcendental regions through which he had been wandering, to the more sober work of criticism. This year's course, which comprises the two last volumes of the second series, will, in all probability, be ever the most popular of his writings. The connected account which it gives of the history of philosophy from the earliest times; the distinct classification it makes of systems; the brief

yet intelligible glimpses it affords into the interior of almost every school, whether ancient or modern, together with the detailed analysis of Locke, in which is said almost all that ever need be said about the "Essay on the Human Understanding;" in a word, the singular union of the more sober criticism of the psychological school, with occasional flights into the higher regions of metaphysical analysis, all concur to secure for the course of 1829, an interest and a value peculiarly its own.

The great distinction, however, between the first and second period of M. Cousin's philosophy, is the introduction of the idea of History as an element of speculation, and as contributing an essential part towards the proper comprehension of philosophy itself. From the time of Herder, downwards, it had become manifest, that if any fresh life or vigor is to be imparted to philosophy at all, it must be attained by going beyond the analysis of the individual mind, into the broader field of humanity itself. Mind, reason, thought—call it what we may—has a history and a development of its own, and involves certain great laws of progress, quite apart from the individual. These laws can be watched, and to some extent, at least, be determined by a careful process of investigation; and thus the empiricism of history may unite with the *a priori* elements of philosophical speculation, to pour new life into the great problems of man's nature and destiny. Without this vital element of human experience, metaphysics were coming to be viewed more and more as a mere battle field of words and phrases, grounded upon the inherent force of words or forms of speech round which it revolved, but having no value beyond. The most inveterate speculators of modern Germany have at last taken refuge in History against the dismal prospect of being choked by the intense dryness of their own productions. Fichte relinquishes his $A=A$, for the characteristics of the age and the inspirations of patriotism; Schelling's philosophy was a history and a drama from the very first; and Hegel too, whose hardness in abstraction is probably without a parallel, yet was constrained to make his dialectical scheme a *process*, in order to give a little movement and interest to the stiffened formulas of which it consists. Schleiermacher, the unmatched theologian of his age, in like manner threw life into the dead rationalism, and, if it were possible, the deader orthodoxy which surrounded him, by showing how the historical growth of the Chris-

tian consciousness in the world became a perpetually renewed foundation of formal theology; while the whole of the social philosophy of France, from the dreams of St. Simon to the positivism of Auguste Comte, was based upon some theory or other of human progress, under the conditions of time and labor.

Under these circumstances, the idea of History became more and more present to a nature always full of the views of others: so much so, that this idea constitutes, it seems to us, the main characteristic of Cousin's later productions. During his earlier period he was working mentally in sympathy with Reid, Kant, and Royer Collard; his great aim then was to analyze the individual mind, to enumerate all the phenomena of consciousness, to disintegrate the form from the matter, and to base his whole conclusions upon these comparatively special grounds. Now, on the contrary, he has passed from the individual mind into the mind of humanity; he is seeking not simply the laws of *his own* reason, but the laws of the *universal* reason; and consequently the main burden of his theme is changed from the region of psychological analysis, to the rational interpretation of history, the universe, and the Absolute.

The struggle we perpetually witness in these later writings,—that of reconciling the psychological starting point with the absolute results to which they aspire,—probably foreshadows the future course of philosophical speculation. It is a course which indeed has already set in beyond the Rhine, with a clearness and a force not to be mistaken. The age of mere logical pastime has gone by; the attempt to construct an absolute truth by abstracting the laws of logic, and representing them as realities through the dialectical subtlety of words, can no longer satisfy the cravings even of the most abstract thinker; it is seen, by most eyes at least, that there is no such thing as an absolute man or an absolute reason; but that in the course of providence, truth, human truth, is continually unfolding itself; that by the secret laws of spiritual progress, the mind of man gets a deeper intuitive insight into the phenomena of nature, and the moral world; and that the problem of philosophy in every age is to embody the highest experience of that age into a reflective system of ideas. The next great philosophy in which the mind of Europe can unite will be, in all probability, the philosophy of history; and then the critic of *pure reason* will become the critic of *language*, as

the great organ of the world's intellect. Experience, and its interpretation, will thus be the two sides of a system, of which history and fact will furnish the one, logic and metaphysics the other. It is in this unity that the old opposition of Empiricism and Idealism must, if ever, disappear.

The events which now ensued form an important portion of M. Cousin's public life. But we must pass over them rapidly. In 1830, the revolution of July opened a noble field for men of letters and liberal opinions. Two of his contemporary professors, MM. Guizot and Villemaine, entered boldly upon the political arena. Cousin remained faithful to philosophy, accepting, however, the Presidency of the *École Normale*. From this moment he devoted himself to the reorganization of the entire system of public instruction—at the same time carrying on his labors as the historian of philosophy, both in his lecture room and with his pen. Having reconstructed the Normal School, and arranged the programme for graduation in the department of Philosophy, he next turned his attention to the education of the people at large, and determined to lay the foundation for a new and improved system of primary instruction. For this purpose, in the year 1831, he made a tour of inquiry through Germany and Holland. The results at which he arrived were embodied by him in the detailed Report, which has since been so favorably introduced to the English public by Mrs. Austin. The Report served for the basis of the Law on Education. Subsequently adopted by M. Guizot, it has been read and quoted with approbation by the most enlightened educationalists in this country, and has been distributed, by order of the Government of New York, to every public schoolmaster in the State.

In 1832, M. Cousin was raised to the peerage, and was at the same time urged to take a more direct part in political affairs. He has appeared, however, but rarely in the debates, and chiefly in connexion with the laws relative to public instruction. When in 1840 he joined the Cabinet, it was as Minister of Instruction. He held the office only eight months, but time enough to introduce a vast number of reforms, which he afterwards included in a volume, entitled "*Principaux Actes du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, du 1^{re} Mars au 19^{me} Octobre, 1840*;" this, along with some additional matter, now forms the three first volumes of the fifth series of his works. The chief struggle, in which he was engaged during his

more public career, was the defence of the University against the attacks of the ecclesiastics: it is a struggle still going on under the Republic, and not more successfully than under the Monarchy before it. In 1841 Cousin, leaving the Cabinet, re-entered upon his duties at the University; and, from that time to the present, he has quietly occupied himself with literary labors, among which are those relating to Pascal and his sister Jaqueline, and the unpublished fragments of the "Philosophie Cartesienne." In 1846 he commenced the entire edition of his own works, which is the basis of the present article, and of which five series are published already. Besides these, a complete edition of Abelard may be soon expected from him. So absorbed, the revolution of 1848 passed over his retreat at the Sorbonne, like a storm which could shake his dwelling indeed, but not disturb its repose. Faithful to the principle of a constitutional monarchy, he saw too plainly the risks and ultimate tendency of the Republic to welcome its establishment; and though he still retains his position at the Sorbonne, yet he has withdrawn latterly more than ever from political contention within the bosom of those pursuits, neither less useful nor less dignified, which he so long has found sufficient for both happiness and renown.

We must now finally endeavor to sum up briefly our biographical remarks, with a general estimate of Cousin's merits as a philosopher, an historian, and a writer. And first of all, in order to fix aright his true place in the domain of philosophy, we wish to submit the following preliminary remarks in explanation. There are three methods, more or less observable in all ages, by which different schools have attempted to give a theoretic or philosophical form to human knowledge. First, there is the method of *simple observation*. To arrange our experiences of the outward world and throw them into some appreciable order, is the soberest and most cautious effort of the philosophic spirit.—Knowledge exists before philosophy, but exists in its practical and spontaneous form. It is the marshalling of this knowledge under the laws and conditions of the intellectual faculty, in which the very essence of philosophy consists. This attempt is, in some instances, carried only to a certain length.—Mere observers may be content with accurately marking phenomena as they present themselves, seizing upon some of the most striking characteristics, and then seeking to classify them. This is what we intend by the method of simple observation,—a method

in which the immediate object of perception, empirically considered, greatly preponderates over the intellectual form in which it is represented.

The second method may be more properly termed the *reflective* method. Here the concrete phenomena are not only observed and classified, but there is a direct striving, on the part of the intellectual faculty, to *think itself* deep into their nature, their origin, and their fundamental unity. The immediate phenomenon here plays a more subordinate, though at the same time an indispensable part; while the laws of the intellect are more vigorously pushed forward with the view of moulding the phenomenon into their own definitive form.

The third method assumes the character and title of the method of *pure reason*. Here the empirical element almost entirely disappears. The main effort of this system is to realise and express the pure laws of intellect, as though they alone were eternal verities; while the only part which outward phenomena can play under it is, to show themselves over-matched by intellectual forms, and to become but the shadows of mental laws and forces, and the passing reflection of their productive energy in the world.

Of the first of these methods we have the most obvious and pleasing illustrations in the departments of natural history, and some of the purely inductive sciences. Here observation and classification do almost all the work, and yet this work is performed (as Dr. Whewell has shown) under the law and guidance of some intellectual idea, which may increase in intensity, until the process of observation merges into that of reflection, or even produces—as in the case of Schelling—a purely intellectual *Natur-philosophie*. In mental science, the method of simple observation belongs to those who make psychology equivalent to philosophy, and so reduce it all to a mere tabulation of internal phenomena. Of the second or reflective method, we have many illustrations. We find it developed in one form in the philosophy of Plato, and still more clearly in the new academy. In later times, it has been differently manifested in Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, and Jacobi; in all those moralists who, starting from the intuition of the good, strive to compress the phenomena of morals into a logical form, and in all those theologians who, with Schleiermacher, base their system upon a reflective expression of the actual facts of Christian experience. Of the last or rational method, the most obvious examples are the ideal systems

of modern Germany; and of these, the most absolute form is the philosophy of Hegel. With him logic, as the pure expression of the laws of thought, is the nerve, bone, and sinew of all philosophy. It will not do with him to observe or to reflect merely;—every thing must be *thought*, it must be seen under the form of pure intellect, nay, it must be a creation of the intellect, construed by it out of nothing, and then its place assigned it in the vast dialectical system of the universe.

Now the position which Cousin takes in this classification is perfectly definite. Although in his opening career there was a leaning towards the method of observation,—although, under the effects of German intercourse, we find expressions now and then which savor strongly of Hegelianism, yet the predominant tone of his philosophy throughout is purely reflective. No one more clearly takes his stand, primarily upon the actual facts and phenomena of the human mind;—no one more vigorously asserts the authority of common sense; no one more distinctly affirms, by every possible mode of affirmation, his firm conviction, that the material of truth is given in our immediate experience, whether by the perception of the senses, or by the immediate intuition of the soul, while the business of philosophy is to present it to us in a reflective form. One or two passing expressions laid aside, there is absolutely no similarity between the main principles of Cousin's philosophy and those of the German Idealists. His real affinities are never either with Schelling or Hegel—they are always with Plato, Descartes, Reid, and Jacobi.

Now in order to estimate the positive worth of this philosophy in France, we have only to place it by the side of the system which it has supplanted in the teaching of the universities, and we might almost say in the popular faith of the country. It is needless to recount the dreary characteristics of the materialistic systems of the last century and the early part of the present. We only point to the fact, that the vital elements of man's universal belief, as a rational, social, moral, and religious being, are as much thrown into oblivion by the purely empirical school, as they are ignored in the logic of Hegel. Professing to stand upon the basis of experience, that school disowns all classes of experience but one,—and that one the least noble of the whole. To the popular outcry for a philosophy of experience based upon sensation, Cousin opposed a philosophy of experience based upon the deepest and most irrepressible convictions of our nature.

His system of eclecticism, though by no means compact as a theory, has consisted in one constant appeal to the convictions of mankind, against the claims of sense on the one side, and the offspring of mere speculation on the other. Convinced that philosophy, as such, can only deal with the forms of truth,—convinced that, though it may enunciate a law, it can back it with no independent authority,—he has ever rested his strongest arguments upon the common beliefs of humanity, as alone able to supply the authority required and to force it upon the reverence of mankind. No movement was more deeply needed in France, at the time at which Cousin took up the study of philosophy, than this; and the result of it has unquestionably been, a more wide-spread change, as well in the public teaching of the country, as in its popular feeling, art, and literature, than (with the exception of Voltaire) was ever effected among a single people by an individual mind. We do not mean that all which he has contended for is defensible, still less do we mean to say that it supplies what a pure religious faith can alone create; but, if to have re-established some respect for the principle of free agency—the law of duty—the doctrine of Immortality—the belief in a personal Deity and a Providence, in a country where those convictions had well nigh died away, be something worth the doing, then, in the part he has contributed towards it, has Cousin deserved well of his fellow citizens and of his age.

As an historian and an editor, the merits of our author have been less contested than as a speculative philosopher. We can merely enumerate his exertions in this department. In ancient philosophy, we have first and foremost the Translation of Plato, with critical introductions to most of the dialogues; next, we have the first book of the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle, translated into French; thirdly, six volumes of the *Alexandrine Commentators*, edited by him; and lastly, a volume of *Fragments*, intended to give insight into the interior of most of the ancient systems. With regard to the middle age philosophy, Cousin has done some service by bringing to light the inedited manuscripts of Abelard, which, as we said, will now be soon followed by an entire edition of his works. To the *History of Modern Philosophy* he has made a highly valuable contribution, by his magnificent edition of Descartes, and his labors upon Pascal. In addition to this, the occasional elucidation, which all his works afford of the chief systems of more modern

times, has done much to draw attention to the subject. Of the number of critico-historical works which have teemed from the French press for the last ten years, the greater part may be looked upon as being in some sense a direct consequence of Cousin's labors.

Lastly, though as a thinker, Cousin must yield the palm of originality and depth to others; though, in amassing the materials of history, the laborious scholarship of Germany will still claim an undoubted pre-eminence, yet there is one character in which we doubt whether he has been surpassed; and that is in almost every thing which goes to form what the French call "un grand écrivain." Of all nations in the world, the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers, scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style. No doubt there is a great difference in this respect, according as we refer to different periods of his life. The earlier pieces have certain marks of immaturity about them which were to be expected from so young a man; while some of those belonging to the middle period are far too oratorical in their construction to serve as a model for calm and philosophic statement, although admirable as specimens of metaphysical improvisation. This is an error, into which lecturers before mixed audiences are too likely to fall. The lovers of lighter literature will see his style in all its purity in some of the later fragments, such as the biography of Santa Rosa, and the articles on Blaise and Jaqueline Pascal. The peculiar faults of most modern compositions—diffuseness and excessive rhetorical embellishment—are here avoided; and when ornament and figure are introduced, it is for illustration only, and in the most perfect taste. Nothing is strained or overloaded; nor is there a sentence more than is necessary to convey the meaning clearly and forcibly to the reader; yet, with all this, there is an ease, a harmony, a music of language and of feeling, which renders the whole as penetrating as the highest poetry.

Some, even among competent judges, may

think that the preceding pages are too partial: and we are not ashamed to admit that the small detraction of verbal critics, to which M. Cousin has so often been exposed in this and other countries, has impelled us to dwell upon those many excellences which they have failed to notice, and are, often, perhaps, unable to appreciate. We have all heard of his rhetoric and inconsistencies, and have been reminded that his talent lies in words rather than in thoughts. Some critics apparently are of opinion that philosophical greatness consists wholly in dialectical subtlety—in the pertinacious carrying forward of logical deductions, without ever turning back to look into those indispensable premises to which every thing must be ultimately referred, and which, indeed, rest in the nature of humanity itself. Cousin's metaphysics are certainly not great in this respect; they are as much the metaphysics of the poet as of the logician; and much, indeed, should we rejoice if our verbal disputants would but attempt for once to give to their philosophical ideas that life and power and practical effect which are so characteristic of Cousin, before they venture to reiterate their contempt. Let us acknowledge, that there are qualities in the true philosopher greater than mere subtlety; that to govern words, apply them wisely, make a language bow beneath him and fulfil his bidding, if not the highest praise, is something more than to be ever slavishly disputing about terms and definitions. And, assuredly,—if a life earnestly devoted to philosophical literature,—if the organization of one of the most energetic schools of the age,—if a power of irresistible eloquence,—if the graces of classical composition,—if the fact of guiding the entire current of a national philosophy for more than twenty years,—if the creation of a vast metaphysical literature, and the re-establishment, more or less, of all the educational institutions of France, be any claim to public gratitude,—then will the names of few men of letters of the present century be entitled to take precedence of that of Victor Cousin.

Just tribute

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SOME AMERICAN POETS.

It is probable that there has been written much excellent poetry on the other side of the Atlantic with which we are unacquainted, which perhaps has never crossed the water at all. We should therefore be very unwise if we professed to give here, even if such a plan could be executed within the compass of a few pages, a general review of American poetry. All that we propose is, to make some critical observations on the writers before us, accompanied by such extracts as shall not unworthily occupy the attention of our readers. Even the list of names which we have set down at the head of this paper, is the result more of accident than design; the works of these authors lay upon our table. The two first names will be recognized directly, as the fittest representatives of American poetry; they rise immediately to the lips of every one who speaks upon the subject. The two last will probably be new to our readers, and if so, it will be our pleasant task to introduce them. One name only, familiar to all ears, has been purposely omitted. We have elsewhere spoken, and with no stinted measure of praise, of the writings of Mr. Emerson. That writer has found in prose so much better a vehicle of thought than verse has proved to him (and that even when the thought is of a poetic cast), that to summon him to receive judgment here amongst the poets, would be only to detract from the commendation we have bestowed upon him.

We say it is not improbable that there is much poetry published in America which does not reach us, because there is much, and of a very meritorious character, published here at home in England, which fails of obtaining any notoriety. Its circulation is more of a private than a public nature, depending perhaps upon the social position of the author, or following, for a short distance, in the wake of a literary reputation obtained

by a different species of writing. Not that our critics are reluctant to praise. On the contrary, they might be accused of rendering their praise of no avail by an indiscriminate liberality, if it were not the true history of the matter that a growing indifference of the public to this species of literature led the way to this very diffuse and indiscriminate commendation. If no one reads the book to test his criticism, the critic himself loses his motive for watchfulness and accuracy; he passes judgment with supreme indifference, on a matter the world is careless about; and saves himself any further trouble by bestowing on all alike that safe, moderate, diluted eulogy, which always has the appearance of being fair and equitable. Much meritorious poetry may therefore, for aught we know, both in England and America, exist and give pleasure amongst an almost private circle of admirers. And why not sing for a small audience as well as for a great? It is not every Colin that can pipe, that can now expect to draw the whole country-side to listen to him. What if he can please only a quite domestic gathering, his neighbors, or his clan? We are not of those who would tell Colin to lay down his pipe: we might whisper in his ear to mind his sheep as well, and not to break his heart, or disturb his peace, because some sixty persons, and not six thousand, are grateful for his minstrelsy.

One fine summer's day we stood upon a little bridge thrown over the deep cutting of a newly constructed railway. It was an open country around us, a common English landscape—fields with their hedgerows, and their thin elm-trees stripped of their branches, with here and there a slight undulation of the soil, giving relief to, or partially concealing, the red and white cottage or the red-tiled barn. We were looking, however, into the deep cutting beneath us. Here the iron rails glistened in the sun, and still, as the eye pursued their track, four threads of glittering steel ran their parallel course, but apparently approximating in the far perspective, till they were lost by mere failure of the power of vision to follow them: the road itself was

LONGFELLOW's *Poetical Works*.

BRYANT's *Poetical Works*.

WHITTIER's *Poetical Works*.

Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Poems. By O. W. HOLMES.

straight as an arrow. On the steep banks, fresh from the spade and pickaxe, not a shrub was seen, not a blade of grass. On the road itself there was nothing but clods of earth, or loose gravel, which lay in heaps by the side of the rails, or in hollows between them: it was enough that the iron bars lay there clear of all obstruction. No human foot, no foot of man or of beast, was ever intended to tread that road. It was for the engine only. From time to time the shrill whistle is heard, the train, upon its hundred iron wheels, shoots through the little bridge, and rolls like thunder along these level grooves. It is soon out of sight, and the country is not only again calm and solitary, but appears for the moment to be utterly abandoned and deserted. It has its old life, however, in it still.

Well, as we were standing thus upon the little bridge, in the open country, and looking down into this deep ravine of the engineer's making, we noticed, fluttering beneath us, a yellow butterfly, sometimes beating its wings against the barren sides, and sometimes perching on the glistening rails themselves. Clearly, most preposterously out of place was this same beautiful insect. What had it to do there? What food, what fragrance, what shelter could it find? Or who was to see and to admire? There was not a shrub, nor an herb, nor a flower, nor a playmate of any description. It is manifest, most beautiful butterfly, that you cannot live here. From these new highways of ours, from these iron thoroughfares, you must certainly depart. But it follows not that you must depart the world altogether. In yonder hollow at a distance, there is a cottage, surrounded by its trees and its flowers, and there are little children whom you may sport with, and tease, and delight, taking care they do not catch you napping. There is still *garden-ground* in the world for you, and such as you.

Sometimes, when we have seen pretty little gilded volumes of song and poetry, lying about in the great highways of our industrial world, we have recalled this scene to mind. There is garden-ground left for them also, and many a private haunt, solitary or domestic, where they will be welcome.

We have heard it objected against American poets, but chiefly by their own countrymen, that they are not sufficiently *national*. This surely is a most unreasonable complaint. The Americans inhabit what was once, and is still sometimes called, the New World, but they are children of the Old. Their religion grew, like ours, in Asia; they receive it, as

we do, through the nations of the west of Europe; they are, like us, descendants of the Goth and the Roman, and are compounded of those elements which Rome and Palestine, and the forests of Germany, severally contributed towards the formation of what we call the Middle Ages. They have the same intellectual pedigree as ourselves. No Tintern Abbey, or Warwick Castle, stands on their rivers, to mark the lapse of time; but they must ever look back upon the days of the monk and of the knight, as the true era of romance. Proud as they may be of their Pilgrim Fathers, one would not limit them to this honorable paternity. It is very little poetry they would get out of the *May-flower*—or philosophy either.

There are, it is true, subjects for poetry native to America—new aspects of nature and of humanity—the aboriginal forest, the aboriginal man, the prairie, the settler, and the savage. But even in these the American poet cannot keep a monopoly. Englishmen and Frenchmen have visited his forests; they have stolen his Red Indian; and have made the more interesting picture of him in proportion as they knew less of the original. Moreover, many of the peculiar aspects of human life which America presents may require the mellowing effect of time, the half obscurity of the past, to render them poetic. The savage is not the only person who requires to be viewed at a distance: there is much in the rude, adventurous, exciting life of the first settlers, which to posterity may appear singularly attractive. They often seem to share the power and the skill of the civilized man, with the passions of the barbarian. What a scene—when viewed at a distance—must be one of their *revivals*! A camp-meeting is generally described by those who have witnessed it, in the language of ridicule or reproof. But let us ask ourselves this question—When St. Francis assembled *five thousand* of his followers on the plains of Assisi, and held what has been called, in the history of the Franciscan order, “the Chapter of Mats,” because the men had no other shelter than rude tents made of mats—on which occasion St. Francis himself was obliged to moderate the excesses of fanaticism and fanatical penance in which his disciples indulged—what was this but a camp-meeting? In some future age, a revival in the “Far West,” or a company of Millerites expecting their translation into heaven, will be quite as poetical as this Chapter of Mats. For ourselves, we think that any genuine exhibition of sentiment, by

great numbers of our fellow-men, is a subject worthy of study, and demands a certain respect. Those, however, who can see nothing but absurdity and madness in a camp-meeting, would have walked through the five thousand followers of St. Francis with the feeling only of intolerable disgust. Yet so it is, that merely from the lapse of time, or the obscurity it throws over certain parts of the picture, there are many who find something very affecting and sublime in the fanaticism of the thirteenth century, who treat the same fanaticism with pity or disdain when exhibited in the nineteenth.

"Miltons and Shakespeares," says an editor of one of the volumes before us, "have not yet sprung from the only half-tilled soil of the mighty continent; giants have not yet burst from its forests, with a grandeur equal to their own; but," &c. &c. Doubtless the giant will make his appearance in due course of time. But what if he should never manifest himself in the epic of twelve, or twenty-four books, or in any long poem whatever? A number of small poems, beautiful and perfect of their kind, will constitute as assuredly a great work, and found as great a reputation. We are far from thinking that the materials for poetry are exhausted or diminished in these latter days. As a general rule, in proportion as men think, do they feel,—more variously, if not more deeply, themselves—and more habitually through sympathy with others. Love and devotion, and all the more refined sentiments, are heightened in the cultivated mind; and speculative thought itself becomes a great and general source of emotion. As almost every man has felt, at one period of his life, the passion of love, so almost every cultivated mind has felt, at one period of his career, what Wordsworth describes as

"The burden and the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world."

We are persuaded that both the materials and the readers of poetry will increase and multiply with the spread of education. But there is apparently a revolution of taste in favor of the lyric, and at the expense of the epic poet. A long narrative, in verse of any kind, is felt to be irksome and monotonous: it could be told so much better in prose. We do not speak of such narrations as *The Paradise Lost*, where religious feeling presides over every part, and where, in fact, the narrative is absorbed in the sentiment. If Milton were living at this day, there is no

reason why he should not choose the same theme for his poem. But Tasso and Ariosto would think long before they would now select for their flowing stanzas the *Jerusalem Delivered*, or the *Orlando Furioso*. Such themes, they would probably conclude, might be far more effectively dealt with in prose.

Fiction, told as Sir Walter Scott tells it—history, as Macaulay narrates—such examples as these put the reading world, we think, quite out of patience with verse, when applied to the purpose of a lengthy narrative. They and others have shown that prose is so much the better vehicle. It may be rendered almost equally harmonious, and admits of far greater variety of cadence; it may be polished and refined, and yet adapt itself, in turns, to every topic that arises. No need here to omit the most curious incident, or the most descriptive detail, because it will not comport with the dignified march of the verse, or of the versified style. The language here rises and falls naturally with the subject, or may be made to do so; nor is it ever necessary to obscure the meaning, for the sake of sustaining a wearisome rhythm. If you have a long story to tell, by all means tell it in prose.

But the short poem—need we say it?—is not ephemeral because it is brief. The most enduring reputation may be built upon a few lyrics. They should, however, not only contain some beautiful verses—they should be beautiful throughout. And this brings us to the only real complaint which we, in our critical capacity, have to allege against the tuneful brethren in America. We find too much haste, far too much negligence, and a willingness to be content with what has first presented itself. Instead of recognizing that the short poem ought to be almost perfect, they seem to proceed on the quite contrary idea, that because it is brief, it should therefore be hastily written, and that it would be a waste of time to bestow much revision upon it. We often meet with a poem where the sentiment is natural and poetic, but where the effect is marred by this negligent and unequal execution. A verse of four lines shall have three that are good, and the fourth shall limp. Or a piece shall consist of but five verses, and two out of the number must be absolutely effaced if you would re-peruse the composition with any pleasure. Meanwhile there is sufficient merit in what remains to make us regret this haste and inequality. To our own countrymen, as well as to the American, we would suggest

you and woman too.

that the small poem may be a great work ; but that, to become so, it should not only be informed by noble thought, it should exhibit no baser metal, no glaring inequalities of style, and, above all, no conflicting, obscure, or half-extricated meanings. We believe that it would be generally found, if we could penetrate the secret history of really beautiful compositions, that, however brief, and although they were written at first during some happy hour of inspiration, they had received again and again new touches, and the "fortunate erasures" of the poet. By this process only did they grow to be the completely beautiful productions which they are. Such exquisite lyrics are very rare, and we may depend upon it they are not produced without much thought and labor, joined, as we say, to that happy hour of inspiration.

Mr Longfellow occupies, and most worthily, the first place on our list. He has obtained, as well by his prose as his poetry, a certain recognised place in that literature of the English language which is common to both countries. His *Hyperion* has been for some time an established favorite amongst a class of readers, with whom to be popular implies a merit of no vulgar description. Mr. Longfellow has relied too much, for an independent and permanent reputation, on his German and his Spanish friends. An elegant and accomplished writer, a cultivated mind—a critic would be justified in praising his works, more than the author of them. He has studied foreign literature with somewhat too much profit. We have no critical balance so fine as would enable us to weigh out the two distinct portions of merit which may be due to an author, first as an original writer, and then as a tasteful and skilful artist, who has known how and where to gather and transplant, to translate, or to appropriate. It is a distinction which, as readers, we should be little disposed to make, but which, as critics, we are compelled to take notice of. We should not impute to Mr. Longfellow any flagrant want of originality ; but a fine appreciation of thoughts presented to him by other mines, and the skill and tact of the cultivated artist, are qualities very conspicuous in his writings. Having once taken notice of this, we have no wish to press it further ; still less would we allow his successful study, and his bold and felicitous imitations of the writings of others, to detract from the merit of what is really original in his own.

What a noble lyric is this, "The Building

of the Ship!" It full of the spirit of Schiller. A little more of the file—something more of harmony—and it would have been quite worthy of the name of Schiller. The interweaving of the two subjects, the building and launching of the vessel, with the marriage of the shipbuilder's daughter, and the launching of that *other bride* on the waters of life, is very skilfully managed ; whilst the name of the ship, The Union, gives the poet a fair opportunity of introducing a third topic in some patriotic allusions to the great vessel of the state :—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

Such is the merchant's injunction to the master builder, who forthwith proceeds to fulfil it.

"Beside the master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened to catch the slightest meaning,
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again :—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build the ship !
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine :
Choose the timbers with greatest care,
Of all that is unsound beware ;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame and a goodly fame,
And the Union be her name !
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee !"

Under such auspices the vessel grows day by day. The mention of the tall masts, and the slender spars, carry the imagination of the poet to the forest where the pine-trees grew. We cannot follow him in this excursion, but here is a noble description of some part of the process of the building of the ship :—

"With caken brace and copper band
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Should reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable, and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing
blast!"

At length all is finished—the vessel is
built:—

"There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day;
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the grey old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side,
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck,

Then the master
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand,
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting joyous bound
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say—
"Take her, O bridegroom old and grey,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear!
Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity

Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust.

Thou too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock!
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

This noble ode leads the van of a small
collection of poems called, "By the Seaside."
A series of companion-pictures bear the name
of, "By the Fireside." We may as well
proceed with a few extracts from these.
The following are from some verses on "The
Lighthouse."

"The mariner remembers when a child
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And, when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again on ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, thro' all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain.
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane."

This is bold and felicitous; the following,
to "The Twilight," is in a more tender strain.
The first verse we cannot quote: we suspect
there is some misprint in our copy. Mr.
Longfellow could not have written these
lines—

"And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea."

Whether women's caps or men's nightcaps
are alluded to, the image would be equally
grotesque. The poem continues—

"But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if these childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?"

Mr. Longfellow understands how to *leave off*—how to treat a subject so that all is really said, yet the ear is left listening for more. "By the Fireside" is a series, of course, of mere domestic sketches. The subjects, however, do not always bear any distinct reference or relation to this title. That from which we feel most disposed to quote is written on some "Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass." It has been always a favorite mode of composition to let some present object carry the imagination, by links of associated thought, whithersoever it pleased. This sort of reverie is natural and pleasing, but must not be often indulged in. It is too easy; and we soon discover that any topic thus treated becomes endless, and will lead us, if we please, over half the world. At length it becomes indifferent where we start from. Without witchcraft, one may ride on any broomstick into Norway. But the present poem, we think, is a very allowable specimen of this mode of composition. The poet surveys this sand of the desert, now confined within an hour-glass; he thinks how many centuries it may have blown about in Arabia, what feet may have trodden on it—perhaps the feet of Moses, perhaps of the pilgrims to Mecca; then he continues—

"These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower,
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And, borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot immeasurable plain;
The half hour sand is run!"

We notice in Mr. Longfellow an occasional fondness for what is *quaint*, as if Quarles' *Emblems*, or some such book, had been at one time a favorite with him. In the lines entitled "Suspiria," solemn as the subject is, the thought trembles on the verge of the ridiculous. But, leaving these poems, "By the Seaside," and "By the Fireside," we shall find a better instance of this tendency to a certain quaintness in another part of the volume before us. The "Old Clock on the Stairs" is a piece which invites a few critical observations. It is good enough to be quoted almost entirely, and yet affords an example of those faults of haste and negligence and incompleteness which even Mr. Longfellow has not escaped.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

"L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux: 'Toujours! Jamais!—Jamais! Toujours!'"—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat:
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all—

'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, 'Alas!'

With sorrowful voice to all who pass—

'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

By day its voice is low and light,
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor.
And seems to say at each chamber-door—

'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality!
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased—
‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming stray’d:
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And, when I ask with throbs of pain,
‘Ah, when shall they all meet again!’
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient time-piece makes reply—
‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear—
For ever there, and never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—
‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

Mr. Longfellow has not treated Jacques Bridaine fairly—certainly not happily. The pious writer intended that his clock, which represents the voice of Eternity, or the Eternal Destiny of each man, should, by the solemn ticking of its pendulum, utter to the ear of every mortal, according to his conscience, the happy “Toujours!” or the mournful “Jamais!” for the joys of Heaven are either “Always” or “Never.” But no clock could utter to the conscience of any man a word of three syllables, and by translating the “Toujours!—Jamais!” into “For ever!—Never!” we lose the voice of the pendulum. The point of the passage is the same, in this respect, as that of the well known story of the Dutch widow who consulted her pastor whether she should marry again or not. Her pastor, knowing well that, in these cases, there is but one advice which has the least chance of being followed, referred her to the bells of the church, and bade her listen to them, and mark what they said

upon the subject. They said very distinctly, “Kempt ein mann!”—“Take a husband!” Thereupon the pastor re-echoed the same advice. Jacques Bridaine intended that, according to the conscience which the listener brought, the swinging pendulum of his eternal clock would welcome him with the “Toujours!” or utter the knell of “Jamais!” This conceit Mr. Longfellow does not preserve. But, what is of far more importance, he preserves no one distinct sentiment in his piece; nor is it possible to detect, in all cases, what his clock means by the solemn refrain, “For ever—never! Never—for ever!” When at the last verse the pendulum explains itself distinctly, the sentiment is diluted into what Jacques Bridaine would have thought, and what we think too, a very tame commentary on human life. At the fifth verse, as it stands in our quotation, the old clock quite forgets his character of monitor, and occupies himself with registering the happy hours of infancy. Very amiable on its part; but, if endowed with this variety of sentiment, it should be allowed to repeat something else than its “ever—never.”

“Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’”

These remarks may seem very gravely analytical for the occasion that calls them forth. But if it were worth while to adopt a conceit of this description as the text of his poem, it was worth the author's pains to carry it out with a certain distinctness and unity.

Considering the tact and judgment which Mr. Longfellow generally displays, we were surprised to find that the longest poem in the volume, with the exception, perhaps, of “The Spanish Student, a play in three acts,” has been written in Latin hexameters—is, in fact, one of those painful, unlucky metrical experiments which poets will every now and then make upon our ears. They have a perfect right to do so: happily there is no statute which compels us to read. A man may, if he pleases, dance all the way from London to Norwich: one gentleman is said to have performed this feat. We would not travel in that man's company. We should grow giddy with only looking upon his perpetual shuffle and *cing-a-pace*. The tripping dactyle, followed by the grave spondee, closing each line with a sort of *curtsey*, may have a charming effect in Latin. It pleased a Roman ear, and a scholar learns to be

pleased with it. We cannot say that we have been ever reconciled by any specimen we have seen, however skillfully executed, to the imitation of it in English; and we honestly confess that, under other circumstances, we should have passed over *Evangeline* unread. If, however, the rule *de gustibus, &c.*, be ever quite applicable, it is to a case of this kind. With those who assert that the imitation hexameter does please them, and that they like, moreover, the idea of *scanning* their English, no controversy can possibly be raised.

But although *Evangeline* has not reconciled to us this experiment, there is so much sweetness in the poetry itself, that, as we read on, we forget the metre. The story is a melancholy one, and forms a painful chapter in the colonial history of Great Britain. Whether the rigor of our government was justified by the necessity of the case, we will not stop to inquire; but a French settlement, which has been ceded to us, was accused of favoring our enemies. The part of the coast they occupied was one which could not be left with safety in unfriendly hands; and it was determined to remove them to other districts. The village of Grand Pré was suddenly swept of its inhabitants. *Evangeline*, in this dispersion of the little colony, is separated from her lover; and the constancy of the tender and true-hearted girl forms the subject of the poem.

Our readers will be curious, perhaps, to see a specimen of Mr. Longfellow's hexameters. *Evangeline* is one of those poems which leave an agreeable impression as a whole, but afford few striking passages for quotation. The following is the description of evening in the yet happy village of Grand Pré:—

"Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day, with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And, with their nostrils distended, inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, *Evangeline's* beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

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Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking, from side, to side, with a lordly air."—

All this quiet happiness was to cease. The village itself was to be depopulated.

"There o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding roads and the woodlands.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings."

If in "*Evangeline*," Mr. Longfellow has hazarded a trial upon our patience, in the "*Spanish Student*," on the contrary—which, being in the dramatic form, had a certain privilege to be tedious—he has been both indulgent and considerate to his reader. It is properly called a play, for it does not attempt the deep passion of tragedy. It is spirited and vivacious, and does not exceed three acts. Hypolito, a student who is not in love, and therefore can jest at those who are, and Chispa, the roguish valet of Victorian, the student who is in love, support the comic portion of the drama. Chispa, by use of Spanish proverbs, proves himself to be a true countryman of Sancho Panza. We must give a specimen of Chispa; he is first introduced giving some very excellent advice to the musicians whom he is leading to the serenade:—

"*Chispa*.—Now, look you, you are gentlemen that lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day, and noise by night. Yet I beseech you, for this once, be not loud, but pathetic: for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams, therefore each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. What instrument is that?

1st Mus.—An Arragonese bagpipe.

Chispa.—Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

1st Mus.—No, your honor.

Chispa.—I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

2d and 3d Mus.—We play the bandurria.

Chispa.—A pleasing instrument. And thou?

4th Mus.—The fife.

Chispa.—I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus.—We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa.—You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Cordova? Four men can make little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden-wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the vicar's skirts the devil climbs into the belfrey. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*"]

Chispa is travelling with his master, Victorian. When they come to an inn, the latter regales himself with a walk in the moonlight, meditating on his mistress. Not so Chispa.

"Chispa.—Halo! ancient Baltasar! Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal.—Where is your master?

Chispa.—Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every one stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (*setting a light on the table.*)—Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (*eating.*)—Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten you mean!

Bal.—And a pitcher of Pedro Zimenes with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (*drinking.*)—Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa.—And more noise than nuts.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha! You must have your jest, Master Chispa. But shall not I ask Don Victorian in to take a draught of the Pedro Zimenes?

Chispa.—No; you might as well say, 'Don't you want some?' to a dead man.

Bal.—Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa.—For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal.—I was never out of it, good Chispa.

Chispa.—What! you on fire, too, old haystack?—Why we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (*without.*)—Chispa!

Chispa.—Go to bed—the cocks are crowing."

This Chispa changes masters in course of the piece, and enters into the service of Don Carlos; but the change does not seem to have advanced his fortunes, for we find him thus moralizing to himself at the close of the play—

"Alas! and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking. . . . And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains."

It would not be difficult to select other favorable specimens both of the graver and lighter manner of Mr. Longfellow; but we must now proceed to the second name upon our list.

Mr. Bryant is a poet who not unfrequently reminds us of Mrs. Hemans. Perhaps we could not better, in a few words, convey our impression of his poetical status. His verse is generally pleasing—not often powerful. His good taste rarely deserts him; but he has neither very strong passions, nor those indications of profounder thought which constitute so much of the charm of modern poetry. For he who would take a high rank amongst our lyric poets, should, at one time or other, have dwelt and thought with the philosophers. He should be seen as stepping from the Poreh; he should have wandered, with his harp concealed beneath his robe, in the gardens of the Academy.

Short as Mr. Bryant's poems generally are, they still want concentration of thought—energy—unity. In quoting from him, we should often be disposed to make omissions for the very sake of preserving a connection of ideas. The omission of several verses, even in a short poem, so far from occasioning what the doctors would call a "solution of continuity," would often assist in giving to the piece a greater distinctness, and unity of thought and purpose. This ought not to be.

Mr. Bryant's poems, we believe, are by this time familiar to most readers of poetry; we must, therefore, be sparing of our quotations. In the few we make, we shall be anxious to give the most favorable specimens of his genius; the faults we have hinted at will sufficiently betray themselves without seeking for especial illustration of them. Our first extract shall be from some very elegant verses on a subject peculiarly American—"The Prairie." We quote the commence-

ment and the conclusion. The last strikes us as singularly happy. Mr. Bryant starts with rather an unfortunate expression; he calls the Prairie "the garden of the desert;" he rather meant "the garden-desert." He may describe the Prairie, if he pleases, as one green and blooming desert; but the garden of the desert implies a desert to which it belongs—would be an oasis, in short:—

THE PRAIRIES.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no
name—

The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they
stretch

In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever. Motionless?
No!—they are all unchained again. The
clouds

Sweep over with the shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of
man,

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The
bee,

A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the Eastern deep.
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the
ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my
dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone."

It is a natural sentiment, though somewhat difficult to justify, which poets, and others than poets, entertain when they look about for some calm and beautiful spot, some green

and sunny slope, for their final resting-place. Imagination still attributes something of sensation, or of consciousness, to what was once the warm abode of life. Mr. Bryant, in a poem called "June," after indulging in this sentiment, gives us one of the best apologies for it we remember to have met with. There is much grace and pathos in the following verses:—

"I know, I know I should not see

The seasons' glories show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear

The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,

Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice."

"The Lapse of Time" is a piece which might be quoted as a favorable specimen of Mr. Bryant's poetry. It might also serve as an instance of its *shortcoming*—of its want of concentration—of a distinct, firm tone of thought. As it is not long, we will quote the whole of it. Our complaint of a certain weakness—the want of a steady and strong grasp of his subject—could not be less disagreeably illustrated, nor brought to a more rigid test. Our italics here are not complimentary, but simply serve the purpose of drawing attention to the train of thought or sentiment:—

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

"Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look how they come—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly might I weep, at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow
In prospect like Elysian isles,
And let the cheerful future go,
With all her promises and smiles ?

*The future ! cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart.
Thou sweetener of the present hour !
We cannot—no—we will not part.*

Oh, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay—
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day.

The months that touch with added grace
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth,
And nurse her strength till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth :

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe,
And from her frown shall shrink afraid
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True—time will seam and blanch my brow :
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass shall tell me how
A grizzly beard becomes me then.

And then should no dishonor lie
Upon my head when I am grey,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast ;
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bearest away our woes,
And, as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart."

Brief as the poem is, it should have been divided into two ; for it is a song of resignation and a song of hope mingled together. It must strike the least reflective reader that no man needs consolation for the lapse of time, who is occupied with hopeful anticipations of the future. It is because Time carries away our hopes with it, and leaves us the very tranquil pleasures of age, that we " sigh over vanished years." Every sentiment which Mr. Bryant expresses in this poem is natural and reasonable ; but it follows not that they should have been brought together within the compass of a few verses. At one mo-

ment we are looking at *the past*, or we are told not to grieve

" That time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on !"

the next, we are called upon to sympathize in some unexpected rapture, by no means happily expressed, about *the future*—" The future !" &c.,—as if some one had been threatening to cut us off from our golden anticipations. The only result we are left in unquestioned possession of is, that if the present time did not move on, the future could not advance. But it is not such an abstraction or truism as this, we presume, that the poet intended to teach ; he intended to portray the natural sentiments which arise as we reflect on human life, whether passing or past, or as seen in the hopeful future ; and these he should not have mingled confusedly together. It would be tedious to carry on the analysis any farther ; but we may add, that it is hardly wise, in the same short poem, to speak rapturously of the Elysian glories of the future, and mournfully of " Time's shadowy train," which can be no other than these Elysian glories *seen from behind*.

Like Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bryant is both a German and a Spanish scholar ; and he has enriched his own collection of poems with some very pleasing translations. We are tempted to conclude our extracts from this poet by two brief specimens of these translations—the one from the Spanish, the other from the German :—

" Alexis calls me cruel—

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage ;
They cannot seek his hand."

Here the maiden is very maidenly. Our next is far more piquant. We often hear of young ladies angling ; they catch, and they are caught ; and they are sometimes not a little frightened at their own success in this

perilous species of angling. Uhland has put all this before us in a very pictorial manner, and Mr. Bryant has very happily translated him—

"There sits a lovely maiden,
The ocean murmuring nigh ;
She throws the hook, and watches
The fishes pass it by.

A ring with a ring jewel,
Is sparkling on her hand ;
Upon the hook she binds it,
And flings it from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair,
What gleams upon its finger
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight ;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
'Nay, knight of ocean, nay,
It was not thee I wanted ;
Let go the ring, I pray.'

'Ah, maiden, not to fishes
The bait of gold is thrown ;
The ring shall never leave me,
And thou must be my own.'

It cannot be complained of *Mr. Whittier's* poems that they are not sufficiently national ; but they are national in a very disagreeable point of view—they introduce us into the controversies of the day. *Mr. Whittier* appears to be one of those who write verses, hymns, or odes, instead of, or perhaps in addition to, sundry speeches at popular assemblies in favor of some popular cause. His rhymes have the same relation to poetry that the harangues delivered at such meetings bear to eloquence. We were at a loss to understand on what wings (certainly not those of his poetic genius) he had flown hither, till we discovered that his intemperate zeal against slavery, as it exists in the southern States of America, had procured for him a welcome amongst a certain class of readers in England. If we insert his name here, it is simply to protest against the adoption by any party, but especially by any English party, of such blind, absurd, ungovernable zeal, upon a question as difficult and intricate as it is momentous. Both *Mr. Longfellow* and *Mr. Bryant* write upon slavery ; and both have produced some very touching poems on the subject ; but they

treat the topic as poets. *Mr. Whittier* treats the subject with the rabid fury of a fierce partizan. No story so preposterous or ridiculous but he can bend it to his purpose. He throws contumely upon the ministers of the gospel in the Southern States, because instead of attempting every moment of their lives, to overthrow the unfortunate organization of society that is there established, they endeavor to make the slave contented with his lot, and the master lenient in the exercise of his authority. Sentence of death was passed, it seems, on a man of the name of Brown, for assisting a slave to escape. The sentence was commuted, but this does not prevent *Mr. Whittier* from hanging the man in his own imagination, and then, *apropos* of this imaginary execution, thus addressing the clergy of South Carolina :—

"Ho ! thou who seekest late and long
A license from the Holy Book
For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,
Man of the pulpit, look !
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see ;
And tell us how to heaven will rise
The incense of this sacrifice—
This blossom of the gallows-tree !"

And thus he proceeds, lashing himself into frenzy, through the whole of the piece. We dismiss *Mr. Whittier*, and venture to express a hope : that those who appear to be looking into American literature, for the purpose of catering for the English public, will be able to discover and import something better than strains such as these—which administer quite as much to the love of calumny, and an appetite for horrors, as any sentiment of philanthropy.

The next person whom we have to mention, and probably to introduce for the first time to our readers, is not one whom we can commend for his temperate opinions, or knowledge of the world, or whatever passes under the name of strong common sense or practical sagacity. He is much a dreamer ; he has little practical skill, even in his own craft of authorship ; but there runs a true vein of poetry through his writings ; it runs zig-ag, and is mixed with much dross, and is not extracted without some effort of patience ; but there is a portion of the true metal to be found in the works of *James Russell Lowell*.

Mr. Lowell has, we think, much of the true poet in him—ardent feelings and a fertile fancy ; the last in undue proportion, or at least under very irregular government. But he

lacks taste and judgment, and the greater part of the two small volumes before us is redolent of youth, and we presume that those compositions which stand first in order, were really written at an early age. To the very close, however, there is that immaturity of judgment, and that far too enthusiastic view of things and of men, which is only excusable in youth; as witness certain lines "To De Lamartine," towards the end of the second volume.

With one peculiarity we have been very much struck—the combination of much original power with a tendency to imitate, to an almost ludicrous extent, other and contemporary poets. We find, especially in the first volume, imitations which have all the air of a theme or exercise of a young writer, sitting down deliberately to try how far he could succeed in copying the manner of some favorite author. Sometimes it is Keats, sometimes it is Tennyson, who seems to have exercised this fascination over him; he is in the condition of a bewildered musician, who can do nothing but make perpetual variations upon some original melody that has bewitched his ear. He revels with Keats in that poetic imagery and language which has a tendency to separate itself too widely from the substratum of an intelligible meaning, which ought always to be kept at least *in sight*. At other times he paints ideal portraits of women, after the manner of Tennyson. On these last he was perfectly welcome to practice his pictorial art: he might paint as many *Irenes* as he pleased; but when, in his piece called "The Syrens," he recalls to mind the beautiful poem of "The Lotus Eaters!" our patience broke down—we gave him up—we closed the book in despair. However, at another time we re-opened it, and read on, and we were glad we did so; for we discovered that, notwithstanding this proneness to imitate, and often to imitate what should have been avoided, there was a vein of genuine poetry in the book, some specimens of which we shall proceed to give. It is a task which we the more readily undertake because we suspect that most readers of taste would be disposed, after a cursory perusal, to lay the book aside; they would not have the motive which prompted us to explore further, or to renew their examination.

Mr. Lowell's faults lie on the surface; they cannot be disguised, nor will there be the least necessity to quote for the purpose of illustrating them. He is an egregious instance of that *half excellence* which we have

ventured to attribute to such American poets as have come under our notice. The genius of the poet is but partially developed. The peach has ripened but on one side. We want more sun, we want more culture. To speak literally, there is a haste which leads the writer to extravagance of thought, to extravagance of language and imagery; an impatience of study and of the long labor that alone produces the complete work. The social and economical condition of America has probably something to do with this. It is a condition more favorable to the man and the citizen than propitious to the full development of the poet. In England, or any other old established country, the educated class crowd every profession, and every avenue to employment; if a youth once gives himself up to the fascination of literature, he will probably find himself committed to it for life, and be compelled to accept as a career, what perhaps at first only tempted him as a pleasure. If he wishes to retrace his steps, and resume his place in any profession, he finds that the ranks are closed up; no opening at all presents itself—certainly none which, if he is only wavering in his resolution, will solicit his return. He has wandered from his place in the marching regiment; it has marched on without him, in close order, and there is no room for the repenting truant. Now in America there cannot yet be such overcrowding in all the recognized pursuits of life as to render it difficult or impossible for the truant to return. He is probably even invited, by tempting prospects of success, to re-enter some of those avenues of life which lead to wealth, or to civic prosperity. This must act materially upon the young poet. He indulges his predilections, yet does not feel that he has irrevocably committed himself by so doing. Or if he adopts literature as the main object and serious occupation of his life, he can, at the first discouragement—he can, as soon as he has learnt the fact that authorship is a labor, as well as a pleasure—abandon his hasty choice, and adopt an easier and a more profitable career. He has not burnt his ships. They lie in the offing still; they are ready to transport him from this enchanted island to which some perverse wind has blown him, and restore him to the stable continent. Retreat is still open; he does not feel that he must here conquer or be utterly lost; there is no desperate courage, nothing to induce strenuous and indefatigable labor.

But to Mr. Lowell. The first piece in his collection of poems is entitled "A Legend of

Brittany." The subject is as grotesque as legendary lore could have supplied him with. A knight-templar, a soldier-priest who has taken the vow of chastity at a time and place when that vow was expected to be kept, has fallen in love with a beautiful girl. He seduces her; then to hide his own disgrace he murders her; and he buries the body with the unborn infant, under the altar of the church! One day at high mass, when the guilty templar is there himself standing, with others, round the altar, a voice is heard, a vision is seen—it is the spirit of the murdered girl and mother. She appears—not to denounce the assassin—she regrets to expose his guilt—there is so much woman in the angel that she loves him still—she appears to claim the rite of baptism for her unborn infant, who, till that rite is performed, wanders in darkness and in pain. The legend must have received this turn during some *Gorham controversy* now happily forgotten. Notwithstanding the very strange nature of the whole story, there is a pleasing tenderness in this address of the spirit to the wicked templar. After glancing more in sadness than in anger at his falsehood, it continues:—

"And thou hadst never heard such words as these,
Save that in heaven I must ever be
Most comfortless and wretched, seeing this
Our unbaptized babe shut out from bliss.

This little spirit, with imploring eyes,
Wanders alone the dreary wilds of space;
The shadow of his pain for ever lies
Upon my soul in this new dwelling-place;
His loneliness makes me in paradise
More lonely; and unless I see his face,
Even here for grief could I lie down and die,
Save for my curse of immortality.

I am a mother, spirits do not shake
This much of earth from them, and I must
pine
Till I can feel his little hands and take
His weary head upon this heart of mine.
And might it be, full gladly for his sake
Would I this solitude of bliss resign,
And be shut out of heaven to dwell with him
Forever in that silence drear and dim.

I strove to hush my soul, and would not speak
At first for thy dear sake. A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes; I strove
To smother better thoughts with patience meek,
But still in the abyss my soul would rove,
Seeking my child, and drove me here to claim
The rite that gives him peace in Christ's dear
name.

I sit and weep while blessed spirits sing;
I can but long and pine the while they praise,
And leaning o'er the wall of heaven I fling
My voice to where I deem my infant stays,
Like a robbed bird that cries in vain to bring
Her nestlings back beneath her wings'
embrace;
But still he answers not, and I but know
That heaven and earth are but alike in woe."

The sacred rite so piteously pleaded for, was of course duly performed. This poem seems to have been written when Keats was in the ascendant, and predominated over the imagination of our author. Nor has he failed to catch a portion of the finer fancy of that exuberant poet. Such lines as the following are quite in the manner of Keats.

"The deep sky, full hearted with the moon."
..... "the nunneries of silent nooks.
The murmured longing of the wood."

Or this description:—

"In the court-yard a fountain leaped alway,
A Triton blowing jewels through his shell
into the sunshine."

In the second volume we have another legend, or rather a legendary vision, of the author's own invention, which is of a higher import, and still more redolent of poetry. It is called "The Vision of Sir Launfal." This knight has a vision, or a dream, in which he beholds himself going forth from his proud castle to accomplish a vow he had made, namely, to seek "over land and sea for the Holy Grail." What the Holy Grail is, Mr. Lowell is considerate enough to inform or remind his readers, in a note which runs thus,—"According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it, to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it." Well, Sir Launfal, in his vision, starts forth upon this knightly and pious enterprise. It is the month of June when he sallies from his castle, and the poet revels in a description of the glories of the summer:—

"Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings—
He sings to the wide world, she to her nest.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
And the heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
And the soul partakes the season's youth."

The drawbridge of the castle is let down,
and Sir Launfal, on his charger, springs from
under the archway, clothed in his glittering
mail—

"To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."
"As Sir Launfal made morn through the dark-
some gate
He was ware of a leper crouched by the
same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came:
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and
crawl,

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer
morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
After to me the poor man's crust,
After the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
It is no true alms which the hand can hold."

Sir Launfal proceeds in search of the Holy
Grail; but he finds it not. He returns an
old man, worn with toil and sad at heart,
full of tender commiseration for all the
afflicted and distressed. It is winter when

he returns to his castle. There sits the same
miserable leper, and moans out the same
prayer for alms; but this time it is answered
in a very different spirit.

"Straightway he
Remembered in what a haughty guise
He had flung an alma to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded
mail
To set forth in search of the Holy Grail—
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and to drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty
soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
And a voice that was calmer than silence said—
'In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now!
The holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need."

Such was the dream or vision of Sir Launfal. We need hardly add that, when he awoke from it, he exclaimed that the Holy Grail was already found—bade his servants hang up his armor upon the wall, and open his gates to the needy and the poor.

We shall venture upon one more quotation before we quit Mr. Lowell. We must premise that we do not always mark by asterisks the omission that we make, when that omission creates no obscurity whatever in the passage. The following poem we take the liberty of abridging, and we print it, without any interruption of this kind in its abridged form. In this form it will perhaps remind our readers of some of those tender, simple, and domestic lyrics in which German poetry is so rich. There is no other language from which so many beautiful poems might be collected which refer to childhood, and the love of children, as from the German. It has sometimes occurred to us that our poetesses, or fair translators of poetry, might contrive a charming volumes of such lyrics on childhood.

THE CHANGELING.

"I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me

To lead me gently onward
To the Heavenly Father's knees.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair.

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly,
And bless it upon my breast.

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair."

We have still a brief space left for *Mr. Holmes*. It is fit that, amongst our list, there should be one representative of the comic muse. *Mr. Holmes*, however, is not always comic. Some of his serious pieces are not without a certain manly pathos. Some, too, are of a quite didactic character, and have the air of college exercises. But it is only a few of his lighter pieces we should feel any disposition to quote, or refer to. *Mr. Holmes* portrays himself to us as a boon companion;—a physician by profession, and one to whom poetry has been only an occasional amusement—one of those choice spirits who can set the table in a roar, and who can sing himself the good song that he indites. Such being the case, we have only to lay down the critical pen to court amusement ourselves, and conclude our paper by sharing with the reader a few specimens of wit or humor.

Civilized life in New York, or Boston, seems to have the same disagreeable accompaniments as with us—as witness

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

"There are three ways in which men take,
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins;
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you had rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs;
He says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread;
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-sent,
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony
Until your ear is numb.

Poor 'home, sweet home,' should seem to be
A very dismal place,
Your 'old acquaintance,' all at once
Is altered in the face—

But hark! the air again is still
The music all is ground;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw;
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw;
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down;

And if you're a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
*Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!*"

Excellent advice! How many hats there are—and not of music-grinders only—in which we should be delighted to see the button dropped! The next in order is very good, and equally intelligible on this side of the Atlantic. We give the greater of it:—

THE TREADMILL SONG.

"They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about;
So faster now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends,
Its pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He shan't be lazy here—
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear.
He's lost them both—don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
That isn't in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper bell,
And so our work is done;
It's pretty sport—suppose we take
A round or two for fun!
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own!"

"The September Gale," "The Ballad of an Oysterman," "My Aunt," all solicit admission, but we have no space. A few of the verses "On the Portrait of 'A Gentleman,' in the Athenæum Gallery," we will

insert. Perhaps we may see the companion picture to it on the walls of our own Exhibition at Trafalgar Square:—

"It may be so, perhaps thou haast
A warm and loving heart;
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unsightly though it be,
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, among thine elder friends,
Perhaps they pass for blue;
No matter—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do!

Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face,
By something like a chin—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in."

Not, it seems, a thing to paint for public inspection. *Apropos* of the pictorial art, we cannot dismiss Mr. Holmes' book without noticing the two or three tasteful vignettes or medallions, or by whatever name the small engravings are to be called, which are scattered through its pages. We wish there were more of them, and that such a style of illustration, or rather of decoration (for they have little to do with the subject of the text), were more general. Here are two little children sitting on the ground, one is reading, the other listening—a mere outline, and the whole could be covered by a crown-piece. A simple medallion, such as we have described, gives an exquisite and perpetual pleasure; the blurred and blotched engraving, where much is attempted and nothing completed, is a mere disfigurement to a book. The volume before us, we ought perhaps to add, comes from the press of Messrs. Ticknor and Co., Boston.

From Hegg's Instructor.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

D. M. MOIR (THE "DELTA" OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

PLEASANT and joyous was the circle wont to assemble now and then (not *every* night, as the public then fondly dreamed) in Ambrose's some twenty-five years ago: not a constellation in all our bright sky, at present, half so brilliant. There sat John Wilson, "lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye," his hair somewhat thicker, and his eye rather brighter, and his complexion as fresh, and his talk as powerful, as now. There Lockhart appeared, with his sharp face, *adunco naso*, keen poignant talk, and absence of all enthusiasm. There Macginn rollicked and roared, little expecting that he was ever destined to stand a bankrupt and ruined man over Bunyan's dust, and cry, "Sleep on, thou Prince of Dreamers!" There De Quincey bowed and smiled, while interposing his mild but terrible and unanswerable "buts," and winding the subtle way of his talk through all subjects, human, infernal, and divine. There appeared the tall military form of old Syme, alias Timothy Tickler, with his pithy monosyllables, and determined *nil admirari* bearing. There the Ettrick Shepherd told his interminable stories, and drank his interminable tumblers. There sat sometimes, though seldom, a young man of erect port, mild grey eye, high head, rich quivering lips, and air of simple dignity, often forgetting to fill or empty his glass, but never forgetting to look reverently to the "Professor," curiously and admirably to De Quincey, and affectionately to all: it was Thomas Aird. There occasionally might be seen Macnish, of Glasgow, with his broad fun; Doubleday, of Newcastle, then a rising *littérateur*; Leitch, the ventriloquist (not professionally so, and yet not much inferior, we believe, to the famous Duncan Macmillan); and even a stray Cockney or two who did not belong to the Cockney school. There, too, the "Director-general of the Fine Arts," old Bridges (uncle to our talented friend, William Bridges, Esq., of London), was often a guest, with his keen black eye, finely-

formed features, rough, ready talk, and a certain smack audible on his lips, when he spoke of a beautiful picture, a "leading article" in "Maga," or of some of the queer adventures (*quorum pars fuit*) of Christopher North. And there, last, not least, was frequently seen the fine fair-haired head of Delta, the elegant poet, the amiable man, and the author of one of the quaintest and most delightful of our Scottish tales, "Mansie Wauch."

That brilliant circle was dissolved long ere we knew any of its members. We question if it was ever equalled, except thrice: once by the Scriblerus Club, composed of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay and Bolingbroke; again by the "Literary Club," with its Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Beauchamp, Gibbon, and Fox; and more recently by the "Round-table," with its Hazlitt, Hunt, Lamb, and their minor companions. It is now, we need not say, entirely dissolved, although most of its members are yet alive, and although its doings and sayings have been of late imitated in certain symposia, reminding us, in comparison with the past, of the shadowy feasts of the dead beside real human entertainments. The "nights" of the North are diviner than the "days."

From this constellation, we mean, at present, to cut out one "bright, particular star," and to discourse of him. This is Delta, the delightful. We have not the happiness of Dr. Moir's acquaintance, nor did we ever see him, save once. It was at the great Edinburgh Philosophic Feed of 1846, when Macaulay, Whately, and other lions, young and old, roared on the whole, rather feebly and in vulgar falsetto over their liberal provender. Delta, too, was a speaker, and his speech had two merits, at least—modesty and brevity, and contrasted thus well with Whately's egotistical rigmarole, Macaulay's labored paradox, and MacLagan's inane bluster. He was, we understood afterwards, in poor health at the time, and did not do justice to himself. But we have been long familiar with his poems

in "Blackwood" and the "Dumfries Herald," to which he occasionally contributes. We remember well when, next to a paper by North, or a poem by Aird, we looked eagerly for one by Delta in each new number of "Ebony;" and we now cheerfully proceed to say a few words about his true and exquisite genius.

We may call Delta the male Mrs. Hemans. Like her, he loves principally the tender, the soft, and the beautiful. Like her, he excels in fugitive verses, and has seldom attempted, and still more seldom succeeded, in the long or the labored poem. Like her, he has tried a great variety of styles and measures. Like her, he has ever sought to interweave a sweet and strong moral with his strains, and to bend them all in by a graceful curve around the Cross. But, unlike her, his tone is uniformly glad and genial, and he exhibits none of that morbid melancholy which lies often like a dark funeral edge around her most beautiful poems: and this, because he is a *masculine* shape of the same elegant genus.

Delta's principal powers are cultured sensibility, fine fancy, good taste, and an easy, graceful style and versification. He sympathizes with all the "outward forms of sky and earth," with all that is "lovely, and pure, and of a good report" in the heart and the history of humanity, and particularly with Scottish scenery, and Scottish character and manners. His poetry is less a distinct power or vein, than it is the general result and radiance of all his faculties. These have exhaled out of them a fine genial enthusiasm, which has expressed itself in song. We do not think, with Carlyle, that it is the same with *all* high poets. He says—"Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them, but rather the result of their general harmony and completion." Now, 1st, Carlyle is here grossly unjust to Keats. Had the author of "Hyperion" nothing but maudlin sensibility? If ever man was devoured, body and soul, by that passion for, and perception of, the beauty and glory of the universe, which is the essence of poetry, it was poor Keats. He was poetry incarnate—the wine of the gods poured into a frail earthy vessel, which spilt around it. Nor has Burns, of whom Carlyle is here writing, left anything to be compared, in ideal qualities, in depth, and massiveness, and almost

Milonic magnificence, with the descriptions of Saturn, and the Palace of the Sun, and the Senate of the Gods, in "Hyperion." Burns was the finest lyricist of his or any age; but Keats, had he lived, would have been one of the first of *epic* poets. 2dly, We do not very well comprehend what Carlyle means by the words "no organ, which can be superadded to, or disjoined from the rest." If he means that no culture can add, or want of it take away, poetic faculty, he is clearly right. But, if he means that nature never confers a poetic vein distinct from, and superior to, the surrounding faculties of the man, we must remind him of certain stubborn facts. Gay and Fontaine were "fable-trees," Goldsmith was an "inspired idiot." Godwin's powerful philosophic and descriptive genius seemed scarcely connected with the man; he had to *write* himself into it, and his friends could hardly believe him the author of his own works! Even Byron was but a common man, except at his desk, or "on his stool," as he himself called it. He had to "call" his evil spirit from the vasty deep, and to lash himself very often into inspiration by a whip of "Gin-twist." And James Hogg was little else than a *haverer*, till he sat down to write poetry, when the "saery queen" herself seemed to be speaking from within him. Nay, 3dly, we are convinced that many men, of extraordinary powers otherwise, have in them a vein of poetry, as distinct from the rest as the bag of honey in the bee is from his sting, his antennae, and his wings, and which requires some special circumstance or excitement to develop it. Thus it was, we think, with Burke, Burns, and Carlyle himself. All these had poetry in them, and have expressed it; but any of them might have *avoided*, in a great measure, its expression, and might have solely shone in other spheres. For example, Burke has written several works, full, indeed, of talent, but without a single gleam of that real imagination which other of his writings display. What a contrast between his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," or his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" (an essay containing not one sublime, and not two beautiful sentences in it all), and the "rare and regal" rhetorical and poetic glories of his "Essay on the French Revolution," or his "Letters on a Regicide Peace!" Burns might have been a philosopher of the Dugald Stewart school, as acute and artificially eloquent as any of them, had he gone to Edinburgh College instead of going to Irvine School. Carlyle might have been a prime minister of a some-

what original and salvage sort, had it been so ordered. None of the three were so essentially poetical, that all their thoughts were "twin-born with poetry," and rushed into the reflection of metaphor, as the morning beams into the embrace and reflection of the lake. All were *stung* into poetry: Burke by political zeal and personal disappointment, Burns by love, and Carlyle by that white central heat of dissatisfaction with the world and the things of the world which his temperament has compelled him to express, but which his Scottish common sense has taught him the wisdom of expressing in earnest masquerade and systematic metaphor. But, 4thly, there is a class of poets who have possessed more than the full complement of human faculties, who have added to these extensive accomplishments and acquirements, and yet who have been so constituted, that imaginative utterance has been as essential to their thoughts as language itself. Such were Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, &c., and such are Wilson, Bailey, Aird, and Yendya. These are "nothing, if not poetical." All their powers and acquisitions turn instinctively toward poetic expression, whether in verse or prose. And near them, although on a somewhat lower plane, stands Delta.

Poetry, with Delta, is rather the natural outflow of his whole soul and culture combined, than an art or science. His poetry is founded upon feelings, not upon principles. Indeed, we fancy that little true poetry, in any age, has been systematic. It is generally the work of sudden enthusiasm, wild and rapid ecstasy acting upon a nature *prefitted* for receiving the afflatus, whether by gift or by accomplishment, or by both united. Even the most thoroughly furnished have been as dependent on moods and happy hours as the least. The wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth. Witness Milton and Coleridge, both of whom were masters of the theory of their art, nay, who had studied it scientifically, and with a profound knowledge of cognate sciences, and yet both of whom could only build up the lofty rhyme at certain seasons, and in certain circumstances, and who frequently perpetrated sheer dullness and drivel. The poetry of Homer, of Eschylus, of Lucretius, of Byron, of Shelley, of Festus—in short, the most of powerful poetry—has owed a vast deal more to excitement and enthusiasm, than to study or elaborate culture. The rhapsodists were the first, have been the best, and shall be the last, of the poets. And with what principles of poetic

art were the bards of Israel conversant? And what systems of psychology or æsthetics had Shakspeare studied? And in what college were trained the framers of the ballad-poetry of the world—the lovers who soothed with song their burning hearts—the shepherds who sang amid their green wilderness—the ploughmen who modulated to verse the motion of their steers—the kings of the early time who shouted war-poetry from their chariots—the Berserkars whose long hair curled and shook as though life were in it, to the music of their wild melodies—and the "men of sturt and strife," the rough Macpherson-like heroes, whose spirits sprang away from the midst of flood and flame, from the gallows or the scaffold, on whirlwinds of extempore music and poetry? Poetry, with them, was the irresistible expression of passion and of imagination, and hence its power; and to nothing still, but the same rod, can its living waters flow amain. Certain fantastic fribbles of the present day may talk of "principles of art," and "principles of versification," and the necessity of studying poetry as a science, and may exhaust the resources of midnight darkness in expressing their bedrivelled notions; but *our* principle is this—"Give us a gifted intellect, and warm true heart, and stir these with the fiery rod of passion and enthusiasm, and the result will be genuine, and high, and lasting poetry, as certainly as that light follows the sun."

It may, perhaps, be objected, besides, that Delta has written no large or great poem. Now, here we trace the presence of another prevalent fallacy. Largeness is frequently confounded with greatness. But, because Milton's "Paradise Lost" is both large and great, it does not follow that every great poem must be large, any more than that every large poem must be great. Pollok's "Course of Time" is a large and a clever, but scarcely a great poem. "Hamlet" and "Faust" may be read each in an hour, and yet both are great poems. Heraud's "Judgment of the Flood" is a vast folio in size, but a very second-rate poem in substance. Thomas Aird's "Devil's Dream" covers only four pages; yet who ever read it without the impression, "This is a great effort of genius?" "Lalla Rookh" was originally a quarto, but, though brilliant in the extreme, it can hardly be called a poem at all. Burn's "Vision of Liberty" contains, in the space of thirty-two lines, we hesitate not to say, all the elements of a great poem. Although Delta's poems be not large, it is not

a necessary corollary that they are inferior productions. And if none of them, perhaps, fill up the whole measure of the term "great," many of them are beautiful, all are genuine, and some, such as "Casa Wappy," are exquisite.

Health is one eminent quality in this pleasing writer. Free originally from morbid tendencies, he has nursed and cherished this happy tone of mind, by perusing chiefly healthy authors. He has acted on the principle "that the whole should be kept from the sick." He has dipped but sparingly into the pages of Byron and Shelley, whereas Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, and Scott, are the gods of his idolatry. Scott is transcendently dear. Indeed, we think that he gives to him, *as a poet*, a place beyond his just deserts. His ease, simplicity, romantic interest, and Border fire, have blinded him to his faults, his fatal facility of verse, his looseness of construction, and his sad want of deep thought and original sentiment. To name him beside or above Wordsworth, the great consecrated bard of his period, is certainly a heresy of no small order. One or two of Wordsworth's little poems, or of his sonnets, are, we venture to say, in genuine poetical depth and beauty, superior to Scott's *five* larger poems put together. They are long, lively, rambling, shallow, and blue, glittering streams. Wordsworth's ballads are deep and clear as those mountain pools, over which bends the rowan, and on which smiles the autumn sky, as on the fittest reflector of its own bright profundity and solemn clearness.

Well did Christopher North (in one of his "Noctes," we think) characterize Delta as the poet of the spring. He is the darling of that darling season. In all his poetry there leaps and frolics "vernal delight and joy." He has in some of his verses admirably, and on purpose, expressed the many feelings or images which then throng around the heart like a cluster of bees settling at once upon a flower—the sense of absolute newness, blended with a faint, rich thrill of recollection—the fresh bubbling out of the blood from the heart-springs—the return of the reveries of childhood or youth—the intolerance of the fireside—the thirst after nature renewed within the soul—the strange glory shed upon the earth, all red and bare though it yet be—the attention excited by everything, "even by the noise of the fly upon the sunny wall, or the slightest murmur of creeping waters"—the springing up of the sun from his winter declivity—the softer and warmer lustre of the stars—and the new empha-

sis with which men pronounce the words "hope" and "love." To crown a spring evening, there sometimes appears in the West the planet Venus, bright yellow-green, shivering as with ecstasy in the orange or purple sky, and rounding off the whole scene into the perfection of beauty. The Scottish poet of spring has not forgotten this element of its glory, but has sung a hymn to that fair star of morn and eve, worthy of its serene, yet tremulous splendor.

Delta is eminently a national writer. He has not gadded abroad in search of the sublime or strange, but cultivated the "art of staying at home." The scenery of his own neighborhood, the traditions or the histories of his own country, the skies and stars of Scotland, the wild or beautiful legends which glimmer through the mist of its past—these are "the haunt and the main region of his song," and hence, in part, the sweetness and the strength of his strains. Indeed, it is remarkable that nearly all our Scottish poets have been national and descriptive. Scotland has produced no real epic, few powerful tragedies, few meditative poems of a high rank, but what a mass of poetry describing its own scenery and manners, and recording its own traditions! King James the Sixth, Gawin Douglas, Davie Lyndsay, Ramsay, Fergusson, Ross, of the "Faithful Shepherdess," Burns, Beattie, Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Aird, Delta, and twenty more, have been all more or less national in their subject, or language, or both. We attribute this, in a great measure, to the extreme peculiarity of Scottish manners, *as they were*, and to the extreme and romantic beauty of Scottish scenery. The poetic minds, in a tame country like England, are thrown out upon foreign topics, or thrown in upon themselves; whereas, in Scotland, they are arrested and detained within the circle of their own manners and mountains. "Paint us first," the hills seem to cry aloud. A reason, too, why we have had few good tragedies, or meditative poems, may be found in our national narrowness of creed, and in our strong prejudice against dramatic entertainments.

As it is, we have only "Douglas," and three or four good plays of Miss Baillie's, to balance Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and all that galaxy—not to speak of the multitudes who have followed—and only the "Grave," the "Minstrel," and the "Course of Time," to compare with the works of George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, Quarles, Milton, Young, Cowper and Wordsworth.

We find in Delta little meditative power or tendency. His muse has "no speculation in her eye." Whether from caution, or from want of the peculiar faculty, he never approaches those awful abyasses of thought which are now attracting so many poets—attracting them, partly from a desire to look down into their darkness, and partly from a passion for those strange and shivering flowers which grow around their sides. Leigh Hunt, in his late autobiography, when speaking of Blanco White, seems to blame all religious speculation, as alike hopeless and useless. But, in the present day, unless there be religious speculation, there can, with men of mind, be little religion—no creed—nor even an approximation toward one. Would Mr. Hunt destroy that link, which in every age has bound us to the infinite and the eternal? Would he bring us back to mere brute worship and brute belief? Because we cannot at present form an infallible creed, should we beware of seeking to form a creed at all? Because we cannot see all the stars, must we never raise our eyes, or our telescopes, to the midnight heavens? Because *he* has been able to reach no consistent and influential faith, ought all men to abandon the task? So far from agreeing with this dogmatic denunciation, we hold that it argues on the part of its author—revered and beloved though he be—a certain shallowness and levity of spirit—that its tendency is to crush a principle of aspiration in the human mind, which may be likened to an outspringing angel pinion, and that it indirectly questions the use and the truth of all revelation. We honor, we must say, Blanco White, in his noble struggles, and even in his divine despair, more than Leigh Hunt, in his denial that such struggles are wiser than a maniac's trying to leap to the sun, and in the ignoble conceptions of man's position and destiny which his words imply. And, notwithstanding his chilling criticism, so unlike his wont, we believe still, with Coleridge, that not Wordsworth, nor Milton, have written a sonnet, embodying a thought so new and magnificent, in language so sweet and musical, and perfectly fitted to the thought, like the silvery new moon sheathed in a transparent fleecy cloud, as that of Blanco White's beginning with "Mysterious Night."

Delta, we have already said, has gained reputation, in prose, as well as in verse. His "Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith," is one of the most delightful books in the language. It is partly, it is true, imitated from Galt; but, while not inferior to him in pawky

humor, it has infused a far deeper vein of poetry into the conception of common Scottish life. Honor to thee, honest Mansie! Thou art worth twenty Alton Lockes, the metaphysical tailor (certainly one of the absurdest creations, and surrounded by the most asinine story of the age, although redeemed by some glorious scenes, and one character, Sandy Mackay, who is just Thomas Carlyle *humanized*). But better than thee still, is thy prentice, Mungo Glen, with decline in his lungs, poetry in his heart, and on his lips one of the sweetest laments in the language! Many years have elapsed since we read thy life, but our laughter at thy adventures, and our tears at the death of thy poor prentice, seem as fresh as those of yesterday!

Why has Delta only opened, and never dug out, this new and rich vein? We assure him that the public would be thankful for nothing more than for one or two more Scottish tales from old Mansie's mint. He alone now seems adequate to follow, however far off, in the steps of the Great Wizard. Aird seems to have exhausted his tale-writing faculty, exquisite as it was. Wilson's tales, with all their power, lack repose; they are too troubled, tearful, monotonous and tempestuous. Galt, Miss Ferrier—the authors of the "Odd Volume"—Macnish, &c., are dead. Our recent Scottish novels are quite of a secondary class. Delta, then, to the rescue! Delta, to the delightful task of drawing out the last spirit of Scottish manners! No time should, however, be lost; for, although the mountains of Scotland stand as firmly as when the eye of Wallace looked on them with fire and pride, its manners are fast melting away.

We had not the pleasure of hearing Delta's recent lectures, and can judge of them only by the reports in the newspapers. We reserve our full judgment till we see them published. They were, we understand, chatty, conversational, lively, full of information, although neither very eloquent, nor very profound. He knew too well the position in which he stood, and the provender which his audience required! Nor, we confess, do we expect to meet in them, with a comprehensive or final vidimus of the poetry of the last fifty years. His Edinburgh eye has been too much dazzled and overpowered by the near orbs of Walter Scott and Wilson, to do justice to remoter luminaries. Nor is criticism exactly Delta's forte. He has not enough of subtlety—perhaps not enough of profound native instinct—and, perhaps, *some*

will think, not enough of bad blood. But his criticism must, we doubt not, be always sincere in feeling, candid in spirit, and manly in language. Still, we repeat, that his power and mission lie in the description of the woods and streams, the feelings and customs, the beauties and peculiarities, of "dear Auld Scotland," and, in the further discharge of this fine and thankful mission, we heartily wish him God-speed!

It may, perhaps, be necessary to add, that the name Delta was applied to Dr. Moir, from his signature in "Blackwood," which was always Δ; that he is a physician in Musselburgh, and the author of some excellent treatises on subjects connected with his own profession; and that, while an accomplished *littérateur* and beautiful poet, he has never neglected his peculiar duties, but stands as high in the medical as in the literary world.

From Frazer's Magazine.

SCENES AT MALMAISON.

THE Palace of Malmaison, though not built on a large scale, became, with the additions afterwards made, a most princely residence. The hall, the billiard-room, the reception-rooms, the saloon, dining-room, and Napoleon's private apartment, occupied the ground floor, and are described as having been very delightful. The gallery was appropriated to the noblest specimens of the fine arts; it was adorned with magnificent statuary by Canova and other celebrated artists, and the walls were hung with the finest paintings. The pleasure-grounds, which were Josephine's especial care, were laid out with admirable taste; shrubs and flowers of the rarest and finest growth and the most delicious odors, were there in the richest profusion. But there is an interest far deeper than the finest landscape, or the most exquisite embellishments of art, could ever impart—an interest touchingly associated with the precincts where the gifted and renowned have moved, and with the passions and affections, the joys and sorrows by which they were there agitated. It is, indeed, an interest which excites a mournful sympathy, and may awaken salutary reflection. Who, indeed, could visit Malmaison without experiencing such?

The vicissitudes experienced by some individuals have been so strange, that had they been described in a romance, it would have lost all interest from their improbability; but occurring in real life, they excite a feeling of personal concern which for ever attaches to the name with which they are associated.

Of this, the eventful life of Napoleon furnishes a striking example. There cannot be found in the range of history one who appears to have identified himself so much with the feelings of every class and every time; nay, his manners and appearance are so thoroughly impressed on every imagination, that there are few who do not rather feel as if he were one whom they had seen, and with whom they had conversed, than of whom they had only heard and read. Scarcely less chequered than his, was the life of Josephine: from her early days she was destined to experience the most unlooked-for reverses of fortune; her very introduction to the Beauharnais family and connexion with them, were brought about in a most unlikely and singular manner, without the least intention on her part, and it ultimately led to her being placed on the throne of France. The noble and wealthy family of Beauharnais had great possessions in the West Indies, which fell to two brothers, the representatives of that distinguished family; many of its members had been eminent for their services in the navy, and in various departments. The heirs to the estates had retired from the royal marine service with the title of *chefs d'escadre*. The elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was a widower, with two sons; the younger, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had married Mademoiselle Mouchard, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The brothers, warmly attached to each other from infancy, wished to draw still closer the bonds which united

them, by the marriage of the Marquis's sons with the daughters of the Vicomte; and with this view, a rich plantation in St. Domingo had never been divided. The two sisters were looked on as the affianced brides of their cousins; and when grown up, the elder was married to the elder son of the Marquis, who, according to the prevalent custom of his country, assumed the title of Marquis, as his brother did that of Vicomte. M. Renaudin, a particular friend of the Beauharnais, undertook the management of their West Indian property. The Marquis, wishing to show some attention in return for this kindness, invited Madame Renaudin over to Paris, to spend some time. The invitation was gladly accepted; and Madame Renaudin made herself useful to her host by superintending his domestic concerns. But she soon formed plans for the advancement of her own family. With the Marquis's permission, she wrote to Martinique, to her brother, M. Tacher de la Pagerie, to beg that he would send over one of his daughters. The young lady landed at Rochefort, was taken ill, and died almost immediately. Notwithstanding this unhappy event, Madame did not relinquish the project which she had formed, of bringing about a union between the young Vicomte and a niece of her own. She sent for another;—and *Josephine* was sent. When the young creole arrived, she had just attained her fifteenth year, and was eminently attractive; her elegant form and personal charms were enhanced by the most winning grace, modesty, and sweetness of disposition. Such fascinations could not have failed in making an impression on the young man with whom she was domesticated. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with his cousin were only such as were afforded by an occasional interview at the grating of the convent, where she was being educated; so no attachment had been formed; and he fell passionately in love with the innocent and lovely Josephine. She was not long insensible to the devotion of a lover so handsome and agreeable as the young Vicomte. Madame Renaudin sought the good offices of an intimate friend, to whose influence with the young man's father she trusted for the success of her project. In a confidential interview the lady introduced the subject—spoke of the ardent attachment of the young people, of the charms of the simple girl who had won his son's heart, and urged the consideration of the young man's happiness on his father, assuring him it rested on his consent to his marriage with Josephine.

The Marquis was painfully excited; he loved his son tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice to ensure his happiness; but his affection for his brother, and the repugnance which he felt, to fail in his engagement to him, kept him in a state of the most perplexing uneasiness. At length, stating to his brother how matters stood, he found that he had mortally offended him; so deeply, indeed, did he resent the affront, that he declared he could never forget or forgive it—a promise too faithfully kept.

The affection and confidence of a whole life were thus snapped asunder in a moment. The Vicomte insisted on a division of the West Indian property; and, with feelings so bitterly excited, no amicable arrangement could take place, and the brothers had recourse to law, in which they were involved for the rest of their days.

The marriage of the young people took place, and the youthful Mademoiselle Tacher de Pagerie became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

It is said that her husband's uncle took a cruel revenge for the disappointment, of which she had been the cause, by awakening suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine in the mind of her husband. The distracting doubts he raised made his nephew wretched; to such a degree was his jealousy excited, that he endeavored, by legal proceedings, to procure a divorce; but the evidence he adduced utterly failed, and after some time, a reconciliation took place.

The uncle died, and his daughter had in the meantime married the Marquis de Baral. So all went well with the young couple. They met with the most flattering reception at court. The Vicomte, who was allowed to be the most elegant dancer of his day, was frequently honored by being the partner of the Queen. And as to Josephine, she was the admired of all admirers; she was not only considered one of the most beautiful women at court, but all who conversed with her were captivated by her grace and sweetness. She entered into the gaieties of Versailles with the animation natural to her time of life and disposition.

But the sunshine of the royal circle was, ere long, clouded, and the gathering storm could be too well discerned; amusement was scarcely thought of. The States General assembled, and everything denoted a revolutionary movement.

Josephine was an especial favorite with the Queen; and in those days, dark with coming events, she had the most confidential

conversations with her; all the fears and melancholy forebodings, which caused the Queen such deep anxiety, were freely imparted to her friend. Little did Josephine think, while sympathizing with her royal mistress, that she would herself rule in that court, and that she, too, would be a sufferer from the elevation of her situation. Her husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, was then called to join the army, as war had been unexpectedly declared. He distinguished himself so much, that he attained the rank of general. But in the midst of his successful career, he saw the danger which was impending, and he could perceive that not only were the days of Louis's power numbered, but he even feared that his life was not safe. His fears were unhappily fulfilled, and he himself, merely on account of belonging to the aristocracy, was denounced by his own troops, and deprived of his commission by authority, arrested, brought to Paris, and thrown into prison. It was during his imprisonment that the Vicomte had the most affecting proofs of the attachment of Josephine: all the energies of her mind and of her strong affection were bent on obtaining his liberty; no means she could devise were left untried; she joined her own supplications to the solicitations of friends, to whom she had appealed in her emergency; she endeavored, in the most touching manner, to console and cheer him. But the gratification of soothing him by her presence and endearments was soon denied, for she was seized, and taken as a prisoner to the convent of the Carmelites. A few weeks passed, and the unfortunate Vicomte was brought to trial, and condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Though natural tears fell at thoughts of parting from his wife and children, and leaving them unprotected in the world, his courage never forsook him to the last.

When the account of his execution reached Josephine she fainted away, and was for a long time alarmingly ill. It was while in prison and every moment expecting to be summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, that Josephine cut off her beautiful tresses, as the only gift which she had to leave her children, for all the family estates in Europe had been seized, and the destruction of property at St. Domingo had cut off all supplies from that quarter. Yet amidst her anxieties, her afflictions, and her dangers, her fortitude never forsook her, and her example and her efforts to calm them, to a degree supported the spirits of her fellow prisoners. Josephine herself

ascribed her firmness to her implicit trust in the prediction of an old negress which she had treasured in her memory from childhood. Her trust, indeed, in the inexplicable mysteries of divination was sufficiently proved by the interest with which she is said to have frequently applied herself during her sad hours of imprisonment to learn her fortune from a pack of cards. Mr. Alison mentions, that he had heard of the prophecy of the negress in 1801, long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne. Josephine herself, Mr. Alison goes on to say, narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:—

"One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress, and give it to another prisoner.

"'Why,' said Madame Aiguillon, eagerly, 'will not Madame de Beauharnais obtain a better one?'

"'No, no,' replied he with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and then to the guillotine.'

"At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that I not only should not die, but live to be queen of France."

"'Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions, at such a moment.

"'Very true,' said I, 'I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.'"

"Upon this, the tears of the ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad; but the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I then perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out *robe*—to which she answered *yes*. She then lifted up a stone, and put it in her lap, which she lifted a second time. I called out *pierre*.—

*Josephine might afterwards have fulfilled this promise, had not Madame d'Aiguillon been a divorced wife, which excluded her from holding any situation about the Empress.

Upon this, she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy.

"This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, while we were vacillating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get in, you cursed Robespierre.'"

This speech told them they were saved.

Through the influence of Barras, a portion of her husband's property, in which Malmaison was included, was restored to Josephine. In this favorite abode she amused herself in exercising her taste in the embellishment of the grounds, and in the pursuit of botany; but her chief enjoyment was in the society and instruction of her children, to whom she was passionately attached. Their amiable dispositions and their talents were a source of the most exquisite pleasure to her, not, however, unmingled with regret at finding herself without the means of conferring on them the advantages of which they were so deserving. However, a better time was to come. Madame Tallien and several of Josephine's friends, after a time, prevailed on her to enter into society, and the fair associates became the principal ornaments of the dictatorial circle. Through their influence, revolutionary manners were reformed, and all the power which their charms and their talents gave them was exerted in the cause of humanity.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance, the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only the sword was given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles."

It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power: but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes writes, "to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled; his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed too, that greatest of all charms, an harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband: it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected: and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Josephine soon consented to give her hand to the young soldier of fortune, who had no dower but his sword. On his part, he gave a pledge that he would consider her children as his own, and that their interests should be his first concern. The world can testify how he redeemed his pledge! To his union with Josephine he declared he was indebted for his chief happiness. Her affection, and the interchange of thought with her, were prized beyond all the greatness to which he attained.

Many of the incidents of their every-day life cannot be read without deep interest—evening, as they do, a depth of affection and tenderness of feeling which it is difficult to conceive should ever have been sacrificed to ambition. They visited together the prison where Josephine had passed so many dreary and sad hours. He saw the loved name traced on the dank wall, by the hand which was now his own. She had told him of a ring, which she had fondly prized; it had been the gift of her mother. She pointed out to him the flag under which she had contrived to hide it. When it was taken from its hiding-place and put into her hand, her delight enchanted Napoleon. Seldom have two persons met whose feelings and whose tastes appeared more perfectly in unison than theirs, during the *happy* days of their wedded life. The delight which they took in the fine arts was a source of constant pleasure; and in their days of power and elevation, it was their care to encourage artists of talent. Many interesting anecdotes are related of their kind and generous acts towards them. In Josephine's manner of conferring favors, there was always something still more gratifying than the advantage bestowed—something that implied that she entered into the feelings of those whom she wished to serve. She had observed that M. Turpin, an artist who went frequently to Malmaison, had no conveyance but an almost worn-out cabriolet, drawn by a sorry horse. One day when about to take his leave, he was surprised to see a nice new vehicle and handsome horse drawn up. His own arms painted on the panels, and stamped on the harness, at once told him they were intended for him; but this was not the only occasion on which Josephine ministered to the straitened means of the painter. She employed him in making a sketch of a Swiss view, while sitting with her, and directed him to take it home, and bring the picture to her when finished. She was delighted with the beautiful landscape which he produced, and showed it with pleasure to every visitor who came in. The artist no doubt felt a natural gratification at finding his fine work appreciated. Josephine then called him aside, and put the stipulated price in bank-notes into his hand.

"This," said she, "is for your excellent mother; but it may not be to her taste; so tell her that I shall not be offended at her changing this trifling token of my friendship, and of the gratification which her son's painting has given me, for whatever might be more acceptable."

As she spoke, she put into his hand a diamond of the value of six thousand francs.

Josephine attended Napoleon in many of his campaigns. When she was not with him, he corresponded regularly with her, and no lover ever wrote letters more expressive of passionate attachment.

"By what art is it," he says, in one of them "that you have been able to captivate all my faculties. It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you. I am dying to be with you. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these lines!"

Josephine returned her husband's fondness with her whole heart. Utterly regardless of privation and fatigue, she was ever earnest in urging him to allow her to accompany him on all his long journeys; and often, at midnight, when just setting out on some expedition, he has found her in readiness.

"No, love," he would say, "No, no, love, do not ask me; the fatigue would be too much for you."

"Oh no," she would answer; "No, no."

"But I have not a moment to spare."

"See, I am quite ready;" and she would drive off seated by Napoleon's side.

From having mingled in scenes of gaiety from her earliest days, and from the pleasure which her presence was sure to diffuse, and perhaps, it may be added, from a nature singularly guileless, that could see no evil in what appeared to her but as innocent indulgences she was led into expenses and frivolous gratifications which were by no means essential for a mind like hers. Dishonest tradesmen took advantage of her inexperience and extreme easiness, and swelled their bills to an enormous amount; but her greatest, and far most congenial outlay, was in the relief of the distressed. She could not endure to deny the petition of any whom she believed to be suffering from want; and this tenderness of heart was often imposed on by the artful and rapacious. Those who, from interested motives, desired to separate her from Napoleon, felt a secret satisfaction in the uneasiness which her large expenditure occasionally gave him. To their misrepresentations may be ascribed the violent bursts of jealousy by which he was at times agitated; but he was ever ready to perceive that there was no foundation to justify them. It was during one of their separations, that the insinuations of those about Napoleon excited his jealousy to such a degree, that he wrote a hasty let-

ter to Josephine, accusing her of *coquetry*, and of evidently preferring the society of men to those of her own sex.

"The ladies," she says, in her reply, "are filled with fear and lamentations for those who serve under you; the gentlemen eagerly compliment me on your success, and speak of you in a manner that delights me. My aunt and those about me can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether *I have been coquetting with anybody*. These are your words, and they would be hateful to me, were I not certain you see already they are unjust, and are sorry for having written them."

Napoleon's brothers strove to alienate his affections from Josephine; but the intense agony which he suffered when suspicion was awakened, must have proved to them how deep these affections were. Perhaps no trait in Josephine's character exalts it more than her conduct to the family who had endeavored to injure her in the most tender point. She often was the means of making peace between Napoleon and different members of his family with whom he was displeased. Even after the separation which they had been instrumental in effecting, she still exerted that influence which she never lost, to reconcile differences which arose between them. Napoleon could never long mistrust her generous and tender feelings, and the intimate knowledge of such a disposition every day increased his love; she was not only the object of his fondest affection, but he believed her to be in some mysterious manner connected with his destiny; a belief which chimed in with the popular superstition by which she was regarded as his good genius,—a superstition which took still deeper hold of the public mind when days of disaster came, whose date commenced in no long time after the separation. The apparently accidental circumstance by which Josephine had escaped the explosion of the infernal machine was construed by many as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of *Napoleon's Guardian Angel*.

It was just as she was stepping into her carriage, which was to follow closely that of the First Consul to the theatre, that General Rapp, who had always before appeared utterly unobservant of ladies' dress, remarked to Josephine, that the pattern of the shawl did not match her dress. She returned to the house, and ran up to her apartment to change it for another;—the delay did not occupy more than three minutes, but they sufficed to save her life. Napoleon's carriage just clear-

ed the explosion; had Josephine's been close behind, nothing could have saved her.—In the happy days of love and confidence, Malmaison was the scene of great enjoyment: the hand of taste could be discerned in all its embellishments. Napoleon preferred it to any other residence. When he arrived there from the Luxemburg or the Tuileries, he was wild with delight, like a school-boy let loose from school,—everything enchanted him, but most of all, perhaps, the chimes of the village church bells. It may have been partly owing to the associations which they awakened. He would stop in his rambles if he heard them, lest his foot-fall should drown the sound—he would remain as if entranced, in a kind of ecstasy, till they ceased. "Ah! how they remind me of the first years I spent at Brienne!"

Napoleon added considerably to the domain of Malmaison by purchasing the noble woods of Butard, which joined it. He was in a perfect ecstasy with the improvement; and, in a few days after the purchase was completed, proposed that they should all make a party to see it. Josephine put on her shawl, and, accompanied by her friends, set out. Napoleon, in a state of enchantment, rode on before; but he would then gallop back, and take Josephine's hand. He was compared to a child who, in the eagerness of delight, flies back to his mother to impart his joy.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the society at Malmaison. Napoleon disliked ceremony, and wished all his guests to be perfectly at their ease. All his evenings were spent in Josephine's society, in which he delighted. Both possessed the rare gift of conversational powers. General information and exquisite taste were rendered doubly attractive by the winning manners and sweet voice of Josephine. As for Napoleon, he appeared to have an intuitive knowledge on all subjects. He was like an inspired person when seen amidst men of every age, and all professions. All thronged round the pale, studious-looking young man—feeling that "he was more fitted to give than to receive lessons." Argument with him almost invariably ended by his opponent going over to his side. His tact was such that he knew how to select the subject for discussion on which the person with whom he conversed was best informed; and thus, from his earliest days, he increased his store of information, and gave infinite pleasure by the interest which he took in the pursuits of those whom chance threw in his way. The delightful flow of his spirits

showed how much he enjoyed the social evenings. He amused his guests in a thousand ways. If he sat down to cards, he diverted them by pretending to cheat, which he might have done with impunity, as he never took his winnings. He sometimes entertained them with tales composed on the moment. When they were of ghosts and apparitions, he took care to tell them by a dim light, and to prepare them by some solemn and striking observation. Private theatricals sometimes made the entertainment of the evening. Different members of Napoleon's family, and several of the guests, performed. The plays are described as having been acted to an audience of two or three hundred, and going off with great effect—every one, indeed, endeavored to acquit themselves to the best of their ability, for they knew they had a severe critic in Napoleon.

The amiable and engaging manners of Napoleon and Josephine gave to Malmaison its greatest charm. The ready sympathy of Josephine with all who were in sorrow, or any kind of distress, endeared her to every one. If any among her domestics were ill, she was sure to visit the sick bed, and soothe the sufferer by her tenderness. Indeed, her sympathy was often known to bring relief when other means had failed. She was deeply affected by the calamity of M. Decrest. He had lost his only son suddenly by a fatal accident. The young man had been on the eve of marriage, and all his family were busy in making preparations for the joyful occasion, when news of his death was brought. The poor father remained in a state of nearly complete stupor from the moment of the melancholy intelligence. All attempts to rouse him were unavailing. When Josephine was made acquainted with his alarming state, she lost not a moment in hurrying to him; and leading his little daughter by the hand, and taking his infant in her arms, she threw herself, with his two remaining children, at his feet. The afflicted man burst into tears, and nature found a salutary relief, which saved his life. In such acts Josephine was continually engaged. Nothing could withdraw her mind from the claims of the unfortunate. Her tender respect for the feelings of others was never laid aside; and with those who strove to please her she was always pleased. On one occasion, when the ladies about her could not restrain their laughter at the discordant music made by an itinerant musician, who had requested permission to play before her, she preserved a becoming gravity, and encouraged, and thanked and rewarded the poor man.

"He did his best to gratify us," she said, when he was gone; "I think it was my duty not only to avoid hurting his feelings, but to thank and reward him for the trouble which he took to give pleasure."

Such were the lessons which she impressed upon her children. She often talked with them of the privations of other days, and charged them never to forget those days amidst the smiles of fortune which they now enjoyed.

Josephine saw with great uneasiness the probable elevation of the First Consul to the throne. She felt that it would bring danger to him, and ruin to herself; for she had discernment enough to anticipate that she would be sacrificed to the ambition of those who wished to establish an hereditary right to the throne of the empire. Every step of his advancing power caused her deep anxiety, "The real enemies of Buonaparte," she said to Raderer, as Alison tells, "the real enemies of Buonaparte are those who put into his head ideas of hereditary succession, dynasty, divorce, and marriage. I do not approve the projects of Napoleon," she added. "I have often told him so. He hears me with attention; but I can plainly see that I make no impression. The flatterers who surround him soon obliterate all I have said." She strove to restrain his desire of conquest, by urging on him continually a far greater object—that of rendering France happy by encouraging her industry and protecting her agriculture. In a long letter, in which she earnestly expostulates with him on the subject, she turns to herself in affecting terms; "Will not the throne," she says, "inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances? Will you not seek to support your power by new family connexions? Alas! whatever these connexions may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate?" So far, indeed, from feeling elated by her own elevation to a throne, she regretted it with deep melancholy. "The assumption of the throne," she looked on as "an act that must ever be an ineffaceable blot upon Napoleon's name." It has been asserted by her friends that she never recovered her spirits after. The pomps and ceremonies, too, attendant on the imperial state, must have been distasteful to one who loved the retirement of home, and hated every kind of restraint and ostentation.

From the time that Napoleon became Emperor he lavished the greatest honors on the children of Josephine. Her daughter Hor-

tense received the hand of Louis Buona-
parte, and the crown of Holland. Eugene,
his first acquaintance of the family and espe-
cial favorite, obtained the rank of colonel,
and was adopted as one of the imperial fa-
mily; and the son of Hortense and Louis
was adopted as heir to the throne of
France. The coronation took place at Notre
Dame, with all the show and pomp of which
the French are so fond. When the papal be-
nediction was pronounced, Napoleon placed
the crown on his head with his own hands.
He then turned to Josephine, who knelt be-
fore him, and there was an affectionate
playfulness in the manner in which he took
pains to arrange it, as he placed the crown
upon her head. It seemed at that moment
as if he forgot the presence of all but her.
After putting on the crown, he raised it, and
placing it more lightly on, regarded her the
while with looks of fond admiration. On
the morning of the coronation, Napoleon
had sent for Raguideau, the notary, who
little thought that he had been summoned
into the august presence to be reminded of
what had passed on the occasion of their
last meeting, and of which he had no idea
the Emperor was in possession. While Na-
poleon had been paying his addresses to Jo-
sephine, they walked arm-in-arm to the no-
tary's, for neither of them could boast of a
carriage. "You are a great fool," replied
the notary to Josephine, who had just com-
municated her intention of marrying the
young officer—"you are a great fool, and
you will live to repent it. You are about to
marry a man who has nothing but his cloak
and his sword." Napoleon, who was wait-
ing in the ante-chamber, overheard these
words, but never spoke of them to any one.
"Now," said Napoleon, with a smile, ad-
dressing the old man, who had been ushered
into his presence—"now, what say you,
Raguideau—have I nothing but my cloak
and sword?" The Empress and the notary
both stood amazed at this first intimation
that the warning had been overheard.

The following year, the magnificent cor-
onation at Milan took place, surpassing, if
possible, in grandeur, that at Paris. Amidst
the gorgeousness of that spectacle, however,
there were few by whom it was not forgot-
ten in the far deeper interest which the
principal actors in the scene inspired.
Amidst the blaze of beauty and of jewels,
and the strains of music, by which he was
surrounded, what were the feelings of Na-
poleon, as he held within his grasp the iron
crown of Charlemagne, which had reposed

in the treasury of Monza for a thousand
years, and for which he had so ardently
longed. Even at that moment when he
placed it on his own head, were the aspi-
rings of the ambitious spirit satisfied?—or
were not his thoughts taking a wider range
of conquest than he had yet achieved? And
for her, who knelt at his feet, about to re-
ceive the highest honor that mortal hands
can confer—did the pomp and circumstance
of that scene, and the glory of the crown,
satisfy her loving heart? Ah, surely no! It
was away in the sweet retirement of Mal-
maison—amidst the scenes hallowed by Na-
poleon's early affection. And how few
years were to elapse ere the crown just
placed on the head of Josephine, was to be
transferred to another?—when the place
which she—the loving and beloved—occu-
pied by her husband's side, was to be filled
by another? Though doubts had arisen in
her mind—though she knew the influence of
those who feared the sceptre might pass
into the hands of another dynasty—still, the
hope never forsook her, that affection would
triumph over ambition, till Napoleon him-
self communicated the cruel determination.
With what abandonment of self she was
wont to cast her whole dependence on Na-
poleon, may be seen in a letter addressed to
Pope Pius VII. In it she says: "My first
sentiment—one to which all others are sub-
servient—is a conviction of my own weak-
ness and incapacity. Of myself I am but
little; or, to speak more correctly, my only
value is derived from the extraordinary man
to whom I am united. This inward convic-
tion, which occasionally humbles my pride,
eventually affords me some encouragement,
when I calmly reflect. I whisper to myself,
that the arm under which the whole earth
is made to tremble, may well support my
weakness."

Hortense's promising child was dead;
Napoleon and Josephine had shed bitter
tears together over the early grave of their
little favorite; and there was now not even a
nominal heir to the throne. The machinations
of the designing were in active motion. Lu-
cien introduced the subject, and said to Jo-
sephine that it was absolutely necessary for
the satisfaction of the nation that Napoleon
should have a son, and asked whether she
would pass off an illegitimate one as her
own. This proposal she refused with the
utmost indignation, preferring any alterna-
tive to one so disgraceful.

On Napoleon's return from the battle of
Wagram, Josephine hastened to welcome

him. After the first warm greetings and tender embraces, she perceived that something weighed upon his mind. The restraint and embarrassment of his manner filled her with dread. For fifteen days she was a prey to the most cruel suspense, yet she dreaded its termination by a disclosure fatal to her happiness. Napoleon, who loved her so much, and who had hitherto looked to her alone for all his domestic felicity, himself felt all the severity of the blow which he was about to inflict. The day at length came, and it is thus affectingly described by Mr. Alison:—

"They dined together as usual, but neither spoke a word during the repast; their eyes were averted as soon as they met, but the countenance of both revealed the mortal anguish of their minds. When it was over, he dismissed the attendants, and approaching the empress with a trembling step, took her hand, and laid it upon his heart,—'Josephine,' said he, 'my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.'

" 'Say no more,' cried the empress. 'I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal.' With these words, she uttered piercing shrieks, and fell down in a swoon.

"Doctor Corvisart was at hand to render assistance, and she was restored to a sense of her wretchedness in her own apartment. The emperor came to see her in the evening, but she could hardly bear the emotion occasioned by his appearance."

Little did Napoleon think, when he was making a sacrifice of all the "happiness which he had known in the world," that the ambitious views for which it was relinquished, would fade away ere five years ran their course. What strange destinies do men carve out for themselves! what sacrifices are they ever making of felicity and of real good, in the pursuit of some phantom which is sure to elude their grasp! How many Edens have been forfeited by madness and by folly, since the first pair were expelled from Paradise!

It was not without an effort on her part to turn Napoleon from a purpose so agonizing to them both, that Josephine gave up all hope. In about a month after the disclosure, a painful task devolved on the imperial family. The motives for the divorce

were to be stated in public, and the heart-stricken Josephine was to subscribe to its necessity in presence of the nation. In conformity with the magnanimous resolve of making so great a sacrifice for the advantage of the empire, it was expedient that an equanimity of deportment should be assumed. The scene which took place could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Napoleon stood pale and immovable as a statue, showing in the very stillness of his air and countenance a deep emotion. Josephine and Hortense alone appeared divested of every ornament, while those about them sparkled in all the splendor of court costume. Every eye was directed to Josephine, as with slow steps she reached the seat which had been prepared for her. She took it with her accustomed grace, and preserved throughout a dignified composure. Hortense stood weeping behind her chair, and poor Eugene was nearly overcome by agitation, as the act of separation was read; Napoleon declared that it was in consideration of the interests of the monarchy and the wishes of his people that there should be an heir to the throne, that he was induced "to sacrifice the sweetest affections of his heart." "God knows," said he, "what such a determination has cost my heart." Of Josephine he spoke with the tenderest affection and respect. "She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them will be for ever engraven on my heart."

When it was Josephine's turn to speak, though tears were in her eyes, and though her voice faltered, the dignity of all she uttered impressed every one who was present. "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor," she said, "in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. I know," she went on to say, "what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that ever was given upon earth."

It was not till Josephine heard the fatal words which were to part her from the object of her affection for ever, that her courage seemed for a moment to forsake her; but hastily brushing away the tears that forced

Here spoke policy and pride - but certainly not the noble heart of Josephine

their way, she took the pen which was handed to her, and signed the act; then taking the arm of Hortense, and followed by Eugene, she left the saloon, and hurried to her own apartment, where she shut herself up alone for the remainder of the day.

It is well known that, notwithstanding the courage with which the imperial family came forward before the public on this occasion, they gave way to the most passionate grief in private. (Napoleon had retired for the night, and had gone to his bed in silence and sadness, when the private door opened, and Josephine appeared. Her hair fell in wild disorder, and her countenance bore the impress of an incurable grief. She advanced with a faltering step; then paused; and bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on Napoleon's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. He tried to console her, but his own tears fell fast with hers. A few broken words—a last embrace—and they parted.) The next morning, the whole household assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a mistress whom they loved and revered. With streaming eyes they saw her pass the gates of the Tuileries, never to return.

The feelings with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but true to the wishes of the emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part; and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. (The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up alone in Napoleon's cabinet; that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not suffer anything to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume which he had been reading when last there, lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his tracings of some meditated route;

the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of dress were on some of the chairs; everything looked as if he were about to enter.)

Even under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon, which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him:—"Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feelings of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling toward the new empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one ought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could never recover, and she found it essential for anything like peace of mind, to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most magnificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest

gratification was to serve her fellow-creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unspited at the world, such was still her sweetest solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for their wounds. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting: "*I am poor Josephine.*"

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting they promised never to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her; he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelaine and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the First Consul. Great was her astonishment, when she opened the letter, to find that it was indeed from the wife of the First Consul; no longer Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit at Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you." Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years, she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her; he loved to talk

with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to everything he said. He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The Emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box, with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum.

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the falling fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled, too, for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, rendered still more precious, as the especial favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large travelling-deck which contained Napoleon's letters. Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received: it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: I have sought death in numberless engagements, I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more—" He again adds: "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget, you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible, even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life,—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husbands sought for a divorce—one husband was executed—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; 40,000*l.* per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France, that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired together; how many tears had afterwards fallen among them when the hours of separation came. The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremitting in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the renewal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept. It was in the year

1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Ruel, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying this parting token of respect to one so much loved and honored. (Upwards of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called, "the mother of the poor and distressed.") The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her "long last sleep." It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France, he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France for ever!

"The mother of the poor and distressed— a far better title than the wife or lover of Napoleon."

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

PART II.

(Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for May.)

To be lodged in the monastic palace of Yuste, was a distinction which Queen Mary of Hungary shared with one, and only one, of the visitors of her brother. The personage whom the imperial eremite delighted thus to honor, was Francisco Borja, who, a few years before, had exchanged his dukedom of Gandia for the robe of the order of Jesus. In his brilliant youth, this remarkable man had been the star and pride of the nobility of Spain. Heir of a great and wealthy house, which was a branch of the royal line of Aragon, and which had given two pontiffs to Rome, he was distinguished no less by the favor of the emperor, than by the splendor of his birth, the graces of his person, and the endowments of his mind. Born to be a soldier and a courtier, he was

also an accomplished scholar, and no inconsiderable statesman. He broke horses and trained hawks as well as the most expert master of the menage and the mews; he composed masses, which long kept their place in the cathedral choirs of Spain; he was well versed in polite learning, and deeply read in the mathematics; he served in Africa and Italy with distinction; and as viceroy of Catalonia, he displayed abilities for business and administration which in a few years would have enabled him to rival the fame of Mendoza and De Lannoy. The pleasures and the honors of the world, however, seemed, even from the first, to have but slender attraction for the man so rarely fitted to obtain them. In the midst of life and its triumphs, his thoughts perpetually turned upon death and its mys-

teries. Ever punctilious in the performance of his religious duties, he early began to take delight in spiritual contemplation, and to discipline his mind by self-imposed penance. Even in his favorite sport of falconry, he sought occasion for self punishment by resolutely fixing his eyes on the ground at the moment when he knew that his best hawk was about to stoop upon the heron. These tendencies were fixed by an incident which followed the death of the Empress Isabella. As her master of the horse, it was Borja's duty to attend the body from Toledo to the chapel-royal of the cathedral of Granada, and to make oath of its identity ere it was laid in the grave. But when the coffin was opened and the cerements drawn aside, the progress of decay was found to have been so rapid that the mild and lovely face of Isabella could no longer be recognized by the most trusted and most faithful of her servants. His conscience would not allow him to swear, that the mass of corruption thus disclosed was the remains of his royal mistress, but only that having watched day and night beside it, he felt convinced that it was the same form which he had seen wrapped in its shroud at Toledo. From that moment, in the twenty-ninth year of his prosperous life, he resolved to spend what remained to him of time in earnest preparation for eternity. A few years later, the death of his beautiful and excellent wife strengthened his purpose, and snapped the dearest tie which bound him to the world. Having completed the Jesuits' college at Gandia, their first establishment of that kind in Europe, and having married his son and his two daughters, he put his affairs in order, and retired into the young and still struggling society of Ignatius Loyola. In the year 1548, the thirty-eighth of his age, he ceased to be duke of Gandia, and became father Francis of the Company of Jesus.

Borja did not appear at Yuste as a chance or uninvited guest. Charles seems to have regarded him with an affection as strong as his cold nature was capable of entertaining. It was with no ordinary interest that he watched the career of the man whom alone he had chosen to make the confidant of his intended abdication, and who had unexpectedly forestalled him in the execution of the scheme. They were now in circumstances in some respects similar, in others widely different. Both had voluntarily descended from the eminence of their hereditary fortunes. Broken in health and spirits, the emperor had come to Yuste to rest and to

die. The duke, on the other hand, in the full vigor of his age, had entered the humblest of the religious orders, to work out his salvation in a course of self-denial and toil, ending only in the grave. His career in the Company began with severe theological study, from which he passed to the pulpit and the professor's chair. As provincial of Aragon and Andalusia, he had been for some time laboring as a preacher, and teacher in various cities of Spain; he had founded colleges at Plasencia and Seville; and he was now delivering lectures at Alcala, in the college which Jesuit energy soon raised to be the stately pile which still forms one of the most prominent ruins of that Palmyra of universities.

It seems to have been in the early spring of the year 1557, that the emperor determined to send for his old companion and counsellor. The message was conveyed to Alcala by a servant of the count of Oropesa. Borja at first excused himself, pleading ill health and the duties of his calling; and it was not until he had received a second summons, from the mouth of the duke of Medina-Celi, that he consented to go to Yuste. On the way he was met by a messenger, bearing a letter from the regent Juana, which advised him that her father's object in seeking an interview was to persuade him to pass from the Company into the order of St. Jerome. He arrived at the monastery early in December, attended by two brothers of the order, father Marcos and father Bartolomé Bustamante, the latter known to fame as a scholar, and as architect of the noble hospital of St. John Baptist at Toledo. The emperor not only paid his guest the unusual compliment of lodging him in his own quarters, but even busied himself in making preparations for his reception. To make his chamber as comfortable as conventual austerity would permit, Luis Quixada had hung it with some tapestry which remained in the meagre imperial wardrobe. But this his master, judging that it would rather offend than please the visitor, caused him to take down, supplying its place with some black cloth, of which he despoiled the walls of his own cell.

The royal recluse received the noble missionary with a cordiality which was more foreign to his nature than to his habits, but which on this occasion was probably sincere. Both had withdrawn themselves from the pomps and vanities of life; but, custom being stronger than reason or faith, their greeting was as ceremonious as if it had been ex-

changed beneath the canopy of state at Augsburg or Valladolid. Not only did the Jesuit, lapsing into the ways of the grandee, kneel to kiss the hand of Charles, but he even insisted on remaining upon his knees during the interview. Charles, who addressed him as duke, of course frequently entreated him to rise and be seated, but in vain. "I humbly beg your majesty," said he, "to suffer me to continue kneeling; for I feel," he added, in a spirit of extravagant loyalty, "as if, in the presence of your majesty, I were in the presence of God himself."

Being aware of his host's intentions with regard to himself and his habit, he anticipated them, by asking permission to give an account of his life since he made religious profession, and of the reasons which had led him to join the Jesuits,—*"of which matters,"* he said, *"I will speak to your majesty as I would speak to my Maker, who knows that all that I am going to say is true."* Leave being granted, he narrated, at great length, how, being resolved to enter a monastic order, he had prayed, and caused many masses to be said, for God's guidance in making his choice; how, at first, he inclined to the rule of St. Francis, but found that, whenever his thoughts went in that direction, he was seized with an unaccountable melancholy; how he turned his eyes to the other orders, one after another, and always with the same gloomy result; how, on the contrary, when it at last occurred to him to join the Company, the Lord had filled his soul with peace and joy; how it frequently happened in the great orders that churchmen arrived at higher honors in this life than if they had remained in the world, a chance which he desired by all means to shun, and which was hardly offered in a recent and humble fraternity, still in the furnace of trial through which the others had long ago passed; how the Company, by embracing in its scheme the active as well as the contemplative life, provided for the spiritual welfare of men of the most opposite characters, and of each man in the various stages of his mental being; and lastly, how he had submitted these reasons to several grave and holy fathers of the other orders, and had received their approval and blessing before he took the vows which for ten years had been the hope and consolation of his life.

The emperor listened to this long narrative with attention, and expressed his satisfaction at hearing his friend's history from his own lips. "For," said he, "I felt great

surprise when I received at Augsburg your letter from Rome, notifying the choice you had made of a religious brotherhood. And I still think, that a man of your weight ought to have entered an order which had been approved by age rather than this new one, in which no white hairs are found, and which besides, in some quarters, bears but an indifferent reputation." To this Borja replied, that in all institutions, even in Christianity itself, the purest piety and the noblest zeal were to be found near the source; that had he been aware of any evil in the Company, he would never have joined, or he would already have quitted it; and that, in the matter of white hairs, though it was hard to expect that children should be old while the parent was still young, even these were not wanting, as might be seen in his companion, the father Bustamente. That ecclesiastic, who had begun his novitiate at the age of sixty, was accordingly called into the presence. The emperor at once recognised him as a priest who had been sent to his court at Naples, soon after the campaign at Tunis, charged with an important mission by Cardinal Tavera, primate of Spain.

Three hours of discourse with these able, earnest, and practiced champions of Jesuitism appear to have had their natural influence on the mind of Charles. He hated innovation with the hate of a king, a devotee, and an old man; and having fought for forty years a losing battle against the reform of the terrible monk of Saxony, he looked with suspicion even upon the great orthodox movement, led by the soldier of Guipuzcoa. The infant Company, although, or perhaps because, in favor at the Vatican, had gained no footing in the imperial court; and as its fame grew, the prelates around the throne, sons or friends of the ancient orders, were more likely to remind their master, that its general had been once admonished by the holy office of Toledo, than to dwell on his piety and eloquence, or the splendid success of his missions in the East. But from his ancient servant and brother in arms, in the quiet shades of Yuste, Charles heard a different tale, which seems to have changed his feelings towards the Jesuits, from distrust and dislike, to approval and friendly regard.

Sometimes the talk of the emperor and his guest was of old times, and of their former selves. "Do you remember," said Charles, "how I told you in 1542, at Monçon," during the holding of the Cortes of Aragon, "of my intention of abdicating the throne?"

I spoke of it to only one person besides." The Jesuit replied that he had kept the secret truly, but that now he hoped he might mention the mark of confidence with which he had been honored. "Yes," said Charles; "now that the thing is done, you may say what you will."

One of the emperor's most curious and interesting revelations to Borja, was the fact, that he had composed memoirs of a part of his reign. He asked if the father thought that a man's writing an account of his own actions, savored too much of vanity; and said, that he had drawn up a notice of his various campaigns and travels, not with any view to vain glory, but in order that the truth might be known; for he had observed in the works of the historians of his time, that they were led into error, as much by ignorance, as by passion and prejudice. What judgment Borja delivered upon this case of conscience does not appear. Nor is the fate of the memoirs known. But the work cannot have been large, having been composed to beguile time spent in sailing down the Rhine from Mayence. Van Male, to whose letters we owe our knowledge of this fact, and who was employed to translate his master's French into Latin, praises the terseness and elegance of the style. This translation was spoken of in 1560, by Ruscelli, in a letter addressed to Philip II., as soon to be published; and Brantome wonders why so excellent a speculation could have been neglected by the booksellers. It is plain, therefore, that Borja is not to be blamed for the loss, if they are indeed lost, of the precious commentaries of the Cæsar of Castile. And indeed, though a saint, and an advocate for the mortification of all worldly desires, he was hardly capable of advising the imperial author to put his manuscript in one of his Flemish fireplaces. The stern ascetic had not quite cast off, or at least, on occasion he could reassume, the ways and language of the insinuating chamberlain. To one of the devout queries of the emperor, he replied in a style of courtly gallantry, which sounds strange in the mouth of the friend of Francis Xavier, and would have done honor to a later Jesuit, who labored in the vineyard of Versailles. Narrating the course of his penances and prayers, Charles asked him whether he could sleep with his clothes on; "for, I must confess," added he, contritely, "that my infirmities, which prevent me from doing many things of the kind that I would gladly do, render this penance impossible in my case." Borja, who practiced every kind of self-punishment, and had in early life in

one year fasted down a cubit of his girth, eluded the question by an answer, which was perhaps as remarkable for modesty as for dexterity. "Your majesty," said he, "cannot sleep in your clothes, because you have watched so many nights in mail. Let us thank God that you have done more service by keeping those vigils in arms, than many a cloistered monk who sleeps in his hair-shirt."

The new allegiance of the Jesuit did not permit him to spare more than three days to his old master. Duty required him once more to take his staff in his hand, and proceed on his visitation of the rising schools and colleges of the Company. While at Yuste he had been treated with marked distinction. Not only did his host arrange the upholstery of his apartment, but he sent him each day the most approved dish from his own table, the only part of his establishment which was somewhat removed from conventual meagreness. The honored guest set forth to Valladolid, with the pleasing impression that he left regrets behind him; and he likewise carried away two hundred ducats for alms, which Luis Quixada had been directed to force upon his acceptance. "It is a small sum," said the mayordomo; "but in comparison with the present revenues of my lord the emperor, it is the largest bounty which he ever bestowed at one time."

John III., king of Portugal, dying on the 11th of June, 1557, state or family affairs required Charles to send a trusty messenger to his sister, the widowed Queen Catherine. He immediately bethought him of his cousin and counsellor, the Jesuit, whose order had early gained the ear of the deceased monarch, and who himself enjoyed the friendship and confidence of all that remained of the house of Avis. Borja received the summons at Simancas, where he had founded a small establishment, and whither he had loved to escape from the court of Valladolid, to unstinted penance and prayer. The sun of July had begun to scorch the naked plains of the Duero, and the good father was in poor health. Nevertheless, he repaired to Yuste and received his instructions; and then, scorning repose in the cool woodlands, at once took the road to Portugal, across the charred wastes of Estremadura. This haste, and the heat, threw him into a fever, of which he nearly died in the city of Evora; and when once more able to resume his journey, he was nearly lost, in a squall, in crossing the Tagus to Lisbon. His mission accomplished, he eluded the nursing of the queen and the

Cardinal Henry, and hurried back to Yuste, where he probably arrived early in September.

The usual gracious reception awaited him. The nature of his business in Portugal has been recorded by his biographers. But he seems to have conducted it to the emperor's satisfaction. It was on this occasion, or the last, that Charles returned certain letters addressed to him, by father Francis, on the politics and politicians of the day, and written at his request, and on condition of close secrecy. "You may be sure," said he, on restoring them, "that no one but I have seen them." The confidence thus reposed in the judgment and observation of the Jesuit by the shrewdest prince of the age, shows how keenly the things of earth may be scanned by eyes which seemed wholly fixed on heaven.

The emperor likewise told him of a dispute between two nobles, which had been referred to him for decision, and on which he desired his opinion, because he probably knew on whose side the right lay. The dispute was about a title to certain lands, and the parties were Borja's son, Charles, then duke of Gandia, and Don Alonso de Cardona, admiral of Aragon. Thus appealed to, the father behaved with that stoical indifference to the voice of blood which somewhat shocked his lay admirers, and commanded the loud applause of his reverend biographers. "I know not," he said, "whose cause is the just one; but I pray your majesty not only not to allow the admiral to be wronged, but to show him all the favor compatible with equity." On the emperor's expressing some not unnatural surprise, this Cato of the Company offered the very poor explanation of his request, that, perhaps, the admiral needed the disputed lands more than the duke, and that it was good to assist the necessitous.

Borja paid a fourth and last visit in the following year, 1558, to the monastery. He was sent for by the emperor for the benefit of his spiritual counsels, possibly after he had been attacked by his closing illness. For within a few days after the minister's return to Valladolid, tidings reached the court that the invalid was no more. During his brief sojourn at Yuste, his holy conversation and example awakened the religious zeal of Magdalena de Ullon, the wife of the mayordomo, Quixada. The good seed thus chance-sown by the way-side, sprang up in after years, bearing abundant fruit for the Company in the three colleges founded and endowed by that devout lady at Villagarcia, Santander,

and Oviedo. Almost a century after his visits, the fame of the third general of the Jesuits lingered in the country around Yuste. In 1650, the centenarian of Guijo, a neighboring village, used to tell how he had seen the emperor and the count of Oropesa on the road to Xarandilla, and to point out a great tree, under which they had partaken of a repast, and he, a child, had been permitted to pick up the crumbs. But of the individual impressions left on his memory by that remarkable group, none had endured for the third generation, except "the meek and penitent face of him they called the saintly duke,—*el duque santo*."

In such occupations and in such companionship noiselessly glided away the cloister life of Charles V. The benefit which his health had reaped from the fine air of Yuste was but transient. It began to decline rapidly in the spring of 1558 after the death of Queen Eleanor, to whom he was tenderly attached. He caused funeral rites to be performed in her honor, in the church of the monastery, with all the pomp of light and music that the brotherhood could command. Indeed, funeral services were, in some sort, the festivals of his lugubrious life; for whenever he received intelligence of the death of a prince of the blood, or a knight of the Golden Fleece, he caused his obsequies to be celebrated by the Jeromites. He was also very mindful of the souls of his deceased friends, and the masses which were offered day by day up for himself were preceded by some for his father, his mother, and his wife.

As his infirmities increased, his prayers grew longer, and his penances more severe. He wrapped his emaciated body in hair-cloth, and flogged it with scourges, which were afterwards found in his cell, stained with his blood. Restless and sleepless, he would roam, ghost-like, through the corridors of the convent, and call up the drowsy monks for the midnight services of the church. Once he was asked by a sluggish novice, whose slumbers he had broken, why he could not be satisfied with turning the world upside down, but must also disturb the peace and rest which it was reported he had come to seek at Yuste.

From all secular things and persons he kept entirely aloof. Of the events then passing in the world, nothing stirred his curiosity or his interest but the ruthless crusade against heresy, led by Cardinal Valdés, the fiercest inquisitor since the days of Torquemada. For the great northern Reformation had made itself felt, though with feeble and

transient effect, even in Spain,—as the Lisbon earthquake troubled the waters of Lochlond. Strange questions were stirred in the schools of Alcalá and Salamanca; new doctrines were taught from the pulpits of Seville and Valladolid; wool-clad wolves were said to lurk even in the folds of St. Francis and St. Dominic; and Lutheran traders ran casks of heretical tracts upon the shores of the bay of Cadiz. Amongst the persons arrested at Valladolid was Dr. Augustin Cazalla, canon of Salamanca, who had been one of the emperor's preachers, and as such, had resided, from 1546 to 1552, at the imperial court in Germany. Though he had distinguished himself in the land of the Reformation by sermons against its doctrines, and had returned to Spain with untarnished orthodoxy, he was accused not only of being infected with Lutheran principles, but of having "dogmatized," as the inquisition happily called preaching, in a conventicle at Valladolid. Charles was much moved when he heard of this arrest, not with pity for the probable fate of the man, but with horror of his crime. "Father," said he to the prior, "if there be anything which could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising heretics. For such creatures as these, however, this is not necessary; but I have written to the Inquisition to burn them all, for none of them will ever become true catholics, or are worthy to live." This recommendation, seldom neglected, was exactly observed in the case of the poor chaplain. Denying the offence of dogmatizing, he confessed having held heretical opinions, and offered to abjure them. Nevertheless he was "relaxed," or in secular speech, burnt, with thirteen companions, at Valladolid, in the presence of the princess-regent and her court.

A more illustrious victim of the holy office was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, canon of Seville, and famous both as a pulpit orator, and as author of several theological works, which were much esteemed in Italy as well as Spain. He, too, had attended the emperor in Germany as his preacher and almoner. For him Charles seemed to entertain more respect; for upon hearing that he had been committed to the castle of Triana, he remarked, "If Constantine is a heretic, he will prove a great one." The canon's "merits," for so the Inquisition, with a sort of grim humor, called the acts or opinions which qualified a man for the stake, were certain heretical treatises in his handwriting, which had been dug with his other papers out of a wall. Confessing to the proscribed

doctrines, but refusing to name his disciples, he was thrown into a dungeon, damp and noisome as Jeremiah's pit, far below the level of the Guadalquivir, where a dysentery soon delivered him from his chains. "Yet did not his body," says the historian* of Spanish literature, written several ages after, with all the bitterness of a contemporary, "for this escape the avenging flames." His bones, and a carefully modelled effigy of him, with outstretched arms, as he charmed the crowd from the pulpits of Seville, figured at the *auto-da-fé* which, in 1560, illuminated the burning-place, the *quemadero*, of that city. Another sufferer there, Fray Domingo de Guzman, was also known to the emperor. His arrest, however, merely drew from him the contemptuous remark, that Fray Domingo might have been shut up as much for idiocy as for heresy.

In looking back on the religious troubles of his reign, Charles bitterly regretted that he did not put Luther to death when he was in his power. He had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word, which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect had the offences of Luther merely concerned his own authority; but he now saw that he had erred, in preferring the obligation of his promise to the greater duty of avenging upon that arch-heretic his offences against God. Had Luther been removed, he conceived the plague might have been stayed: now, it was going on from bad to worse. He had some consolation, however, in recollecting how steadily he refused to hear the points at issue argued in his presence. At this price he had declined to purchase the support of some of the protestant princes of the empire, when marching against the Duke of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse; he had declined it even when flying, with only ten horsemen, before the army of Duke Maurice. He knew how dangerous it was, especially for those who, like himself, had little learning, to parley with heretics, who were armed with reasons so apt and so well ordered. Suppose one of their arguments had been planted in his soul; how did he know that he could ever have got it rooted out? So have many better men of every form of faith learned to look upon their belief as something external to themselves, to be kept hid away in the dark, lest, like ice, it should melt in the free air and light of heaven.

The grave was now in all his thoughts. One morning, his barber, a malapert of the old comedies, ventured to ask him what he

* Nicolas Antonio.

was thinking of. "I am thinking," replied Charles, "that I have here a sum of two thousand crowns, which I cannot employ better than in performing my funeral." "Do not let that trouble your majesty," rejoined the fellow: "if you die and we live, we will take care to bury you with all honors." "You do not perceive, Nicolas," said the emperor, rather pursuing his own train of thought than replying to the barber, "that it makes a difference in a man's walking, if he holds the light before or behind him." The same opinion had been held by a bishop of Liege, Cardinal Erard de la Mark, whom Charles must have known, and whose example perhaps suggested the idea. For many years before 1528, the year of his death, did this prelate rehearse his obsequies, annually carrying his coffin to the tomb which he had prepared for himself in his cathedral.

Before deciding on the step, however, the emperor determined to submit the question to his confessor, Fray Juan de Regla. They had just been hearing the service for the souls of his parents and his wife. Speaking of such rites in general, he asked the friar if they were most effectual when performed before, or when performed after, death. Fray Juan, after due deliberation, gave his verdict in favor of solemnities which preceded decease. "Then," said the emperor, "I will have my funeral performed while I am still alive."

Accordingly, this celebrated service took place next day, being the 30th of August, 1558. So short a time being allowed for the preparations, they cannot have severely drained the bag of dollars, which Nicolas the barber wished to reserve for other purposes. A wooden monument, however, was erected in the chapel in front of the high altar; the ornaments of the convent were brought out and arranged to the best advantage; and the whole was illuminated with a blaze of wax-lights. The household of the emperor, all in deep mourning, attended; and thither Luis Quixada brought Don Juan, from his sports in the forest, to learn his first lesson of the vanity of human greatness. "The pious monarch himself," says the historian of the Jeronites, "was there, in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." And when the solemn mass for the defunct was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng, and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, and the incense, and the glittering

altar—the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas of Titian, which pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansion.

When the dirge was sung, and the ceremonies over, and Charles had, as it were, come back for a little while to life, he told his confessor that he felt the better for being buried. Of a scene which might well have shaken the nerves of the boldest hunter on the Sierra, he said next day, that it had filled his soul with joy and consolation that seemed to react upon his body. That evening he caused to be brought, from the repository where his few valuables were kept, a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, in its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord praying in the Garden: and after long gazing, passed from that to a Last Judgment, by Titian. Perhaps this was a sketch or small copy of the great altar piece, or it may be that he turned to the original itself, which could be seen by opening the window, through which his bedchamber commanded a view of the altar. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth; it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of this masterpiece, to the noble art which he loved with a love that years, and cares, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. He remained so long abstracted and motionless, that the physician who was on the watch thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and said, "I feel myself ill." The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. He was seated at the moment in the open gallery, to the west of his apartments, into which the sinking sun poured his tempered splendor through the boughs of the great walnut-tree. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

His old enemy, the gout, had not troubled him for several days. The disorder with which he was now attacked, was a tertian fever, likewise a malady familiar to his shattered frame. The fits now were of unusual violence, the cold fit lasting twice as long as the hot. His physician twice attempted to

relieve him by bleeding, but the operation seemed rather to augment than allay the violence of the disease. Being sensible that his hour was come, and wishing to add a codicil to his will, he despatched a messenger to Valladolid, to the regent Juana, requiring an authorization for his secretary Gaztelu to act as a notary for the purpose. The princess, seeing the imminence of the danger, along with the authorization, instantly sent off her physician, Cornelio, to Yuste, while she herself prepared to follow. It is possible that she also sent father Borja, to pay a last visit of consolation to his friend,

The emperor had made his will at Brussels, on the 6th of June, 1554. The codicil is dated at Yuste, the 9th of September, 1558. From the great length of this document, its minuteness, and the frequent recurrence of provisions in case of his death before he should see his son, an event which now was beyond hope, it seems to have been prepared some time before. But as it must have been read to him before his trembling hand affixed the necessary signature, it remains as a proof that one of his last acts was to urge Philip II., by his love and allegiance, and his hope of salvation, to take care that "the heretics were repressed and chastised, with all publicity and rigor, as their faults deserved, without respect to persons, and without regard to any plea in their favor." The rest of the paper is filled with directions for his funeral, and with a list of legacies to forty-eight servants, and many thoughtful arrangements for the comfort of those who had followed him from Flanders. Though willing to send all his Protestant subjects to martyrdom, he watched with fatherly kindness over the fortunes of his grooms and scullions. It is said that Fray Juan de Regla proposed that Don Juan of Austria should be named in the will as next heir to the crown after Philip, his sister, and his children; but if this incredible advice were given by the confessor, the dying man had energy enough left to reject it with indignation.

Day by day the tide of life continued to ebb with visible fall. The sick man, however, was still able to attend to his devotions, to confess and to receive the sacrament. He would not allow his confessor, Regla, to be absent from his bedside, and the poor man, who could hardly find a moment for his repasts, was nearly worn out with incessant watching. On every Sunday and feast day, at half-past three in the afternoon, the chaplain, Villalva, preached in the church, the window of the sick-room being left open, and

the doors being shut to all but the friars. The patient likewise frequently caused passages of Scripture to be read to him, and was never weary of hearing the psalm which begins, *Domine! refugium factum es nobis*. On the 19th of September, towards evening, the patient asked for the rite of extreme unction. By the desire of the prior, Louis Quixada, who was ever at his pillow, inquired whether he would have it administered according to the form for friars, or after the briefer fashion of the laity. He chose the former, in which the seven penitential psalms were read, as well as a litany and sundry prayers and verses of Scripture. During the reading of the psalms, it was observed that he joined in the responses of the monks with an audible voice. When the ceremony was over, instead of being exhausted, he seemed to have been revived by it. His appetite for food having entirely failed him for some days, Quixada seized the opportunity of urging him to take some. "Trouble me not, Louis Quixada," said he; "my life is going out of me, and I cannot eat." The next morning, the 20th, he asked for the eucharist. His confessor told him that having received extreme unction, the other sacrament was unnecessary. "It may not be necessary," said the dying man; "yet it is good company on so long a journey." His wish was accordingly complied with; the wafer was brought to his bedside, followed by the whole community in solemn procession, and he received it from the hands of his confessor with tears of devotion, incessantly repeating the words of our Saviour, "*In me manes, ego in te maneam*." In spite of his extreme weakness, he remained for a quarter of an hour kneeling in his bed, and uttering devout ejaculations, in praise of the blessed sacrament, which the simple friars attributed to divine inspiration.

On the evening of the 19th of September, a remarkable visitor knocked at the gate of Yuste. It was the new Archbishop of Toledo, Bartolomé Carranza de Miranda—a name which stands high on the list of the Wolseys of the world, of men remembered less for their splendid success than for their signal fall. From a simple Dominican, he had risen to be a professor at Valladolid, a leading doctor of Trent, prior of Plasencia, provincial of Spain, and prime adviser of Philip II. in that movement which Spanish churchmen loved to call the reduction of England. During Mary's reign, the ruthless black friar had been a mark for popular vengeance; and Oxford, Cambridge, and Lambeth long remembered how he had preached the sac-

rifice of the mass, dug up the bones of Bucér, and presided at the burning of Cranmer. For these services he had been rewarded by Philip II. with the richest see in Christendom: and he was now on his way to take possession of the throne of Toledo, little thinking that his enemy, the inquisitor Valdes, was already preparing the indictment which was to make his reign a long disgrace.

The archbishop was expected at Yuste. He had been long known to the emperor, who had paved the way for his success by sending him to display his lore at the council of Trent. Charles had afterwards offered him the Peruvian bishopric of Cuzco, the post of confessor to the heir-apparent of Spain, and lastly, the bishopric of the Canaries. His refusal of all these pieces of preferment caused his patron some surprise, which was changed into displeasure by his acceptance of the see of Toledo. Reports had also got abroad, which cast a doubt on the orthodoxy of the new prelate—of all doubts, as Charles thought, the gravest. He was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him, partly, it seems, to upbraid him with his new honors, and partly in order to ascertain how far these reports were well founded. William, one of his barbers, related that he had heard his majesty say, "When I gave Carranza the bishopric of the Canaries, he refused it; now he accepts Toledo. We shall see what we are to think of his virtue." In this frame of mind he had been expecting the unconscious prelate for some time; these feelings of dislike being, no doubt, strengthened by his confessor, father Regla, a bitter enemy, and one of the foremost accusers of Carranza.

There can be no doubt that the ruin of this celebrated man was decreed on evidence which would have been listened to only by a secret tribunal of unscrupulous enemies. It may be that some of his printed theology contained—what theology does not?—passages capable of interpretations neither intended nor foreseen by the writer; it may be that he had pillaged the writings of reformers, whose persons he would willingly have given to the flames. But it is certain that he was a man of unambitious nature, of active benevolence, and, according to the notions of that age, of exemplary life; that he was a scholar and theologian of practiced and consummate skill, a wary shepherd of the faithful, a relentless butcher of heretics; that he carried his reluctance to the mitre so far beyond the bounds of decent clerical coyness, as to recommend three eminent rivals

to Philip II., as more fit and proper than himself for the primacy; and that one of his first acts, as archbishop, was to advise the king to appropriate the revenues of a canonry in every cathedral in Spain to the use of the Inquisition. Setting aside, therefore, the palpable personal hatred which betrayed itself in all the proceedings against him, it seems probable that he spoke the plain truth, when he made his dying declaration, that he had never held any of the heretical opinions of which he had been accused.

In after days, when enduring the sickness of deferred hope in his prison at Valladolid or at Rome, the archbishop perhaps regarded it as one of the mischances which marked the ebb of his fortunes, that he reached Yuste too late either to explain to the emperor the circumstances of his promotion, or to remove the suspicion which had been cast on his faith. On the evening of his arrival, Charles was too ill to receive him, and the day following, although he was thrice admitted into the sick-room, he found occasion to utter only a few words. Those words, few and simple as they were, were some weeks after reported to the Holy Office, with, as it seems, gross exaggeration, by the confessor, father Regla.

On the 20th of September, it was evident that the end was approaching. The few friends of the emperor who lived in the neighborhood had assembled at the convent. The Count of Oropesa was there from Xarandilla, with several of the family of Toledo, and Don Luis de Avila had come from Plasencia. They, and the prior and some of the monks, were frequently in the sick-room, in which Quixada kept constant watch. The patient had hardly spoken during the whole day. In the afternoon, when Oropesa introduced the archbishop, he merely told him to be seated, but was unable to hold any conversation. Towards night he grew hourly worse. The physicians, Mathesio and Cornelio, at last announced to the group around the bed that the resources of their art were exhausted, and that all hope was over. Cornelio, the court doctor from Valladolid, then retired; Mathesio remained, feeling the pulse of the dying man, and saying at intervals, "His majesty has only two hours to live—only one hour—only half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious of what was going on around him, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At last he roused himself, and pronounced the name of William Van Male. On the man's coming to his sup-

port, he leaned towards him, as if to obtain ease by a change of posture; at the same time uttering a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing there in the shade, "*Domine! jam moritur.*" The prelate approached, and knelt down by the bed, holding a crucifix in his hand, and saying in a loud tone, "Behold him who answers for sin; sin is no more; all is forgiven!" Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse, disagreeable voice. On hearing it, the emperor gave signs of impatience so distinct, that the faithful Quixada thought it right to interfere and say, "Hark, my lord, you are disturbing his majesty." The archbishop took the hint, and retired.

It was near two o'clock on the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's-day. Fray Francisco de Villalva, the favorite chaplain, now presented himself at the bed-side. Addressing the dying man, he told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the day of St. Matthias, the apostle who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and on being about to die on the day of St. Matthew, the evangelist, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time he continued to hold forth in the same edifying strain. At length, Charles, rousing himself, said, "The time is come; bring me the candle and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Monserrat; the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which before had been taken from the dead hand of his mother Juana, in the convent of Tordesillas, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son Philip, in the convent of the Escorial. When brought by the attendant, he turned eagerly to receive them; and taking one into each hand, he remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed upon the figure of the Saviour. Those who stood nearest the bed then heard him say, quickly, as if replying to a sudden call, "*Ya voy, Señor—Now, Lord, I go.*" A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; and then, with a voice loud and clear enough to be heard in the other apartments, he cried three times, "*Ay, Jesus!*" and expired.

In or near the chamber of death were assembled the prior and the chaplains, and the household; the Count of Oropeza, his brother Don Francisco, his cousin Don Juan Pacheco, and his uncle Diego, abbot of Cabañas; Don

Luis de Avila, and Archbishop Carranza. Don Juan of Austria, too, in the quality of page to Quixada, stood by the death-bed of him he was afterwards so proud to call his sire.

On the day of the death, and part of the day following, the physicians and attendants were engaged in embalming the body, and arranging it for the grave. Meanwhile, a leaden coffin was prepared, and likewise a massive outer case of chesnut wood, and a black velvet pall to cover the whole. Sandoval had heard, but gave no credit to the story, of the coffin which the emperor was said to have brought with him to Yuste, and to have kept under his bed. Another version of the tale, he says, made the coffin a winding-sheet, but no mention of either was found in the minute account drawn up by the prior Angulo. When all was ready, the coffin was lowered, by ten or twelve men, through the window which opened from the bed-chamber into the church, and placed upon a stage erected in the middle of the aisle. These preparations were hardly completed, when the corregidor of Plasencia arrived with his clerks and constables, and asserted that, as the emperor had died within his jurisdiction, it was his duty to see that the remains had been deposited in a place of safety. In spite, therefore, of the remonstrances of the prior, he caused the coffins to be opened, that he might identify the body.

The solemn funeral services, or the honors, as they were called, were commenced the next day, Tuesday, the 27th of October. They were an expansion of the rites in which the emperor had himself taken part a few weeks before, and they lasted for three days. Mass was said each day by the archbishop of Toledo, the prior of Yuste assisting as deacon, and the prior of Granada as sub-deacon, amongst the tears of the whole brotherhood. Funeral sermons were also preached, on the first day by the eloquent Villalva; on the second, by the prior of Granada; and on the third by the prior of Yuste. The imperial dust was then committed to the earth. "Let my sepulture," said the will of Charles, "be so ordered, that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before, the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and breast." But the clergy present being divided in opinion as to the lawfulness of placing under the high altar a corpse not in the odor of sanctity, the matter was compromised by laying the coffin in a cavity made in the wall behind, so that it encroached

only on a small portion of the holy ground.

Funeral honors also took place in the presence of the regent and her court, in the beautiful church of the royal Benedictines at Valladolid. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Francisco Borja, from the text, "*Ecce longavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine.*"—"Lo! then would I wander afar off, and remain in the wilderness." (Psalm lv. 7.)* It was filled with praise of the emperor for his pious magnanimity in taking leave of the world before the world had taken leave of him—praise which, from the mouth of a Jesuit who had once been a wealthy grandee, must have savored somewhat of self-glorification. Amongst other edifying reminiscences of his friend, Borja told his hearers that he had it from the lips of the deceased, that never, since he was one-and-twenty years old, had he failed to set apart some portion each day for inward prayer.

Brussels excelled all the other cities of the Austrian dominion in the splendor with which she did honor to the emperor's memory. The ceremonies took place on the 29th and 30th of December. The procession, in which King Philip walked, attended by the Dukes of Savoy and Brunswick, and a host of the nobility of Spain, Germany, and the Netherlands, was two hours in passing from the palace to the church of St. Gudule. Its principal feature was a huge galley, large enough for marine service, placed on a cunningly devised sea, which answered the double purpose of supporting some isles, emblematic of the Indies, and of concealing the power which rolled the huge structure along. Faith, Hope, and Charity, were the crew of this enchanted bark; and her sides were hung with twelve paintings of Charles's principal exploits, which were further set forth in golden letter-press on the black satin sails. A long line of horses followed, each led by two gentlemen, and bearing on its housings the blazon of one of the states of the emperor. They were led up the aisle of the church past the altar and the seats occupied by the order of the Golden Fleece. As the last horse, covered with a black foot-cloth went by, the Count of Bossu, one of the knights, the early playmate and dear friend of the emperor, threw himself on his knees, and remained for some time prostrated on the pavement in an agony of grief.

The chapel of Yuste was merely a temporary resting place of the royal dead. In his will the emperor had confided the care of

his bones to his son, expressing a wish, however, to be laid beside his wife and his father in the cathedral of Granada, in that splendid chapel-royal, rich with the tombs and trophies of Ferdinand and Isabella. Philip, however, shivering in the rear at St. Quentin, had already vowed to St. Lawrence, the great monastery which it was his after-delight to make the chief monument of the power and the piety of the house of Hapsburg. At the Escorial, therefore, he united the bones of his father and mother, and placed them, on the 4th of February, 1574, in a vault beneath the jasper shrine, which yet contains their fine effigies, wrought in bronze by Leoni. The occasion was marked by one of those terrific storms, sent, as the monks supposed, by the devil, in the hope of overthrowing that fortress of piety. A grand arch of timber, erected at the door of the church, was blown away, and its hangings of rich brocades, rent into minute shreds, were scattered far and wide over the surrounding chase. Eighty years later, the repose of the emperor was once more broken by his great-grandson, Philip IV. For thirty-three years that prince was engaged in building the celebrated Pantheon, begun by his father Philip III. On the 16th March, 1654, the dust of the Austrian kings of Spain and of their consorts who had continued the line, was translated from the plain vault of Philip II. to this splendid sepulchral chamber, which gleamed, in the light of a thousand tapers, with its marble and jasper and gold, like a creation of oriental romance. Each coffin was borne by three nobles and and three Jeromite friars; the procession being headed by that of Charles V., carried by Don Luis de Haro, the Duke of Abrantes, and the Marquis of Aytona. As the remains were to be deposited in a marble sarcophagus, it became necessary to remove the previous coverings, which enabled Philip IV. to come face to face with his great ancestor. The body of the emperor was found to be quite entire. After looking at it for some minutes in silence, the king turned to Haro, and said, "Honored body, Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister;—words, brief indeed, but very pungent; for the prior of the Escorial has left it recorded, "that they condensed all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion."

Charles did not leave the world without some of those portents in which the men of that age loved to trace the influence of a remarkable death upon the operations of nature. A comet appeared over the monastery at the

* Psalm liv. 7. The Vulgate Psalm liv. is our Psalm lv.

beginning of his last illness, and was seen no more after the night on which he died. In the spring of 1558, a lily in his garden, beneath his windows, bore two buds, of which one flowered and withered in due course, but the other remained a bud through the summer and autumn, to the great astonishment of the gardener and the friars. But on the night of the 21st of Sept. it burst into full bloom, an emblem of the whiteness of the parting spirit, and of the sure and certain hope of its reception into bliss. It was reverently gathered, and fastened upon the black veil which covered the sacramental shrine in the church. In the week following the grand obsequies, a pious bird, large as a vulture, but of a kind unknown at Yuste, perched at night on the roof of the church, exactly over the imperial grave, and disturbed the friars by barking like a dog. For five successive nights it barked there in the clear moonlight, always at the same hour, and always arriving from the east, and flying away towards the west. And four years later a holy Capuchin of the New World, Fray Luis Mendez, as he knelt in his convent-chapel at Guatemala, was blessed with a vision, wherein he saw the emperor before the judgment-seat of our Lord making his defence against the accusing demons, with so much success that he received honorable acquittal, and was in the end carried off to heaven by the angels of light.

The codicil of the will of Charles, the only part of the document which belongs to his life at Yuste, is drawn up with a minuteness of detail very characteristic of the careful habits of the man. After a profession of attachment to the church, and hatred of heresy, and after the directions for his burial which have been already noticed, he proceeds to describe a monument and an altar-piece which he wished to be erected in the church of the convent, in the event of Yuste being chosen by his son for the final resting-place of his bones. The altar-piece was to be of alabaster, a copy in relief of Titian's picture of the "Last Judgment," the picture on which he was gazing at the moment when he first felt the touch of death. A custodia, or sacramental tabernacle, was likewise to be made of alabaster and marble, and placed between statues of himself and the empress. They were to be sculptured, kneeling with hands clasped as in prayer, barefoot, and with uncovered heads, and clad in sheets like penitents. For further particulars, he referred the king to Luis Quixada, and the confessor Regla, who were fully instructed in his meaning and wishes. In case of the removal of

his body, instead of the altar-piece and monument, the convent was to receive a picture for their altar, of such kind as the king shall appoint. In compliance with this desire, Philip presented the monks with a copy of Titian's "Judgment," which adorned their high altar until the suppression of the convents, in 1823, when it was carried off to the parish church of Texeda.

The emperor next expresses his concern at hearing that the pensions which he had granted to the servants whom he had dismissed at Xarandilla, had been very ill-paid, and he entreats the king to order their punctual payment for the future. He directs that the friars of Yuste and the friars from other convents, who had been specially employed in his service, as readers, preachers, and musicians, shall receive such gratuities as shall appear sufficient to father Regla and Quixada. To the confessor himself he bequeaths an annual pension of four hundred ducats (about 80*l.* sterling,) and four hundred ducats in legacy. Of Luis Quixada he twice speaks in the most affectionate terms, acknowledging his long and good service, and his willing fidelity in incurring the expense and inconvenience of removing his wife and household to Yuste. Lamenting that he has done so little to promote his interest, he earnestly recommends him to the king's favor, and with a legacy of 2000 ducats, he leaves him a pension to the value of his present appointment (without mentioning the sum) until he is provided with a place of greater emolument. He also desires that the Infanta will cause the amount of fines recovered by his attorney, or that might be recovered in cases still pending against the poachers and rioters of Quaeos, to be paid into the hands of a person named by the executors, for distribution amongst the poor of the village. The contents of his larder and cellar, and his stores of provisions in general, at the day of his decease, and likewise the dispensary, with its drugs and vessels, he leaves to the brotherhood of Yuste, and to the poor any money which may remain in his coffers after defraying the wages of his servants.

These are all mentioned by name, and for the most part receive pensions, except a few to whom small gratuities are given, it being explained that previous provision has been made for them. The pensions range from four hundred florins (32*l.* sterling), conferred on the doctor, Enrique Mathesio, to ninety florins, which requite the services of Isabel Platinn, the laundress of the table-linen.

The gratuities vary from 150,000 maravedis (about 45*l.* sterling), left to the secretary Gaztelu, to 7500, given to Jorge de Diana, a boy employed in the workshop of Torriano. That mechanician being already pensioned to the amount of 200 crowns, receives only 15,000 maravedis; he is likewise reminded that he has been paid something to account on the price of a clock which is in hand, and for which his employer is content that the executors shall pay a fair valuation.

These sums were all to be paid at Valladolid. After the funeral services were ended, therefore, on the 29th of October, when the Count of Oropesa and the other neighbors returned to their homes, and the archbishop took the road to Toledo, most of the household of the emperor were also ready to depart. Only three Flemings remained behind for a few days to bring up the rear with the heavy baggage. Within about a fortnight after the death of Charles, the Jeromites of Yuste were again alone among the yellow October woods, and the convent relapsed into its ancient obscurity, never more to be remembered, except as a cell of the imperial recluse.

So ended the career of Charles V., the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth poured into his coffers by the New World, the energy and sagacity of his mind, and the important crisis of the world's history in which he acted, have combined to make him more famous than any of the successors of Charlemagne. The admiration which was raised by the great events of his reign, were sustained to the last by the unwonted manner of its close. In our days, abdication has been so frequently the refuge of weak men fallen on evil times, or the last shift of baffled bad men, that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation which must have been produced by the retirement of Charles. Now that the "divinity which doth hedge a king" has decayed into a bowing wall and a tottering fence, it is almost impossible to look upon the solemn ceremony which was enacted at Brussels, with the feeling and the eyes of the sixteenth century. The act of the emperor was not, indeed, a thing altogether unheard of, but it was known only in books, and belonged, as the Spaniard used to say, to the days of King Wamba. The knights of the Fleece who wept on the platform around their Cæsar, knew little more about Diocletian than was known by the farmers and clothiers who肘bowed each other in the crowd below. It

was only some studious monk who was aware that a Theodosius and an Isaac had submitted their heads to the razor to save their necks from the bowstring; that a Lothaire had led a hermit's life in the Ardennes; that a Carloman had milked the ewes of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. The retirement of Charles, therefore, was fitted to strike the imagination of men by the novelty of the occasion, by the solemnity of its circumstances, by the splendor of the resigned crown, and by the world-wide fame with which it had been worn.

There can be no doubt that the emperor gave the true reasons of his act, when, panting for breath, and unable to stand alone, he told the States of Flanders that he had resigned the government because it was a burden which his shattered frame could no longer bear. It was to no sudden impulse, however, that he yielded; but he calmly fulfilled a resolve which he had cherished for many years. Indeed, he seems to have determined to abdicate, almost at the time when he determined to reign. For so powerful a mind has rarely been so tardy in giving evidence of power. Until he appeared in Italy in 1530, the thirtieth year of his age, his strong will had been as wax in the hands of other men. Up to that time the most laborious, reserved, and inflexible of princes was the most docile subject of his ministers. But if his mind was slow to ripen, his body was no less premature in its decay. By nature and hereditary habit a keen sportsman, and in youth unwearied in tracking the wolf and the bear over the hills of Toledo and Granada, he was reduced, ere he had turned fifty, to content himself with shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his gardens. Familiarized by feeble health with images of death, he had determined, twenty years before his abdication, to interpose some interval of rest between the council and the grave. He had agreed with his empress, who died in 1538, that as soon as the state affairs and the age of their children should permit, they should retire into religious seclusion: he into a cloister of friars, and she into a nunnery. In 1542, he spoke of his design to the Duke of Gandia; and in 1546 it was whispered at court, and was mentioned by the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a dispatch to the Doge. Since then, decaying health and declining fortune had maintained him in that general vexation of spirit which he shared with King Solomon. His later schemes of conquest and policy had resulted in disaster and disgrace. The

Pope, the great Turk, the Protestant princes, and the King of France were once more arrayed against the potentate, who in the bright morning of his career had imposed laws upon them all. The flight from Innsbruck had avenged the cause which seemed lost at Muhlberg; Guise and the gallant townsmen of Metz had enabled the French wits to turn the emperor's proud motto, *Plus ultra*, into *Non ultra metas*. Whilst the Protestant faith was spreading even in the dominions of the house of Hapsburg, the doctors of the church assembled in that council which had cost so much treasure and intrigue, continued to quibble, for the sole benefit of the tavern-keepers of Trent. The finances both of Spain and the other Austrian States were in the utmost disorder, and the Lord of Mexico and Peru had been forced to borrow from the Duke of Florence. It is no wonder, therefore, that he seized the first gleam of sunshine and returning calm to make for the long-desired harbor of refuge; and that he relieved his brow of its thorny crowns as soon as he had obtained an object dear to him as a father, a politician, and a devotee, by placing his son Philip on the rival throne of the heretic Tudors.

His habits and turn of mind, as well as his Spanish blood, and the spirit of his age, made a convent the natural place of his retreat. Monachism seems to have had for him the charm, vague, yet powerful, which soldiery has for most boys; and he was ever fond of catching glimpses of the life which he had resolved, sooner or later, to embrace. When the empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sisa, at Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent of Mejorada, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with the Benedictines, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden alleys of venerable cypress. When he held his court at Brussels, he was frequently a guest at the convent of Groenen-dael; and the monks commemorated his condescensions, as well as his skill as a marksman, by placing a bronze statue of him on the banks of their fish-pond, into which he had brought down a heron, from an amazing altitude, with his gun. Though unable at Yuste to indulge the love of sport, which may have had its influence in drawing him to the chestnut woods of the Vera, we have seen that he continued to the last to take his pleasure in the converse and companionship of the Jeronites.

In the cloister, Charles was no less popular than he had been in the world; for in spite of his feeble health and phlegmatic temperament, in spite of his caution, which amounted to distrust, and his selfishness, which frequently took the form of treachery, in spite of his love of power, and the unsparing severity with which he punished the assertion of popular rights, there was still that in his conduct and bearing which gained the favor of the multitude. A little book, of no literary value, but frequently printed both in French and Flemish, sufficiently indicates in its title the qualities which colored the popular view of his character. "The Life and Actions, Heroic and Pleasant, of the invincible Emperor Charles V.," was long a favorite chap-book in the Low Countries. It relates how he defeated Solymán the Magnificent, and how he permitted a Walloon boor to obtain judgment against him for the value of a sheep, killed by the wheels of his coach; how he charged the Moorish horsemen at Tunis; and how he jested incognito with the woodmen of Soigne. A similar impression, deepened by his reputation for sanctity, he seems to have left behind him amongst the sylvan hamlets of Estremadura.

In one point alone did Charles in the cell differ widely from Charles on the throne. In the world, fanaticism had not been of his vices; he feared the keys no more than his cousin of England; and he confronted the successor of St. Peter no less boldly than he made head against the heir of St. Louis. When he held Clement VII. prisoner in Rome, he permitted at Madrid the mockery of masses for that pontiff's speedy deliverance. Against the protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics; and he frequently stayed the hand of the triumphant zealots of the church. At Wittenberg, he set a fine example of moderation, in forbidding the destruction of the tomb of Luther—saying, that he contended with the living, and not with the dead. But once within the walls of Yuste, and he assumed all the passions, and prejudices, and superstitions of a friar. Looking back on his past life, he thanked God for the evil that he had done in the matter of religious persecution, and repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, of having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted ground whereon that strong will was paralyzed, and that keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust. Protestant and philosophic historians love to relate how Charles, finding that no two of his time-

pieces could be made to go alike, remarked that he had perhaps erred in spending so much blood and treasure in the hope of compelling men to uniformity in the more difficult matter of religion. We fear that the anecdote must have been invented by some manufacturer of libels or panegyrics, such as Sleidan and Jovius, whom Charles was wont to call his liars. No remark of equal wisdom can be brought home to the lips of the Spanish Diocletian; nor was the philosophy "of him who walked in the Salonian garden's noble shade" ever heard amongst the litanies and the scourges which resounded through the cloisters of Yuste.

To those who have perused this brief record of the recluse and his little court, it may be agreeable to know the subsequent fortunes of the personages who acted upon that miniature stage.

Queen Mary of Hungary died at Cigales on the 28th of October, 1558, four weeks after the death of her brother. So passed away, in the same year, and within a few months of one another, the royal group who landed at Laredo.

From Yuste, Luis Quixada and his wife returned to their house at Villagarcia, near Valladolid, taking Don Juan with them. When Philip II. arrived in Spain, in 1559, he received his brother and his guardian at the neighboring convent of San Pedro de la Espina. They afterwards followed the court to Madrid, where Quixada had an opportunity of signalizing his devotion to his master's son, by rescuing him from a fire, which burnt down their house in the night, before he attended to the safety of Doña Magdalena. This, and his other services, were not neglected by the king, who made him master of the horse to the heir-apparent, and president of the council of the Indies, and gave him several commanderies in the order of Calatrava. When Don Juan was sent to command against the Moriscos, whom Christian persecution and bad faith had driven to revolt in the Alpuxarras, the old mayordomo went with him as a military tutor. They were reconnoitring the strong mountain fortress of Seron, when a bold sally from the place threw the Castilians into disorder bordering on flight, in the course of which a bullet from an infidel gun finished the campaigns of the comrade of Charles V. He fell, shot through the shoulder, by the side of his pupil; and he died of the wound at Canilles, on the 25th of February, 1570, in the arms of his wife, who had hurried from Madrid to nurse him. Don Juan buried him

with military honors, and mourned for him as for a father.

The good Doña Magdalena retired to Villagarcia, and employed her childless widowhood in works of charity and piety, in prayers for the soul of her husband, and for the success of her darling young prince. For the latter she also engaged in work of a more practical and secular kind; for the hero of Lepanto wore no linen but what was wrought by her loving hands. His sad and early death severed her chief tie to the world, and left religion no rival in her heart. The companions of Francis Borja, who had first kindled the holy flames of her devotion at Yuste, became her guides and counsellors; and she built and endowed no less than three Jesuit colleges at Villagarcia, Santander, and Oviedo. Her life of gentle and blameless enthusiasm ended in 1598, when she was laid beside her lord in the collegiate church of Villagarcia. Amongst the relics of that temple, two crucifixes were held in peculiar veneration,—one being that which she had pressed to her dying lips, the other a trophy rescued by Luis Quixada from a church burned by the Moors in the war of the Alpuxarras.

William Van Male, the gentle and literary chamberlain, returned to Flanders, with a slender annual pension of 150 florins, which was to be reduced one half on his becoming keeper of the palace at Brussels, an office of which the king had given him the reversion. He died in 1560, and was buried in the church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, where his widow, Hippolyta Reynen, was laid by his side in 1579.

Father Borja continued to teach and to travel with unflagging zeal. Soon after preaching the emperor's funeral sermon, he was again in Portugal, visiting the colleges at Evora, Coimbra, and Braga, and aiding in the foundation of the college of Porto. Called to Rome by Pope Pius IV., to advise on affairs of the church, he was twice chosen vicar-general of the Company; and finally, in 1565, he received the staff of Loyola. During his rule of seven years, the order lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes in every part of the world, and in every condition of mankind. Its astute politicians gained the ear of princes and prelates who had hitherto been cold, or adverse; its colleges rose amid the snows of Poland, and the forests of Peru; Barbary, Florida, and Brazil, were watered with the blood of its martyrs; and its ministers of mercy moved amongst the roar of battle, on the bastions of Malta and the decks at Lepanto. The

general of this great army visited his native Spain, for the last time, in 1671, when he was sent by Pope Pius V. to fan the anti-Turkish flame in the bosom of Philip II., and to add a morsel of the true cross to the relics of the Escorial. Of the offers to build houses for the Company, which now poured in, the last that he accepted was Doña Magdalena de Ulloa's college of Villagarcia, thus finding, after many days, the bread which he

had cast upon the waters at Yuste. From Spain, he went to preach the crusade at the courts of Portugal and France—an arduous journey, which proved fruitful of royal caresses, but fatal to his enfeebled frame. Falling ill by the way, he had barely strength to reach Rome to die. In the year 1672, the sixty-second of his age, he was laid beside his companions in toil and glory, and his predecessors in power, Loyola and Laynez.

LORD CARLISLE ON POPE.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for May.)

Whom shall we pronounce a fit writer to be laid before an auditory of working-men, as a model of what is just in composition—fit either for conciliating their regard to literature at first or afterwards for sustaining it? The qualifications for such a writer are apparently these two: first, that he should deal chiefly with the elder and elementary affections of man, and under those relations which concern man's grandest capacities; secondly, that he should treat his subject with solemnity, and not with sneer—with earnestness, as one under a prophet's burden of impassioned truth, and not with the levity of a girl hunting a chance-started caprice. I admire Pope in the very highest degree; but I admire him as a pyrotechnic artist for producing brilliant and evanescent effects out of elements that have hardly a moment's life within them. There is a flash and a startling explosion, then there is a dazzling coruscation, all purple and gold; the eye aches under the suddenness of a display, that, springing like a burning arrow out of darkness, rushes back into darkness with arrowy speed, and in a moment all is over. Like festal shows, or the hurrying music of such shows—

"It was, and it is not."

Untruly, therefore, was it ever fancied of

Pope, that he belonged, by his classification, to the family of the Drydens. Dryden had within him a principle of continuity which was not satisfied without lingering upon his own thoughts, brooding over them, and oftentimes pursuing them through their un-linkings with the *sequaciousness* (pardon a Coleridgean word) that belongs to some process of creative nature, such as the unfolding of a flower. But Pope was all jets and tongues of flame; all showers of scintillation and sparkle. Dryden followed, genially, an impulse of his healthy nature. Pope obeyed, spasmodically, an overmastering febrile paroxysm. Even in these constitutional differences between the two are written, and are legible, the corresponding necessities of "utter falsehood in Pope, and of loyalty to truth in Dryden." Strange it is to recall this one striking fact, that if once in his life Dryden might reasonably have been suspected of falsehood, it was in the capital matter of religion. He *rattled* from his Protestant faith; and according to the literal origin of that figure he *rattled*; for he abjured it as rats abjure a ship in which their instinct of divination has deciphered a destiny of ruin, and at the very moment when Popery wore the promise of a triumph that might, at any rate, have lasted his time. Dryden was a Papist by apostasy; and, perhaps, not to speak uncharitably, upon some

bias from self-interest. Pope, on the other hand, was a Papist by birth, and by a tie of honor; and he resisted all temptations to desert his afflicted faith, which temptations lay in bribes of great magnitude prospectively, and in persecutions for the present that were painfully humiliating. How base a time-server does Dryden appear on the one side!—on the other, how much of a martyr should we be disposed to pronounce Pope! And yet, for all that, such is the overruling force of a nature originally sincere, the apostate Dryden wore upon his brow the grace of sincerity, whilst the pseudo-martyr Pope, in the midst of actual fidelity to his Church, was at his heart a traitor—in the very oath of his allegiance to his spiritual mistress had a lie upon his lips, scoffed at her whilst kneeling in homage to her pretensions, and secretly forswore her doctrines whilst suffering insults in her service.

The differences as to truth and falsehood lay exactly where, by all the external symptoms, they ought *not* to have lain. But the reason for this anomaly was, that to Dryden, sincerity had been a perpetual necessity of his intellectual nature, whilst Pope, distracted by his own activities of mind, living in an irreligious generation, and beset by infidel friends, had early lost his anchorage of traditional belief; and yet, upon an honorable scruple of fidelity to the suffering church of his fathers, he sought often to dissemble the fact of his own scepticism, which yet often he thirsted ostentatiously to parade. Through a motive of truthfulness he became false. And in this particular instance he would, at any rate, have become false, whatever had been the native constitution of his mind. It was a mere impossibility to reconcile any real allegiance to his Church with his known irreverence to religion. But upon far more subjects than this, Pope was habitually false in the quality of his thoughts, always insincere, never by any accident in earnest, and consequently many times caught in ruinous self-contradiction. Is that the sort of writer to furnish an advantageous study for the precious leisure, precious as rubies, of the toil-worn artisan?

The root and the pledge of this falseness in Pope lay in a disease of his mind, which he (like the Roman poet Horace) mistook for a feature of preternatural strength; and this disease was the incapacity of self-determination towards any paramount or abiding principles. Horace, in a well-known passage, had congratulated himself upon this disease as upon a trophy of philosophic emancipation:

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes:"

which words Pope thus translates, and applies to himself in his English adaptation of this epistle:—

"But ask not to what doctors I apply—
Sworn to no master; of no sect am I.
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montaigne now, or now with
Locke:"

That is, neither one poet nor the other having, as regarded philosophy, any internal principle of gravitation or determining impulse to draw him in one direction rather than another, was left to the random control of momentary taste, accident, or caprice; and this indetermination of pure, unballasted levity, both Pope and Horace mistook for a special privilege of philosophic strength. Others, it seems, were chained and coerced by certain fixed aspects of truth, and their efforts were overruled accordingly in one uniform line of direction. But *they*, the two brilliant poets,* fluttered on butterfly-wings

* "The two brilliant poets." As regards Horace, it is scarcely worth while to direct the reader's attention upon the inconsistency of this imaginary defiance to philosophic authority with his profession elsewhere of allegiance to Epicurus; for had it even been possible to direct the poet's own attention upon it, the same spirit of frank simplicity which has converted his very cowardice, his unmitigated cowardice (*relictū non bene parmula*), into one of those amiable and winning frailties which, once having come to know it, on no account could we consent to forego—would have reconciled us all by some inimitable picturesqueness of candor to inconsistency the most shocking as to the fulfilment of some great moral obligation; just as from the brute restiveness of a word (*Equotuticum*), that positively would not come into the harness of hexameter verse, he has extracted a gay, laughing *alias* (viz., "*verus quod dicere non est*"); a pleasantry which is nowhere so well paralleled as by Southey's on the name of Admiral Tchichakoff:—

"A name which you all must know very well,
Which nobody can speak, and nobody can spell."

Vain would it be to fasten any blame upon a poet armed with such heaven-born playfulness that upon a verbal defect he raises a triumph of art, and upon a personal defect raises a perpetual memento of smiling and affectionate forgiveness. We "condone" his cowardice, to use language of Doctors' Commons, many times over, before we know whether he would have cared for our condonation; and protest our unanimous belief, that, if he did run away from battle, he ran no faster than a gentleman ought to run. In fact, his character would have wanted its amiable unity had he *not* been a coward, or had he *not* been a rake. Vain were it to level reproaches at him, for whom all reproaches

to the right and the left, obeying no guidance but that of some instant and fugitive sensibility to some momentary phasis of beauty. In this dream of drunken eclecticism, and in the original possibility of such an eclecticism, lay the ground of that enormous falsehood which Pope practiced from youth to age. An eclectic philosopher already, in the very title which he assumes, proclaims his self-complacency in the large liberty of error purchased by the renunciation of all controlling principles. Having severed the towing-line which connected him with any external force of guiding and compulsory truth, he is free to go astray in any one of ten thousand false radiations from the true centre of rest. By his own choice he is wandering in a forest all but pathless.

become only occasions of further and surplus honor. But, in fact, for any serious purposes of Horace, philosophy was not wanted. Some slight pretence of that kind served to throw a shade of pensiveness over his convivial revels, and thus to rescue them from the taint of plebeian grossness. So far, and no farther, a slight coloring of philosophy was needed for his moral musings. But Pope's case is different. The moral breathings of Horace are natural exhalations rising spontaneously from the heart under the ordinary gleams of chance and change in the human things that lay around him. But Pope is more ambitious. He is not content with *borrowing* from philosophy the grace of a passing sanction or countersign, but undertakes to *lend* her a systematic coherency of development, and sometimes even a fundamental basis. In his "Essay on Man" his morals connect themselves with metaphysics. The metaphysics had been gathered together in his chance eclectic rambles amongst books of philosophy, such as Montaigne, Charron, and latterly amongst the fossil rubbish and *debris* of Bayle's Dictionary. Much also had been suggested to his piercing intellect in conversation, especially with Lord Bolingbroke; but not so exclusively by any means with *him* as the calumniators of Pope would have us suppose. Adopted he did from all quarters, but Pope was not the man servilely to beg or to steal. It was indispensable to his own comfort that he should at least understand the meaning of what he took from others, though seldom indeed he understood its wider relations, or pursued its ultimate consequences. Hence came anguish and horror upon Pope in his latter days, such as rarely can have visited any but the death-bed of some memorable criminal. To have rejected the *verba magistrum* might seem well, it might look promising, as all *real* freedom is promising, for the interests of truth; but he forgot that, in rejecting the master, he had also rejected the doctrine—the guiding principle—the unity of direction secured for the inquirer by the master's particular system with its deep internal cohesion. Coming upon his own distracted choice of principles from opposite angles and lines of direction, he found that what once and under one aspect had seemed to him a guiding light, and one of the buoys for narrowing the uncertainties of a difficult navigation, absolutely under another aspect, dif-

"—ubi passim
Pallantes error recto de tramite pellit;"

and a forest not of sixty days' journey like that old Hercynian forest of Cæsar's time, but a forest which sixty generations have not availed to traverse, or familiarize in any one direction.

For Horace, as I have endeavored to explain in the note, the apology is so much the readier as his intrusions into this province of philosophy are slighter, more careless, and more indirect. But Pope's are wilful, premeditated, with malice aforethought; and his falsehoods wear a more malignant air, because they frequently concern truth speculative, and are therefore presumably more deliberate in their origin, and more influential

ferently approached and differently associated, did the treacherous office of a *spanned* horse, as in past days upon the Cornish and the South Irish coast it was employed—expressly for showing false signals, and leading right amongst breakers. That *hortus siccus* of pet notions, which had won Pope's fancy in their insulated and separate existence, when brought together as parts and elements of the same system in the elaborate and haughty "Essay on Man," absolutely refused to cohere. No doctoring, no darning, could disguise their essential inter-repulsion. Dismal rents, chasms, hiatuses, gaped and grinned in a theory whose very office and arrogant pretension had been to harmonize the dislocated face of nature, and to do that in the way of justification for God which God had forgotten to do for himself. How if an enemy should come, and fill up these ugly chasms with some poisonous fungus of a nature to spread the dry rot through the main timbers of the vessel? And, in fact, such an enemy *did* come. This enemy spread dismay through Pope's heart. Pope found himself suddenly shown up as an anti-social monster, as an incendiary, as a disorganizer of man's most aspiring hopes. "O Heavens! What is to be done! what can be done!" he cried out. "When I wrote that passage, which now seems so wicked, certainly I meant something very good; or, if I didn't, at any rate I meant to mean it." The case was singular; if no friend of the author's could offer a decent account of its meaning, to a certainty the author could not. Luckily, however, there are two ways of filling up chasms; and Warburton, who had reasons best known to himself for cultivating Pope's favor, besides considerable practice during his youth in a special pleader's office, took the desperate case in hand. He caulked the chasms with philosophic oakum, he "payed" them with dialectic pitch, he sheathed them with copper and brass by means of audacious dogmatism and insolent quibbles, until the enemy seemed to have been silenced, and the vessel righted so far as to float. The result, however, as a permanent result, was this—that the demurs which had once been raised (however feebly pressed) against the poem, considered in the light of a system compatible with religion, settled upon it permanently as a sullen cloud of suspicion that a century has not availed to dissipate.

in the result. It is precisely this part of Pope's errors that would prove most perplexing to the unlearned student. Beyond a doubt the "Essay on Man" would, in virtue of its subject, prove the most attractive to a laboring man of all Pope's writings, as most of all promising a glimpse into a world of permanence and of mysterious grandeur, and having an interest, therefore, transcendent to any that could be derived from the fleeting aspects of manners or social conventionalisms, though illuminated and vivified by satire. Here would be the most advantageous and remunerative station to take for one who should undertake a formal exposure of Pope's hollow-heartedness; that is, it would most commensurately reward the pains and difficulties of such an investigation. But it would be too long a task for this situation, and it would be too polemic. It would move through a jungle of controversies. For, to quote a remark which I once made myself in print, the "Essay on Man" in one point resembles some doubtful inscriptions in ancient forms of Oriental languages, which, being made up elliptically of mere consonants, can be read into very different senses according to the different sets of vowels which the particular reader may choose to interpolate. According to the choice of the interpreter, it may be read into a loyal or a treasonable meaning. Instead of this, I prefer, as more amusing, as less elaborate, and as briefer, to expose a few of Pope's *personal* falsehoods, and falsehoods as to the notoriety of *fact*. Truth, speculative oftentimes, drives its roots into depths, so dark that the falsifications to which it is liable, though detected, cannot always be exposed to the light of day—the result is known, but not therefore seen. Truth personal, on the other hand, may be easily made to confront its falsifier, not with refutation only, but with the visible *shame* of refutation. Such shame would settle upon *every* page of Pope's satires and moral epistles, oftentimes upon every couplet, if any censor, armed with an adequate knowledge of the facts, were to prosecute the inquest. And the general impression from such an inquest would be, that Pope never delineated a character, nor uttered a sentiment, nor breathed an aspiration, which he would not willingly have recast, have retracted, have abjured or trampled under foot with the curses assigned to heresy, if by such an act he could have added a hue of brilliancy to his coloring or a new depth to his shadows. There is nothing he would not have sacrificed, not the most solemn of his

opinions, nor the most pathetic memorial from his personal experiences, in return for a sufficient consideration, which consideration meant always with *him* poetic effect. It is not, as too commonly is believed, that he was reckless of other people's feelings; so far from *that*, he had a morbid *facility* in his kindness; and in cases where he had no reason to suspect any lurking hostility, he showed even a paralytic benignity. But simply and constitutionally, he was incapable of a sincere thought or a sincere emotion. Nothing that ever he uttered, were it even a prayer to God, but he had a fancy for reading it backwards. And he was evermore false, not as loving or preferring falsehood, but as one who could not in his heart perceive much real difference between what people affected to call falsehood and what they affected to call truth. Volumes might be filled with illustrations: I content myself with three or four.

I. Pope felt *intellectually* that it was philosophic, and also that it wore an air of nobility, *not* to despise poverty. *Morally*, however, he felt inversely: nature and the accidents of his life had made it his necessity to despise nothing so heartily. If in any one sentiment he ever was absolutely sincere, if there can be cited one insulated case upon which he found it difficult to play the hypocrite, it was in the case of that intense scorn with which he regarded poverty, and all the painful circumstances that form the equipage of poverty. To look at a pale, dejected fellow-creature creeping along the highway, and to have reason for thinking that he has not tasted food since yesterday,—what a pang would such a sight, accompanied by such a thought, inflict upon many a million of benign human hearts! But in Pope, left to his spontaneous nature, such a sight and such a thought would have moved only fits of laughter. Not that he would have refused the poor creature a shilling, but still he would have laughed. For hunger, and cold, and poverty appeared to *him* only in the light of drolleries, and too generally of scoundrelisms. Still he was aware that some caution was requisite in giving public expression to such feelings. Accordingly, when he came forward in gala-dress as a philosopher, he assumed the serene air of one upon whom all such idle distinctions as rich and poor were literally thrown away. But watch him: follow his steps for a few minutes, and the deep realities of his nature will unmask themselves. For example, in the first book of the "Dunciad" he has occasion to mention Dennis:—

"And all the mighty mad in Dennis raged."

Upon this line (the 108th) of the text he hangs a note, in the course of which he quotes a few sentences about Dennis from Theobald. One of these begins thus: "Did we really know how much this poor man suffers by being contradicted—" &c.; upon which Pope thinks proper to intercalate the following pathetic parenthesis in italics: "*I wish that reflection on POVERTY had been spared.*" How amiable! how pretty! Could Joseph Surface have more dexterously improved the occasion: "The man that disparages poverty, is a man that—" &c. It is manifest, however, at a glance, that this virtuous indignation is altogether misplaced; for "*poor*" in the quotation from Theobald has no reference whatever to *poverty* as the antithesis to *wealth*. What a pity that a whole phial of such excellent scenical morality should thus have been uncorked and poured out upon the wrong man and the wrong occasion! Really, this unhappy blunder extorts from me as many tears of laughter as ever poverty extorted from Pope. Meantime, reader, watch what follows. Wounded so deeply in his feelings by this constrained homage to poverty, Pope finds himself unable to re-settle the equilibrium in his nervous system until he has taken out his revenge by an extra kicking administered to some old mendicant or vagrant lying in a ditch.

At line 106 comes the flourish about Dennis's poverty. Just nine lines a-head, keeping close as a policeman upon the heels of a thief, you come up with Pope in the very act of maltreating Cibber, upon no motive or pretence whatever, small or great, but that he (the said Cibber) was guilty of poverty. Pope had detected him—and this is Pope's own account of the assault—in an overt act of poverty. He deposes, as if it were an ample justification of his own violence, that Cibber had been caught in the very act—not of supping meanly, coarsely, vulgarly, as upon tripe, for instance, or other offal—but absolutely in the act of not supping at all!

"Swearing and supperless the hero sate."

Here one is irresistibly reminded of the old story about the cat who was transformed into a princess: she played the rôle with admirable decorum, until one day a mouse ran across the floor of the royal saloon, when immediately the old instinct and the hereditary hatred proved too much for the artificial nature, and her Highness vanished over a six-barred gate in a furious mouse-chase.—

Pope, treading in the steps of this model, fancies himself reconciled to poverty. Poverty, however, suddenly presents herself, not as a high poetic abstraction, but in that one of her many shapes which to Pope had always seemed the most comic as well as the most hateful. Instantly Pope's ancient malice is rekindled; and in line 115 we find him assailing that very calamity under one name, which under another, at line 106, he had treated with an ostentatious superfluity of indulgence.

II. I have already noticed that some of Pope's most pointed examples which he presents to you as drawn from his own experience of life, are in fact due to jest-books; and some (offered as facts) are pure coinages of his own brain. When he makes his miser at the last gasp so tenacious of the worldly rights then slipping from his grasp as that he refuses to resign a particular manor, Pope forgot that even a jest-book must govern its jokes by some regard to the realities of life, and that amongst these realities is the very nature and operation of a will. A miser is not therefore a fool: and he knows that no possible testamentary abdication of an estate disturbs his own absolute command over it so long as he lives, or bars his power of revoking the bequest. The moral instruction is in this case so poor, that no reader cares much upon what sort of foundation the story itself rests. For such a story a lie may be a decent basis. True; but not so senseless a lie. If the old miser was delirious, there is an end of his responsibilities; and nobody has a right to draw upon him for moral lessons or warnings. If he was *not* delirious, the case could not have happened. Modelled in the same spirit are all Pope's pretended portraits of women; and the more they ought to have been true, as professing to be studies from life, the more atrociously they are false, and false in the transcendent sense of being impossible. Heaps of contradiction, or of revolting extravagance, do not verify themselves to our loathing incredulity because the artist chooses to come forward with his arms a-kimbo, saying angrily, "But I tell you, sir, these are *not* fancy-pieces! These ladies whom I have lampooned are familiarly known to me—they are my particular friends. I see them every day in the undress of confiding friendship. They betray all their foibles to me in the certainty that I shall take no advantage of their candor; and will you, coming a century later, presume to dispute the fidelity or the value of my contemporary portraits?" Yes, and upon these two

grounds: first (as to the fidelity), that the pretended portraits are delineations of impossible people; and secondly (as to the value), that, if after all they could be sworn to as copies faithful to the originals, not the less are they to be repelled as abnormal, and so far beyond the intelligibilities of nature as practically to mean nothing, neither teaching nor warning. The two Duchesses of Marlborough, for instance, Sarah and Henrietta, are atrocious caricatures, and constructed on the desperate principle of catching at a momentary stare or grin, by means of anarchy in the features imputed, and truculent antithesis in the expression. Who does not feel that these are the fierce pasquinades, and the coarse pasquinades, of some malignant electioneering contest? Is there a line that breathes the simplicity and single-heartedness of truth? Equal disgust settles upon every word that Pope ever wrote against Lady Mary W. Montagu. Having once come to hate her rancorously, and finding this hatred envenomed by the consciousness

that Lady Mary had long ceased to care two straws for all the malice of all the wits in Christendom, Pope labored at his own spite, filing it and burnishing it as a hand-polisher works at the blade of a cimeter.—For years he had forgotten to ask after the realities of nature as they existed in Lady Mary, and considered only what had the best chance of stinging her profoundly. He looked out for a “raw” into which he might lay the lash; not seeking it in the real woman, but generally in the nature and sensibilities of abstract woman. Whatever seemed to disfigure the idea of womanhood, *that*, by reiterated touches, he worked into his portraits of Lady Mary; and at length, no doubt, he had altogether obliterated from his own remembrance the true features of her whom he so much detested. On this class of Pope’s satiric sketches, I do not, however, wish to linger, having heretofore examined some of the more prominent cases with close attention.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

Thou art not far from us, brave world
Of dreams, and ne’er hast been—
Though the shadows of this toiling earth
Lie cold and dense between.
Our busy days, our lonely nights,
Thy trackless zone surrounds;
Care hath no bond, and life no bar,
To part us from thy bounds.

The exile crosses to his home,
The aged to his youth,
The bard to find his promised land,
The sage in search of truth.
And some return with tidings heard
From angels on their track,
Which never in the speech of men
Their souls can render back.

Thou hold’st the harvest homes of hope
That never blest our years,
The grave of many a buried grief,
The ghosts of all our fears;
For weary wastes and wilds are thine;
But oh! for one true chart
To guide us to thy blessed isles
That lie so far apart!

The dead are in thee; we have seen
Their looks, and mourn’d no more,
And the steps have wander’d far and long
That met us on thy shore.
And some for whom we could forgive
Our fortunes all the past,
The loved and the world-parted hearts,
Were with our own at last.

Not as they meet us here, perchance
The faint, the poor of soul,
Whom gold can bribe, whom words can sway,
Whom sin and fear control;
But true in love and firm in faith,
And all we deem at times
They might have been, were this cold earth
Less full of cares and crimes.

Oh! lovely art thou, world of dreams,
To hearts that find thee thus,
Made glorious with that better part
Life never lent to us.
Our fields of toil, our tents of care,
Are pitch’d by earthly streams,
But our spirit’s country lies in thee,
Thou boundless world of dreams!

From the People's Journal.

DR. CHALMERS.

BY PARSON FRANK.

"The Scottish church, both on himself and those
With whom from childhood he grew up, had held
The strong hand of her purity. . . .
And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports
And teasing ways of childhood vexed not him;
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing."—WORDSWORTH.

On the whole, the status of Dr. Chalmers among his brethren of the modern pulpit is like that of Saul, the son of Kish, among the children of Israel—"from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people." Edward Irving might be more of the natural and artistic orator; Robert Hall more elegant; John Foster more original; but neither of them presented such a forcible combination of brilliant matter and impassioned manner as Thomas Chalmers. "I know not what it is," said the fastidious Francis Jeffrey himself, in 1816, "but there is something altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." George Canning went, in 1817, with Wilberforce, Huskisson, "Bobus" Smith, Lords Elgin and Harrowby, &c., to hear the Scottish celebrity, and cried as he listened. At the beginning he was disappointed enough to whisper to Wilberforce, like the Edinburgh review of Wordsworth's last, "This will never do!" But at the conclusion his dictum was: "The tartan beats us all!—we have no preaching like that in England." This was at a morning service in the Scotch Church, London-wall. On the afternoon of that day, Chalmers preached in Swallow-street. The crowd here, Dr. Hanna tells us, had nearly lost its object by the very vehemence of its pursuit. "On approaching the church, Dr. Chalmers and a friend found so dense a mass within and before the building as to give no hope of effecting

an entrance by the mere force of ordinary pressure. Lifting his cane, and gently tapping the heads of those who were in advance, Dr. C.'s friend exclaimed, "Make way there—make way for Dr. Chalmers." Heads, indeed, were turned at the summons, and looks were given; but with not a few significant tokens of incredulity, and some broad hints that they were not to be taken in by any such device, the sturdy Londoners refused to move. Forced to retire, Dr. Chalmers retreated from the outskirts of the crowd, crossed the street, stood for a few moments gazing at the growing tumult, and had almost resolved altogether to withdraw. Matters were not much better when Mr. Wilberforce and his party approached. Access by any of the ordinary entrances was impossible. In this emergency, and as there was still some unoccupied space about the pulpit which the crowd had not been able to appropriate, a plank was projected from one of the windows till it rested on an iron palisade. By this privileged passage Mr. Wilberforce and the ladies who were with him, were invited to enter, Lord Elgin waving encouragement and offering aid from within. "I was surveying the breach," says Mr. Wilberforce, "with a cautious and inquiring eye, when Lady D—, no shrimp you must observe, entered boldly before me, and proved that it was practicable."* There are many descriptions of Chalmers' manner and appearance in the pulpit, by different hands. Not

* *Life of Chalmers*, vol. ii., pp. 102-3.

the least striking is that by William Hazlitt, who pictures the enthusiastic preacher as a man seemingly in mortal throes and agony with doubts and difficulties, seizing stubborn knotty points with his teeth, tearing them with his hands, and straining his eyeballs till they almost start out of their sockets, in pursuit of a train of visionary reasoning, like a Highland seer with his second sight. The description (continues Hazlitt) of Balfour of Burley in his cave, with his Bible in one hand and his sword in the other, contending with the imaginary enemy of mankind, gasping for breath, and with the cold moisture running down his face, gives a lively idea of Dr. Chalmers' prophetic fury in the pulpit.* Mr. Lockhart observes that never, perhaps, did the world possess an orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice had more power in increasing the effect of what he said—whose delivery was the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory, more truly than was that of Dr. Chalmers.† "He laid about him like a man inspired," says Mr. Gilfillan: "He spoke with the freshness and fervor of one to whom all things had become new. His eye seemed to see the invisible; his body trembled and panted under the burden of the present God. His eye, especially when excited, had a grey glare of insanity about it; his brow was broad rather than lofty; his step quick and eager; his accents fast and hurrying; his gesture awkward; his delivery monotonous; but all these were forgotten and drowned in the fierce and rapid stream of his eloquence."‡ His face, according to Mr. Lockhart, was at first sight coarse, but with a mysterious kind of meaning palpably breathing from every part of it, very pale, with large, half-closed eyelids, characterized by a certain drooping melancholy weight; lips singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, with a sort of leonine firmness about all the lower part of the face; cheeks square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek bones very broad and prominent; eyes, light in color, with a strange, dreamy heaviness, but illuminated into flame and fervor in moments of high-entranced enthusiasm, and expanding in their sockets with a dazzling, watery glare; forehead of the most marked mathematical order,§ arched with

imagination, and terminating in a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love; the whole edged by a few crisp locks, affording a fine relief to the deathlike paleness of those massive temples. In general appearance he was, as a writer in the *Athenaeum* once said, "one of those burly persons in whom Carlyle delights as heroes; and nothing less than the robust form and powerful constitution of this great-headed man could have sustained the unremitting labors which he underwent during his long life of threescore and ten."||

The latter section of his life identified Dr. Chalmers in the eye of the public with the Free Church movement in his native land, and numbers still think of him only as the Coryphæus of that protest, the Tanager of that crusade. But he was something more than an ecclesiastical reformer. He was an able mathematician, an adept in the mysteries of positive science, a distinguished expositor (in the *Edinburgh Review* and elsewhere) of political economy. He filled with éclat the professional chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's, and that of theology in "Auld Reekie." Exclusive of his posthumous works, recently published under the able supervision of his son-in-law Dr. Hanna, he has left us five-and-twenty volumes of divinity, the popularity of which might be tolerably established by a glance at Mr. Collins' ledger. The favorite volume is probably that which contains the so-called *Astronomical Discourses*, which he gave to the world in 1817, and of which 6000 copies had been disposed of in ten weeks, the demand showing no symptom of decline. "Nine editions were called for within a year, and nearly 20,000 copies were in circulation." This was indeed a marvelous thing in the history of sermon-literature, so generally a complete drug in the market, as scores of gentlemen of the cloth find out annually, to the diminution of their purse and their pride. Dr. Hanna mentions that Scott's *Tales of my Landlord* had a month's start in the date of publication, and even with such a competitor the Discourses ran an almost equal race. "Not a few curious observers were struck with the novel

brows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Lealie's, and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends, quite out of the usual line—a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses, such for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestner, Euler, and many others."—*Peter's Letters to his Kinfolk*.

|| *Athenaeum*. No. 1046, p. 1165.

* *Spirit of the Age*.

† *Peter's Letters to his Kinfolk*.

‡ *Literary Portraits* (First Series).

§ Mr. Lockhart's words are, "It is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eye-

competition, and watched with lively curiosity how the great Scottish preacher and the great Scottish novelist kept for a whole year so nearly abreast of one another." * Chalmers himself, in after years, considered these Discourses as "quite a juvenile production, with too rich an exuberance of phraseology, to which the pruning-knife might beneficially have been applied," † and far preferring the *Commercial sermons*; but the *Astronomical* are the most lucrative, and more read than any other of his productions. George Channing expressed great admiration for these lectures, in which there are, he said, "most magnificent passages." Robert Smith (the Bengal advocate-general), and other unlikely public men, joined in the plaudits. William Hazlitt found the volume in the orchard of the inn at Burford-bridge, near Boxhill, and passed a whole and very delightful morning in reading it without quitting the shade of an apple-tree—which may remind us of Sir Joshua Reynolds reading the *Life of Savage* while he was standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece, and, "not being able," quoth Boswell, "to lay down the book till he had finished it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed;" ‡ or of Sir William Hamilton, who got hold of Carlyle's *French Revolution* about three in the afternoon, and "could not lay it aside till four in the morning—thirteen hours at a stretch." § These sermons, Hazlitt tells us || ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, and were laid in the windows of inns;—and that, surely, is true fame, as Coleridge said of Thomson's Seasons, found on a window-sill. The glory of the subject, and the scope it affords to an expansive rhetoric, will go some way to account for this extreme popularity—apart from the galloping of the fiery-footed steeds of Chalmers' eloquence. But the glory of the subject when he wrote was almost nil when compared with that which now magnifies it, under the revelations of Lord Rosse's telescopes. It hath no glory by reason of the glory which excelleth. To use the language of the inimitable De Quincey, "What is it that Lord Rosse has revealed? Answer: he has revealed more by far than he found. The theatre to which he introduced us, is immeasurably beyond the old

one which he found. To say that he found, in the visible universe, a little wooden theatre of Thebes, a *tréteau* or shed of vagrants, and that he presented us, at a price of toil and anxiety that cannot be measured, with a Roman colosseum,—that is to say nothing. It is to undertake the measurement of the tropics with the pocket-tape of an upholsterer. Columbus, when he introduced the Old World to the New, after all that can be said in his praise, did in fact only introduce the majority to the minority; but Lord Rosse introduced the minority to the majority. There are two worlds, one called Ante-Rosse, and the other Post-Rosse; and, if it should come to voting, the latter would shockingly out-vote the other." But, as Mr. Gilfillan truly says, so far as the Newtonian astronomy goes, the poetry, as well as the religion of the sky, never found before such a worthy and enthusiastic expounder as Chalmers. "He sets the 'Principia' to music." His eye had not seen the actual splendor of the spheres, nor his ear heard the quire of their innumerable symphony—but his heart had conceived not a little of the Apocalypse, and it prompted him to thoughts that breathe and words that burn. As he says of the Psalmist (when considering the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars, which He hath ordained), "he leaves the world, and lifts his imagination to that mighty expanse which spreads above it and around it; he wings his way through space, and wanders in thought over its immeasurable regions; instead of a dark and unpeopled solitude, he sees it crowded with splendor, and filled with the energy of the divine presence." * Night, says Mr. Isaac Taylor, has three Daughters—Religion, Superstition, Atheism. † It is in the priesthood of the first of the triad that Chalmers holds so prominent a place. To his eye the Invisible God was adumbrated, both in the vastness and richness of the visible universe; nor could he ever gaze upon the expanse of stars without desecrating, as it were filling all the bright abyss of worlds, the great lines, or contour, of the Supreme Majesty. ‡ The confluence of ethereal fires, described by Young, § from urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven, streams to a point, and centres in his sight—nor carries there; he feels it at his heart; he too names Devotion

* *Life of Chalmers*, vol. ii. p. 89. † *Ibid.* p. 92.

‡ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, anno. 1744.

§ See Gilfillan's *Gallery*, p. 140.

|| *Spirit of the Age*.

* *Modern Astronomy*, p. 22 (5th edition).

† *Saturday Evening*, p. 124.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

§ *Night Thoughts*, Book ix.

the daughter of Astronomy, and holds that an *un-devout* astronomer is mad.

At the time of their publication these discourses were objected to by John Foster among others, as proceeding upon unworthy principles of reasoning. He considered the doctor to be spending a good deal of strength for nought, and assailing exceptions rather imaginary than real. Probably the critic was less beside the mark than the preacher. The Discourses are admired as an effusion of powerful oratory, but the language not the argument is in request. We applaud, and pass on. It gains at best our polite assent, as a matter of form, not our cordial consent as a matter of feeling. It is difficult to suppose that any adverse thinker can have been brought round to the orator's point of view by all this oratory. There is both too much and too little speculation in the eye of this modern astronomer; sometimes he mounts out of sight above the empyrean, and sometimes his plummet sinks only a few fathoms, yet is drawn up as though it had sounded the very foundations of the earth where the ocean-bass is heard deeper and deeper still.

The *Natural Theology* of our author is original only in style—and that, for such a theme, is very inferior to the lucid, direct diction of Paley. Much interesting reading there undoubtedly is, both in this and its companion treatise on the *Evidences of Christianity*. But with all our love and respect for Dr. Chalmers, to regard him as a great divine is quite out of our thoughts. Neither as a scholar nor profound thinker can he claim such a reputation—and it is only the excessive admirers of his peculiar talents in pulpit and parish (in which he was the *facile princeps* of his generation) that make such a claim for him. Not even they would compare his erudition with that of the "divines" whose tomes are classic in English literature, such as Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Warburton, and Horsley;—or with that of such contemporaries as Neander and Hengstenburg in Germany, or Moses Stuart in America, or several we could but will not name, episcopal and otherwise, in England. His *Lectures on the Romans*, in four volumes, display but a meagre modicum of exegetical skill; it is their eloquence and unction, not their hermeneutics, by which they are rescued from bald common-place. So his *Daily Biblical Readings* are attractive for their simple piety and whole-hearted earnestness, and occasionally show a modest independence of thought which in a less established name

would raise a cry of heresy—but critical or commenting help they afford little or none. It is as a preacher and writer of sermons that his literary celebrity will survive—and even in this capacity it is not unlikely to wane together with the oral tradition of his personal mannerism. You must have seen and heard the man in order to enter fully into the printed discourse—a fatal condition to nearly all modern sermons, and which in fact attaches itself less to *his* than to those of nineteen-twentieths of his fellows. Many a popular preacher, who is great things behind the velvet cushion, shrinks into an atrophy when translated into print;—between McNeile in the pulpit and McNeile on paper, there is a *longum intervallum* indeed!* Chalmers will probably be read when McNeile is entirely forgotten; but, for the reason given above, between Chalmers past and Chalmers future, between the man and the memory of the man, there will also be a *longum intervallum*. Already there are symptoms of this decline. Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of the question appears to us highly truthful and impartially correct. He places the doctor, as a writer, in the second rank of preachers—contrasting his comparative coarseness, and scantiness, and mannerism, with the true taste, and copiousness, and delicate discrimination, and fresh coloring of Barrow—his strong, but bounded imagination, with Jeremy Taylor's inexhaustible faculty—and so on.† He accounts him not a great theologian, though possessed of vivid ideas on theology—not a man of science, though widely acquainted with many branches of science—not a philosopher, though possessing much of the spirit of philosophy—hardly a man of genius, for such a subtle idealizing faculty as Jeremy Taylor for instance, or of great poets, was not his—but one whose high talent and energy inflamed through the force of their own motion, and burst out into the conflagrations of eloquence—a Christian orator unequalled—one in whom *emotive* sympathy with the spirit of the age, with the Scottish people, with the poor around him, with all that was lovely and of good report, was the ruling element.‡

The writer of this paper never heard Chalmers in his prime—but it was his privilege to be present at a sermon preached by the veteran within a fortnight of his death. The physical vehemence of the old man even then

* How true this was also of the late Mr. Irving.

† See *Literary Portraits*, p. 108.

‡ *Tail's Magazine*, 1847, p. 524.

was surprising. The discourse itself had been long in print, and was too familiar to take by storm—but the delivery was novel enough. One leading feature in Chalmers' oratory was iteration. He got hold of one idea, and dressed it in a score of varied costumes; sentence after sentence was but its predecessor in new attire; paragraph after paragraph was but an old friend with a new face. It reminds us of a certain banquet recorded by Jean Paul, at which *die Saladière, die Saucière, die Assiette zu Käse und die Senfdose war ein Einziger Teller*. Robert Hall once said, "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. Chalmers? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. An idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is just the same. His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress." A highly felicitous brace of illustrations. Now to this habit of reiteration, monotonous as it may seem, Chalmers owes much of his effect in popular appeals. Mr. De Quincey, in his criticisms upon Greek Literature, observes that even an orator like Lord Bacon (according to Ben Jonson's description) was too weighty, too massy with the bullion of original thought, ever to have realized the idea of a great popular orator—one who "wielded at will a fierce democracy," and ploughed up the great deeps of sentiment, or party strife, or national animosities, like a levanter or a monsoon. If such an orator, says Mr. De Quincey, "had labored with no other defect, had he the gift of *tautology*? Could he say the same thing three times over in direct sequence? For, without this talent of iteration—of repeating the same thought in diversified forms—a man may utter good heads of an oration, but not an oration." This gift of tautology is just what Chalmers excelled in. His faculty of composing variations on a given *thema* was almost unparalleled, and the effect entranced the popular ear. It is curious to hear what power it had over Professor Young, of Glasgow, who scarcely ever heard Chalmers without weeping like a child; and upon one occasion, Dr. Hanna tells us, was so electrified (in the Tron church) that he leaped up from his seat on the bench, and stood breathless and motionless gazing at the preacher till the burst was

over, the tears all the while rolling down his cheeks; and on another occasion, forgetful of time and place—fancying himself perhaps in the theatre—he rose and made a loud clapping of his hands in the ecstasy of his admiration and delight.

For Dr. Chalmers as a man, we entertain the very highest regard. He was a genuine, hearty, trusty, loving and truly lovable being—uniting the utmost manliness with the simplicities of open-browed childhood. He was impatient of all finical and canting pretence. Reality was as necessary to his soul as food to his body. The most popular of preachers, he despised and disliked the popularity merely as such, calling it "a most worthless article, far more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings round the person of its unfortunate victim." His philanthropy was as ardent in degree as it was healthy and genial in kind. He loved a game at bagatelle with an "elder," and at bowls with children, with whom he would disport his reverend person on the floor. He had a fine, fresh, cherry laugh—and Mr. Carlyle shrewdly calls laughter the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man:—"Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outwards; or at best produce some whiffing, husky cackinnations, as if they were laughing through wood; of none such comes good." Not long before he died, the doctor visited Carlyle in London, and they laughed together, as heartily and honestly as the fewest can.

Surely such a kind of "sudden death" as that which overtook Chalmers is more beautiful, and attractive, and enviable than otherwise. "Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere in which the man spiritual is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements."* In sleep, as some one finely observed at the time, the spirit of the good man soared to expatiate on heavenly things, and forgot to come back again. We are always reminded of the departure of Southey's *Ladurlad*, on whom the Lord of Death with love benignant smiled,

And gently on his head his blessings laid,
As gently as a child
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
Tired with long play, at close of summer day, lies
down and slumbers.†

* De Quincey.

† Curse of Kehama.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

AMONG the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton, of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nurse-maids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For awhile they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention agoing;

and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense, probably, of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every-way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the un-

pronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded,

and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like a war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—"You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse: you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having indeed any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less

valuable for its richly jeweled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced; but Dutton, crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: "Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" cried she.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said; "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "This man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it"—

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height: that is my only

excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded—

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale, thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame, had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he

showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

HISTORY OF SPITALFIELDS.

HAVE you any distinct idea of Spitalfields, dear reader? A general one, no doubt, you have—an impression that there are certain squalid streets, lying like narrow black trenches, far below the steeples, somewhere about London—towards the east, perhaps—where sallow, unshorn weavers, who have nothing to do, prowl languidly about, or lean against posts, or sit brooding on door-steps, and occasionally assemble together in a crowd to petition Parliament or the Queen; after which there is a Drawing-Room, or a Court Ball, where all the great ladies wear dresses of Spitalfields manufacture; and then the weavers dine for a day or two, and so relapse into prowling about the streets, leaning against the posts, and brooding on the door-steps. If your occupation in town or country ever oblige you to travel by the Eastern Counties Railway (you would never do so, of course, unless you were obliged), you may connect with this impression a

general idea that many pigeons are kept in Spitalfields, and you may remember to have thought, as you rattled along the dirty streets, observing the pigeon-hutches and pigeon-traps on the tops of the poor dwellings, that it was a natural aspiration in the inhabitants to connect themselves with any living creatures that could get out of that, and take a flight into the air. The smoky little bowers of scarlet-runners that you may have sometimes seen on the house-tops, among the pigeons, may have suggested to your fancy—I pay you the poor compliment of supposing it to be a vagrant fancy, like my own—abortions of the bean-stalk that led Jack to fortune: by the slender twigs of which, the Jacks of Spitalfields will never, never, climb to where the giant keeps his money.

Will you come to Spitalfields?

Turning eastward out of the most bustling part of Bishopsgate, we suddenly lose the noise that has been resounding in our ears,

and fade into the quiet church-yard of the Priory of St. Mary, Spital, otherwise "Domus Dei et Beatæ Mariæ, extra Bishopsgate, in the Parish of St. Botolph." Its modern name is Spital Square. Cells and cloisters were, at an early date, replaced by substantial burgher houses, which, since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, have been chiefly the depositories of the silk manufacture introduced into London, by the French Huguenots, who flew from the perfidy of Louis the Fourteenth. But much of the old quiet cloistered air still lingers in the place.

The house to which we are bound, stands at an angle with the spot where the Pulpit-cross was anciently planted; whence, on every Easter Monday and Tuesday, the Spital sermons were preached, in presence of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and children of Christ's Hospital. We cross the many-cornered "square" and enter a sort of gateway.

Along a narrow passage, up a dark stair, through a crazy door, into a room not very light, not very large, not in the least splendid; with queer corners, and quaint carvings, and massive chimney-pieces; with tall cupboards with prim doors, and squat counters with deep dumpy drawers; with desks behind thin rails, with aisles between thick towers of papered-up packages, out of whose ends flash all the colors of the rainbow—where all is as quiet as a playhouse at day-break, or a church at midnight—where, in truth, there is nobody to make a noise, except one well-dressed man, one attendant porter (neither of whom seem to be doing any thing particular), and one remarkably fine male cat, admiring, before the fire, the ends of his silky paws—where the door, as we enter, shufs with a deep, dull, muffled sound, that is more startling than a noise—where there is less bustle than at a Quakers' meeting, and less business going on than in a Government office—the well-dressed man threads the mazes of the piles, and desks, and cupboards, and counters, with a slow step, to greet us, and to assure us, in reply to our apology, that we have *not* made any mistake whatever, and that we are in the silk warehouse which we seek: a warehouse in which, we have previously been informed, by one whose word we never before doubted, that there is "turned over" an annual average of one hundred thousand pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

We may tell our informant, frankly, that, looding round upon the evidences of stagna-

tion which present themselves, we utterly disbelieve his statement. Our faith, however, is soon strengthened. Somebody mounts the stairs, and enters the apartment with the deliberate air of a man who has nothing whatever to do, but to walk about in a beautifully brushed hat, a nicely-fitting coat admirably buttoned, symmetrical boots, and a stock of amazing satin; to crush his gloves tightly between his hands, and to call on his friends, to ask them—as this gentleman asks our friend—how he is getting on; and whether he has been down "yonder" lately (a jerk eastward of the glossy hat); and, if he hasn't, whether he intends going down next Sunday, because if he does, he (the visitor) means to go too, and will take him down in his "trap." He then, in a parenthetical, post-scriptum sort of way, alludes to certain "assorted Glacés," and indicates the pile of silks he means by the merest motion of his ring-finger. "The figure is—" says he,

"Two and seven," replies the vendor; "How many pieces shall I put aside?"

"Well—fifty. By-the-bye, have you heard?"—Mr. Broadelle (our friend) has *not* heard, and the visitor proceeds to announce, with unimpeachable authority, that the match between Mr. Crumpley of Howells', and Miss Lammy of Swan's, is to come off at last; in fact, next Thursday. Cordial "good-bye;" graceful elevation of the polished hat to myself; and departure of, as Mr. Broadelle informs us, one of his best customers.

"Customer?"

"Yes? You heard? He has just bought fifty pieces of silk of various or 'assorted' colors."

"At two shillings and seven-pence per yard?"

"Just so. And there are eighty-four yards in a piece."

Our organs of calculation are instantly wound up, and set a-going. The result brought out when these phrenological works have run down, is, that this short, easy, jaunty gossip began and ended a transaction involving the sum of five hundred and forty-two pounds ten shillings. No haggling about price; no puffing of quality, on one side, or depreciation of it on the other. The silks are not even looked at. How is this?

"Our trade," says our friend, in explanation, "has been reduced to a system that enables us to transact business with the fewest possible words, and in the easiest possible way. The gentleman who has just left, is Messrs. Treacy and McIntyre's silk-buyer. That department of their establishment is

handed over to his management as unrestrictedly and unreservedly as if the whole concern were his own. In like manner, the different branches of large houses—such as cotton, woollen, hosiery, small wares, &c.—are placed under the control of similar buyers. At the end of every half-year, an account is taken of the stewardship of each of these heads of department; and, if his particular branch has not flourished—should the stock on hand be large and unsaleable—the Buyer is called to account, and his situation jeopardized. The partners, of course, know the capabilities and peculiarities of their trade, and can tell, on investigation, how and why the Buyer has been at fault. If, on the contrary, the Buyer have narrowly watched the public taste, and fed it successfully,—if he have been vigilant in getting early possession of the most attractive patterns, or in pouncing on cheap markets, by taking advantage, for instance, of the embarrassments of a “shaky” manufacturer or a French revolution (for he scours the country at home and abroad in all directions), and if his department come out at the six-monthly settlement with marked profit—his salary is possibly raised. Should this success be repeated, he is usually taken into the firm as a partner.”

“But no judgment was exercised in the bargain just made. The Buyer did not even look at your goods.”

“That is the result of previous study and experience. It is the art that conceals art. He need not examine the goods. He has learned the characteristics of our dyes to a shade, and the qualities of our fabrics to a thread.”

“Then, as to price. I suppose your friend is lounging about, in various other Spitalfields warehouses at this moment. Perhaps by this time he has run his firm into debt for a few thousands pounds more?”

“Very likely.”

“Well; suppose a neighbor of yours were to offer him the same sort of silks as those he has just chosen here, for less money, could he not—as no writing has passed between you—be off his bargain with you?”

“Too late. The thing is done, and cannot be undone,” answers Mr. Broadelle, made a little serious by the bare notion of such a breach of faith. “Our bargain is as tight as if it had been written on parchment, and attested by a dozen witnesses. His very existence as a Buyer and mine as a Manufacturer, depend upon the scrupulous performance of the contract. I shall send in the silks this afternoon. And I feel as certain of a check

for the cash, at our periodical settlement, as I do of death and quarter-day.”

It is difficult to reconcile the immense amount of capital which flows through such a house as this—the rich stores of satins, velvets, lutestrings, brocades, damasks, and other silk textures, which Mr. Broadelle brings to light from the quaint cupboards and drawers—with the poignant and often-repeated cry of poverty that proceeds from this quarter.

What says Mr. Broadelle to it? He says this:

“Although most masters make this locality their head-quarters, and employ the neighboring weavers, yet they nearly all have factories in the provinces; chiefly in Lancashire. The Spitalfields weaver of plain silks and velvets, therefore, keeps up a hopeless contest against machinery and cheaper labor, and struggles against overwhelming odds. Will you step round and see a family engaged in this desperate encounter?”

“Is there no remedy?” we ask, as we go out together,

“A very simple one. In the country—say in Suffolk, where we have a hand-weaving factory—food is cheaper and better; both food for the stomach, and food for the lungs.”

“The air is better, so less money, you think, would be spent in drink?”

“Undoubtedly. Fancy yourself stewed up in a stifling room all day: imagine the lassitude into which your whole frame would collapse after fourteen hours’ mere inhalation, of a stale, bad, atmosphere—to say nothing of fourteen hours’ hard work in addition; and consider what stern self-denial it would require to refrain from some stimulant—a glass of bad gin, perhaps—if you could get it. On the other hand, the fresh air which plays around country looms, exhilarates in itself, and is found to be a substitute for gin.”

“I have also heard that the atmosphere of London is positively detrimental to the manufacture of silk. Is that so?”

“Why, sir,” replies Mr. Broadelle, stopping short, and speaking like a deeply-injured man, “the two-days’ fog we had in December last, was a dead loss to me of one hundred pounds. The blacks (London genuine particular) got into the white satins, despite the best precautions of the workpeople, and put them into an ugly, foxy, unsaleable half-mourning, sir. They would not even take a dye, decently. I had to send down, express, to our Suffolk branch, to supply the deficiency; and the white satins, partly woven

there on the same days, came up as white as driven snow."

Considering that both the worker and the work are deteriorated by an obstinate tenure of the present dense and unfit site, it seems wonderful that the weavers themselves are not as anxious to remove from a noxious and unprofitable neighborhood, as their well-wishers can be to effect their removal. From fourteen to seventeen thousand looms are contained in from eleven to twelve thousand houses—although, at the time at which we write, not more than from nine to ten thousand of them are at work. The average number of houses per acre in the parish, is seventeen; and the average per acre for all London being no more than five and a fifth, Spitalfields contains the densest population, perhaps, existing. Within its small boundaries, not less than eighty-five thousand human beings are huddled. "They are," says Mr. Broadelle, "so interlaced, and bound together, by debt, marriage, and prejudice, that, despite many inducements to remove to the country establishments of the masters they already serve, they prefer dragging on a miserable existence in their present abodes. Spitalfields was the Necropolis of Roman London; the Registrar-General's returns show that it is now the grave of Modern Manufacturing London. The average mortality is higher in this Metropolitan district, than in any other."

"And what strange streets they are, Mr. Broadelle! These high gaunt houses, all window on the upper story, and that window all small diamond panes, are like the houses in some foreign town, and have no trace of London in them—except its soot, which is, indeed, a large exception. It is as if the Huguenots had brought their streets along with them, and dropped them down here. And what a number of strange shops, that seem to be open for no earthly reason, having nothing to sell! A few halfpenny bundles of firewood, a few halfpenny kites, halfpenny battledores, and farthing shuttle-cocks, form quite an extensive stock in trade here. Eatables are so important in themselves, that there is no need to sot them off. Be the loaves ever so coarse in texture, and ever so unattractively jumbled together in the baker's dirty window, they are loaves, and that is the main thing. Liver, lights, and sheep's heads, freckled sausages, and strong black puddings, are sufficiently enticing without decoration. The mouths of Spitalfields will water for them, howsoever raw and ugly they be. Is its intellectual appetite sharp-

set, I wonder, for that wolfish literature of highly-colored show-bill and rampant wood-cut, filling the little shop-window over the way, and covering half the house? Do the poor weavers, by the dim light of their lamps, unravel those villanous fabrics, and nourish their care-worn hearts on the last strainings of the foulest filth of France?" "I can't say," replies Mr. Broadelle; "we have but little intercourse with them in their domestic lives. They are rather jealous and suspicious. We have tried Mechanics' Institutions, but they have not come to much."

"Is there any school here?"

"Yes. Here it is."

An old house, hastily adapted to the purpose, with too much darkness in it and too little air, but no want of scholars. An infant school on the ground floor, where the infants are, as usual, drowsily rubbing their noses, or poking their fore-fingers into the features of other infants on exploratory surveys. Intermediate schools above. At the top of all, in a large, long, light room—occupying the width of two dwelling houses, as the room made for the weaving, in the old style of building, does—the "ragged school."

"Heaven send that all these boys may not grow up to be weavers here, Mr. Broadelle, nor all these girls grow up to marry them!"

"We don't increase much, now," he says.

"We go for soldiers, or we go to sea, or we take to something else, or we emigrate perhaps."

Now, for a sample of the parents of these children. Can you find us a man and wife who should be in Lancashire, or Suffolk, or anywhere rather than here? Nothing easier to find in Spitalfields. Enter by this doorway.

Up a dark narrow winding public stair, such as are numerous in Lyons or in the wynds and closes of the old town of Edinburgh, and into a room where there are four looms; one idle, three at work.

A wan thin eager-eyed man, weaving in his shirt and trowsers, stops the jarring of his loom. He is the master of the place. Not an Irishman himself, but of Irish descent.

"Good day!"

"Good day!" Passing his hand over his rough chin, and feeling his lean throat.

"We are walking through Spitalfields, being interested in the place. Will you allow us to look at your work?"

"Oh! certainly."

"It is very beautiful. Black velvet?"

"Yes. Every time I throw the shuttle, I

cut out this wire, as you see, and put it in again—so!" Jarring and clashing at the loom, and glancing at us with his eager eyes.

"It is slow work."

"Very slow." With a hard dry cough, and the glance.

"And hard work."

"Very hard." With the cough again.

After a while, he once more stops, perceiving that we really are interested, and says, laying his hand upon his hollow breast and speaking in an unusually loud voice, being used to speak through the clashing of the loom :

"It tries the chest, you see, leaning for'ard like this, for fifteen or sixteen hours at a stretch."

"Do you work so long at a time?"

"Glad to do it when I can get it to do. A day's work like that, is worth a matter of three shillings."

"Eighteen shillings a week."

"Ah! But it ain't always eighteen shillings a week. I don't always get it, remember! One week with another, I hardly get more than ten, or ten-and-six."

"Is this Mr. Broadelle's loom?"

"Yes. This is. So is that one there ;" the idle one.

"And that, where the man is working?"

"That's another party's. The young man working at it, pays me a shilling a week for leave to work here. That's a shilling, you know, off my rent of half-a-crown. It's rather a large room."

"Is that your wife at the other loom?"

"That's my wife. She's making a commoner sort of work, for bonnets and that."

Again his loom clashes and jars, and he leans forward over his toil. In the window by him, is a singing-bird in a little cage, which trolls its song, and seems to think the loom an instrument of music. The window, tightly closed, commands a maze of chimney-pots, and tiles, and gables. Among them, the ineffectual sun, faintly contending with the rain and mist, is going down. A yellow ray of light crossing the weaver's eager eyes and hollow white face, makes a shape something like a pike-head on the floor.

The room is unwholesome, close, and dirty. Through one part of it the staircase comes up in a bulk, and roughly partitions off a corner. In that corner are the bedstead and the fireplace, a table, a chair or two, a kettle, a tub of water, a little crockery. The looms

claim all the superior space and have it. Like grim enchanters who provide the family with their scant food, they must be propitiated with the best accommodation. They bestride the room, and pitilessly squeeze the children —this heavy, watery-headed baby carried in the arms of its staggering little brother, for example—into corners. The children sleep at night between the legs of the monsters, who deafen their first cries with their whirr and rattle, and who roar the same tune to them when they die.

Come to the mother's loom.

"Have you any other children besides these?"

"I have had eight. I have six alive."

"Did we see any of them, just now, at the—"

"Ragged School? O yes! You saw four of mine at the Ragged School!"

She looks up, quite bright about it—has a mother's pride in it—is not ashamed of the name; she, working for her bread, not begging it—not in the least.

She has stopped her loom for the moment. So has her husband. So has the young man.

"Weavers' children are born in the weaver's room," says the husband, with a nod at the bedstead. "Nursed there, brought up there—sick or well—and die there."

To which, the clash and jar of all three looms—the wife's, the husband's and the young man's, as they go again—make a chorus.

"This man's work, now, Mr. Broadelle—he can't hear us apart here, in this noise?"

"Oh, no!"

"—requires but little skill?"

"Very little skill. He is doing now, exactly what his grandfather did. Nothing would induce him to use a simple improvement (the 'fly shuttle') to prevent that contraction of the chest of which he complains. Nothing would turn him aside from his old ways. It is the old custom to work at home, in a crowded room, instead of in a factory. I couldn't change it, if I were to try."

Good Heaven, is the house falling! Is there an earthquake in Spitalfields! Has a volcano burst out in the heart of London? What is this appalling rush and tremble?

It is only the railroad.

The arches of the railroad span the house; the wires of the electric telegraph stretch over the confined scene of his daily life; the engines fly past him on their errands, and

outstrip the birds ; and what can the man of prejudice and usage hope for, but to be overthrown and flung into oblivion ! Look to it, gentlemen of precedent and custom, standing daintily opposed to progress, in the bag-wigs and embroidered coats of another generation, you may learn from the weaver in his shirt and trowsers !

There, we leave him in the dark, about to kindle at the poor fire the lamp that hangs upon his loom, to help him on his laboring way into the night. The sun has gone down, the reflection has vanished from the floor. There is nothing in the gloom but his eager eyes, made hungrier by the sight of our small present ; the dark shapes of his fellow-workers mingling with their stopped looms ; the mute bird in its little cage, duskily expressed against the window ; and the watery-headed baby crooning in a corner God knows where.

We are again in the streets.

"The fluctuations in the silk trade, and consequently, in the condition of the Spitalfields weaver," says our friend, "are sudden and unforeseen ; for they depend upon a variety of uncontrollable causes. Let us take, for example, the past four or five years."

"But does that period afford a fair average of the condition of the trade ? Were not the fluctuations extreme ?"

"They were. In 1846 the price of raw silk was very low. The manufacturers bought all they could, and worked up all they bought. Not a hand was idle, not a loom at rest. Enormous stocks soon accumulated, silk became dearer ; but in May, 1847, there came a sudden stop."

"Was it not then that the last loud cry of distress arose from Spitalfields, and that public meetings were held for finding means of 'redress' ?"

"It was. The stagnation was prolonged by a dispute, in which the silk manufacturers and wholesale dealers were involved with the large retail houses. It got the name of the 'short measure question.' The retailers wanted us to give them thirty-seven inches to every yard. The autumn trade was completely crippled by this discussion ; which did not end till the breaking out of the French Revolution in February 1848. West-end and wholesale buyers rushed over to Paris and Lyons, in regiments, and with unlimited capital. They bought for almost any price they chose to offer. This cut two ways ; although wholesale and retail houses brought home great parcels of manufactured articles,

we also bought raw silk, in France, from fifteen to twenty per cent. below the lowest price I ever knew it. What do you think, sir, of the finest French organzine for a guinea a pound ?"

We answered by an exclamation of vague surprise.

"Such a price as this enabled us to set some of our looms at work for stock, and, during 1849, the French goods being exhausted, ours came in play. Indeed, during that year the British manufacturer was in a position to defy competition."

"The French had not recovered themselves ?"

"Not only that—but we had bought nearly all their raw silk, and they were actually obliged to buy it back from us at advances of from twenty to fifty per cent. ! From that time prices advanced here, and work kept on increasing, so that, during most of last year, Spitalfields was busy."

"A glut of stock has been again the consequence."

"Yes ; and what with that and the advancing price of raw silk,* I have within the last fortnight been compelled to discharge one hundred hands."

Spitalfields, however, has its bright side. As yet machinery has not been taught to turn artist, or to guide the shuttle through the intricate niceties of the Jacquard loom, so as to execute designs. Figured and broadened silks must still be done by hands, and those hands must be skillful.

"Our silks," Mr. Broadelle tells us, "have never been inferior, in quality, to those of our foreign rivals ; but we have always been beaten in taste. In the stolid assiduous painstaking motion of the hand and treadle, the English weaver is unsurpassed ; but he has seldom exercised his fancy. Until lately, therefore, few designs originated in this country. We silk-manufacturers, like the Dramatic Authors' Society, have been content to take our novelties from the French."

"You say, 'until lately.' Has the English manufacturer improved in that respect ?"

"Decidedly. Schools of Design have done something : the encouragement given by masters to those who make available patterns, has done something too ; but the great improver of the English silk trade was the last French revolution."

* The price of "organzine" during the month of March was ;—French, 82s. ; Piedmont, 26s. ; China 22s.

"How?"

"That political disaster brought the manufacturers of France to a dead-lock. During the whole of 1849 the English markets were stocked with the most splendid fashions that ever came into it. As we could not sell a yard of *our* manufacture, we had plenty of leisure to examine the different foreign goods minutely. So rich a variety had never fallen under our observation, and never before had such a flood of light been thrown on the manufactures of our greatest rivals. We profited by it. More important improvements have been effected in the fabric of fancy silk goods since 1848, than were made, down to that time, since the days of Jacquard."

"This shows the value of national intercourse, Mr. Broadelle. Will the Great Exhibition do much service in this way?"

"I have no doubt it will. But, we are now at the door of a figure-weaver; and you will compare this visit with our last."

We knock at the door of a cheerful little house, extremely clean. We are introduced into a little parlor, where a young artist sits at work with crayons and water-colors. He is a student of the School of Design. He is at work on a new pattern for a table-cover. He has learnt to paint in oil. He has painted the portraits of his sisters—and of some one who I suspect is not a sister, but who may be

A nearer one
Yet and a dearer one,

and they decorate the room. He has painted groups of flowers. He shows us one that was in last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He shows us another that he means to finish in good time to send to the next Exhibition. He does these things over and above his regular work. He don't mind work—gets up early. There are cheap casts prettily arranged about the room, and it has a little collection of cheap books of a good sort in it. The intrinsic worth of every simple article of furniture or embellishment is enhanced a hundred-fold (as it always may be) by neatness and order. Is father at home? Yes, and will be glad to see the visitors. Pray walk up!

The young artist shows us the way to the

top of the house, apologizing cheerfully for the ladder-staircase by which we mount at last. In a bright clean room, as pure as soap and water, scrubbing, and fresh air, can make it, we find a sister whose portrait is down stairs—we are able to claim her instantly for the original, to the general satisfaction. We find also, father, who is working at his Jacquard loom, making a pretty pattern of cravat, in blue upon a black ground. He is as cordial, sensible, intelligent a man, as any one would wish to know. He has a reason for everything he says, and everything he does. He is learned in sanitary matters among other necessary knowledge, and says the first thing you have to do, is, to make your place wholesome, or you can't expect to work heartily. Wholesome it is, as his own pleasant face, and the pleasant faces of his children well brought up. He has made various improvements in his loom; he has made an improvement in his daughter's, who works near him, which prevents her having to contract her chest, though she is doing very ordinary work. Industry, contentment, sense, and self-respect are the hopeful characteristics of everything animate and inanimate in this little house. If the veritable summer light were shining, and the veritable summer air were rustling, in it, which the young artist has tried to get into the sketches of green glades from Epping Forest that hang near father's loom, and can be seen by father while he is at work, it could not be more cheering to our hearts, oppressed with what we have left.

I meant to have had a talk with our good friend Mr. Broadelle, respecting a cruel persistence in one inflexible principle which gave the New Poor Law a particular severity in its application to Spitalfields, a few years back, but which I hope may have been amended. Work in the stone-yard was the test of all able-bodied applicants for relief. Now, the weaver's hands are soft and delicate, and *must be so* for his work. No matter. The weaver wanting relief, must work in the stone-yard with the rest. So, the Union blistered his hands before it relieved him, and incapacitated him from doing his work when he could get it.

But let us leave Spitalfields with an agreeable impression, and be thankful that we can.

From the North British Review.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.*

It has been frequently asserted, and that almost from time immemorial, that the common magnet is capable of re-acting upon the nervous system of man. Mesmer attributed all the phenomena of animal magnetism to the efflux and the influx of a subtle fluid, conceived of as specifically localized in the magnet, but radiating also from stars and planets, sun and moon, the earth and the sky, and most effectively of all from the bodies of healthy and viripotent men. Less adventurous medicasters have confined themselves to the power of the magnet proper and to metallic tractors. Partly on account of the somewhat paracelsian character of poor Mesmer, partly because of the bombastic and unenlightened enthusiasm of the vast majority of his disciples, and partly owing to the indeterminate nature of the professed phenomena, men of positive science have generally held aloof from the whole subject. Men of observation, accustomed to the use of telescopes and equatorials, of microscopes and micrometers, barometers and thermometers, thermoscopes and electrosopes, balances and test-glasses, entertain a laudable aversion to the employment of the morbid nerve of exceptional human beings as at once the indicator and the measure of any physical force whatever.

Even physicians, who never have had, and probably never shall attain to anything like physiometrical accuracy of observation in the principal objects of their study, namely in symptoms and cures, have steadily and sternly refused to have anything to do with the magnet and its alleged effects on certain pa-

tients. They have even scouted, abused, condemned, and banned the unfortunate magnet, with that impetuous hatred which is characteristic of the otherwise magnanimous profession;—as if such proceedings could put a summary stop either to its influences or to people's belief in them!

The great obstacle in the way of animal magnetism, in so far as the regulars of science are concerned, is the circumstance that the only known re-agent upon the professed and otherwise undiscoverable force is the exceptional nerve. It is to sensation indeed, that is to say, to touching, tasting, smelling, hearing and seeing nerves, that we owe all those facts, the recording, the classification, the generalization, and the co-ordination of which constitute the whole substance of natural science; but it is to the common or general sensations of the race, not to the exceptional and particular sensations of the individual. It is also the unfailing instinct and practice of positive science to distrust the obscurer senses of touch, taste and smell. It reserves its confidence for those of hearing and sight, the differences and identities of sound and of light being directly perceptible by the ear and the eye. In fact, it may be said that it is always the first effort of the exact sciences to transform the dimmer perceptions of the more deceivable organs into those of sight, the most discursive and accurate of the senses. The mineralogist does not satisfy himself with the intimations of what has been called the muscular sense, or that sense of resistance which is related to the perception of weight, concerning the specific gravity of a stone. He weighs it first in the air, then in water; notes the difference between the two weights; and thence computes its specific heaviness. The chemist does not trust his fingers, or even his lip, for the temperature of his agents and reagents; but invents the thermometer, and reads off his measurements with the eye. It is the same in the sciences of magnetism proper, electricity, and galvanism. Even in the investigation of sound (which is measurable with such exquisite nicety by the ear, as to render the art of mu-

* 1.—*Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Forces.* By KARL, BARON VON REICHENBACH, Ph. Dr. Translated by WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. 1850.
2.—*The Power of the Mind over the Body: an Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Phenomena attributed by Baron Reichenbach to a New Imponderable.* 1846.
3.—*Letters on the Truth contained in Popular Superstitions.* By HERBERT MAYO, M.D., &c. Second Edition. Supplementary Letter. 1851.

sic not only possible, but the very antitype of mathematical proportion), the natural philosopher converts its vibrations into visible things before he will philosophize upon them. In the region of the visible, on the other hand, he trusts as little as possible to the immediate reactions of the eye; but devises micrometers, photoscopes, and what not! The excessive beauty of all this procedure consists neither solely nor mainly in the transmutation of the perceptions of the lower senses into those of the eye, which is "the light of the body," as reason is the light of the soul. He would deem but poorly of this great preliminary device of science who should think so. The true beauty of this primary invention consists in its elevation of the eye itself, from being a mere measure of external phenomena, to the dignity of being a measurer of them; two things as different from one another as a polypus from a man.

It is chiefly in the art of healing that this nobler method of procedure is not realizable as yet. The physician must work as well as he can upon the reported sensations of his patient, the sounds of his stethoscope, and the feelings of his own fingers; enlightening such comparatively vague intimations as reach him in those ways, to the best of his ability, by means of knowledge derived from the scalpel, the microscope, chemical analysis and other instruments of science. Let him be ever so learned in anatomy, organic chemistry, histology, pathology and all other sciences, it is very seldom that he can altogether dispense with the sensations of his patient; that is to say, with the reported reactions of the morbid and exceptional nerve. It might, therefore, have been expected that physicians could have approached the subject of animal magnetism without scientific distress; and that not only because it professes to deal with the miserable body of man, but because its method of inquiry is akin to that of their blessed art. Alien to the habits of the natural philosopher and the chemist, its way of procedure are not altogether foreign to theirs. It is accordingly not so wonderful that men like Elliotson, Esdaile and Engledue, to name no foreign doctors, should have entered this department of doubtful science with the confidence of an honorable scepticism, as it is curious that the vast majority of the profession should have turned their backs upon it with aversion. This is not owing to motives of self-interest or scientific bigotry, but simply to that instinctive craving in the man of science for instrumental observation, which has been deepened in the medical men of the present

day by the grand predominance of the exact sciences. They have failed, perhaps, to remember that the methods of such sciences are not altogether applicable in medicine. They have certainly gone beyond their preceptors; for it is notorious that men of eminence in optics, in chemistry, in natural history, and in physics in general, have shown more interest in the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism than the descendants of Hippocrates and Galen. It will likely be retorted on this assertion that it owes its truth to the fact that the physicist is ignorant of physiology. It may be so. The instinct of the profession may be preserving it from errors. It is even possible that those physicians who have dared to confront this phenomenal imbroglia, are not competent physiologists; for there is nothing more common in society than to meet doctors of medicine who are ignorant, not only of the first principles of physiology, but even of the very first principles of scientific research. But no man on earth can deny that it is the duty of every professed physiologist either to confirm or to confute the laborious and profound convictions of their colleagues in the architecture of science, be their supposed or actual deficiencies what they may:—or else to keep a wise and kindly silence. No other course of conduct is either manly or safe.

The animal magnet, however, has at last found a scientific champion in the person of Karl, Baron von Reichenbach and doctor of philosophy, resident and at work in Castle Reichenberg near Vienna. During the last decade of the century, this eminent personage has satisfied himself that the old story about the power of the magnet over the nervous system of the man is well founded.—Having surrounded himself with a multitude of witnesses to the fact, he has multiplied experiments with rare ingenuity; recorded hundred of results with much fidelity; and constructed a generalization or theory of the whole subject, which is not without its feasibility and beauty. In short, the baronial doctor has either created a new science for posterity, and placed himself among the Copernicuses and Newtons, at least with the Voltas and the Oersteds of the world; or he has built himself as brave a castle in the air as ever was seen. There is, indeed, a third alternative, to borrow an image from Marryat's triangular duel: It is possible that Castle Reichenbach may turn out to be partly real and partly false, founded on facts but reared with unsubstantial inferences, begun in truth and ending in moonshine.

It is just six years since Reichenbach published the first part of his novel researches in two supplementary numbers of *Leibig and Wöhler's Annals of Chemistry*. It is impossible to deny that this experimentalist possesses certain of the qualifications for such an investigation in a very high degree. He had won himself a good name for accuracy and invention by his analyses of tar and of the proximate principles which he discovered to be the components of that fragrant oil. His knowledge of several departments of natural philosophy and history, as well as his active labors in them, had long been acknowledged in the commonwealth of science. It appears that he had earned the distinction of being unquestionably the highest living authority on the natural history of aerolites or meteoric stones. Altogether, he had approved himself a sufficient and reputable master in the great art of scientific observation. There was therefore no wonder that Berzelius, who made a greater number of accurate observations in chemistry than ever was done by any single man in the whole history of that science, should express the opinion that the investigations now under review could not possibly have fallen into better hands. The Swedish chemist had frequently expressed the wish, during the last forty years of his life, that the allegations of the mesmerists concerning the magnet should receive a liberal but searching criticism at the hands of some competent experimentalist; and his hope was fulfilled in the person of his friend the discoverer of creosote. The Baron has also been singularly fortunate in securing the confidence, approbation and discipleship of Professor Gregory, a man quite remarkable for openness of mind in the direction of natural science. Those great qualities and strokes of good fortune, however, have not protected him from much injurious treatment: the insolent silence of neglect; the private and social sneer of many scientific circles, where his name would have been pronounced with vast respect, if he had only not dared to venture on untrodden ground; the open but uncandid criticism; the virulent and unreasoning assault; and even the depreciation of his past labors. It is the world-old tragedy of scientific history. No sooner does a man obey the impulse of conscience, and challenge the foregone conclusions of his age, than the hue and cry is raised against him. It is in vain that he shall lavish his good name, his means, his talents, the blood of his heart, the sweat of his brain, every thing that is his, upon the working out of

the thought by which he has been visited.—One word of scorn, one flippant little word, will defraud him of the only outward reward he values, namely, the sympathy of his brethren. Why, even if the enthusiast were the laborious and generous victim of some coil of error, he would still deserve the love and furtherance of men, for he is at least casting his life into some breach with bravery worthy of a better task; but being the heavy laden, and therefore the slowly-treading, perhaps the staggering bearer of a weighty new truth, from the heart of Nature to the ears of her frivolous children, they ignore, flout, slander, obstruct, and even hate him. The highest and most enduring reward of scientific exploration, conducted in the spirit of the masters and not in that of the hirelings, is not even the finding of truth; it is the finding of new strength, faith deepened in foundation, more capacious love, and hope building higher and higher. Such assuredly, let all critics and criticasters know and inwardly digest, shall be the mellow last-fruits of this protracted and harassing investigation of Reichenbach's, be the residual amount of scientific truth contained in his books what it may.

These researches have been continued with great industry ever since 1844; and the results of his manifold labors in this direction are now before the world in a large octavo volume, composed of two parts. Dr Gregory has lately translated and published it for the use of the British public; a service which is doubtless its own reward. The merits of this remarkable volume are great. The painstaking, conscientious, cautious, ingenious, we had almost said the religious, and certainly the self-possessed enthusiasm with which the experimental clew is followed from turn to turn of the labyrinth, is surpassed by nothing of the same sort in the whole range of contemporary science. The moral qualities of a great explorer are displayed by the author in no common degree, with one exception. It is beneath Von Reichenbach to speak with so much bitterness of spirit against Reymond, his Berlin vituperator, or with such contempt of his young medical opponents in Vienna; although the former is a bully, and the latter are puppies: "He is there sitting, where they durst not soar."—But his too great animosity against these wretched critics is not the exception referred to. It is a want of respect for the convictions of others; the very crime that is perpetrated against himself. His observations relative to ghostly or spiritual apparitions

are little short of insulting to those who believe in such things; and all the more so, that they appeal to the very same kind of evidence as his own discoveries depend upon. Ex cathedra denunciations of other people's beliefs do not become the writer who exclaims against them in his own case. Ghosts are to be disproved or explained away, or else established and reduced to law, by the same methods of criticism as may be applicable to odyllic flames. Then why does he indulge in such wounding contempt for the older school of mesmerism? Its cosmical fluid is as good as his; it is the germ of his one indeed, call it animal magnetism, call it odyle, or call it what he choose. To deface the memory of Mesmer is to disown his own father. Mesmer is the legitimate predecessor of Reichenbach, whether the Baron will or not. It was the doctrine of Mesmer, suggested by a chapter of Van Helmont's, that there radiates from the sun, the moon, the planets, the earth, in short from the whole of nature, a quick and subtle essence, which is not heat, nor light, nor anything else that is known. This secret force was furthermore understood by that speculative physician to be peculiarly resident and concentrated in the common magnet; and partly on that account, partly because the animal nerve was its only known measure or reagent, the fluid itself received the name of animal magnetism.—Let us now see what sort of extension the magnetist of Vienna has given to these ideas.

The germinal fact from which this singular investigation has sprouted and grown, till it has become somewhat of a jungle, it must be confessed, is very simple considered as a fact; but there are many ways of accounting for it, simple as it looks. When good strong magnets, capable of lifting some ten pounds' weight, are carried slowly down the persons (without touching them) of a score of people taken at random, one or more are sure to be affected by the passes (as they are called) in a notable and a somewhat describable manner. Sometimes so many as three or four such sensitives will be found in that number of subjects. Our author knows an institution where eighteen out of twenty-two women are perceptive of the sensations produced by the passes of the magnet. Many people, who enjoy an average degree of good health, seem to feel the influence in question. The higher degrees of sensitivity, however, are shown chiefly by the sickly; folk with weak nerves, the hysteric, the spasmodic, the cataleptic, the epileptic, the paralytic, sleep-walkers, and the insane. As for

the very large number of healthy subjects, who displayed considerable and even remarkable sensitivity in the later of Reichenbach's experiments, it is not to be forgotten that the apparently healthy man may well be the subject of an unhealthy diathesis or habit of body. The tendency to fits, somnambulism, and madness may and does exist in thousands, who never show it to the uninitiated eye:—a thing to be insisted on with all respect for Endlicher the botanist, Schuh the mechanician, Kotschy the traveller, and all the other healthy enough patients of the Baron. The difficulty is to find a family without hereditary morbid dispositions of the constitution; and a considerable, if not a large proportion of those inherited vices must be assigned to the class of nervous disease. This investigation would therefore have been more complete, if the hereditary and acquired predispositions of the so-called healthy patients had been ascertained. It is not a very difficult thing to do; but it is a delicate task, and we must be content without it in this instance. In the meantime, it would be unfair to assume that all the subjects described in the course of those researches are the victims of a neuropathic diathesis, or ill habit of body in the matter of the nervous system. The reader may suspect it, but he cannot prove it. It is our own opinion, we confess; but opinions go for nothing in the sciences of observation and induction. At the same time, it is a point which the candid experimentalist in this department will do well to attend to, for it is an inquiry of some importance.

The sensation produced in the excitable by the magnetic pass is represented as being rather unpleasant than agreeable; and it is associated with a slight feeling either of coldness or of warmth, resembling a cool or else a tepid little breeze passing along the line of traction. They sometimes experience a sense of dragging or pricking in the parts under reaction. Formication or the sleeping of a limb is not an uncommon attendant of these experiments. There are some men in the prime of life who perceive this magnetic influence, but women are decidedly more sensitive. It is sometimes vividly felt by children. The most notable of this whole group of magnetic symptoms is the sensation of cold or of heat.

Starting from this primogenitive and obscure fact, our experimentalist has discovered a multitude of related things. He has found that one pole of the magnet produces the sensation of coolness, the other that of warmth.

That single crystals of all sorts of chemical substances, especially when very large and perfect, work the same effects as the magnet. That one pole of the crystalline axis produces coolness, the other warmth. That crystals possessed of more than one axis are also endowed with more than two poles of animal magnetic action; how many axes so many poles. That chemical action is also animal-magnetic; some reactions producing the cool, others the warm sensation, in the sensitive. That light is animal-magnetic precisely in the same way; the light of the sun and sun-stars being cool, that of the moon and planets or moon-stars being warm. That heat, electricity, and galvanism are all capable of giving rise to the animal-magnetic phenomena. That the body of man is peculiarly potent in this way; whence the manipulations or hand-passes of Mesmer and his disciples. That one side of the body produces the cool, the other the warm sensation, in the sensitive. That, in fine, everything in nature, crystalline or uncrystalline, magnetic, chemically active, luminous, cold or hot, dead or living, is capable of yielding similar results: a fact amazingly and suspiciously broad and general.

These things are known only through the reports of subject patients of course; but Reichenbach adduces the testimony of some sixty people, of both sexes, of all ranks, of all degrees of sensitivity, some of them men of science, two or three of them members of the medical profession; and the unvarying agreement of such a number of intelligent people had better not be set too easily aside. Anything like imposture is wholly out of the question. The simplicity, the purity, the precaution, the ingenuity with which some of the experiments were made, cannot be too much admired; as shall be found when we come to the discussion of the second great fact in the investigation, namely the perception by the sensitives of the odylic lights, as they are called. In the meantime, we accept and believe the fact of the animal-magnetic sensations of cold and heat, as evoked in the sensitives of our investigator by magnets, crystals, chemical mixtures, light, heat, electricity, and everything else.

Before proceeding to the theory of this broad fact, however, let us clearly understand what it is as a fact. The sensation produced is not an actual and ordinary sensation of heat or cold, of course. No thermometer, no thermoscope, detects the slightest change of temperature. In a section devoted to the consideration of the difference between the agent of these phenomena (as well as others)

and heat, the author is perfectly aware of this. Heat sometimes produces the cold animal-magnetic feeling. The warm radiance of the sun flashing upon a broad metallic plate sends the cool breeze through a long wire to a sensitive in an isolated chamber. In short, this animal-magnetic coolness or warmth is not real in one sense of the word; that is to say, it is the image of no object. It corresponds with no phenomenon of temperature. It is not a sensation proper; it is a mere quasi-sensation. It is a sensuous illusion. The magnet or the crystal appears to act upon the nerve of the subject in some yet occult way; and one of the effects of that action is the perception of a pseudo-sensation of heat or cold. That pseudo-sensation is a mere spectral illusion at the very best. Reichenbach knows this. He has even expressed it; but it does appear to the critical student of his work that he does not lay enough stress upon it, perhaps even that it does not seem to have pronounced itself with sufficient emphasis to his mind. He should have iterated and reiterated it all through the book. Neither the writer nor the reader could have held it too constantly and inexorably in view, "for thereby hangs a tale."

So much for the facts themselves; and now for the theory of them. It has just been said that the animal magnet (whether a common magnet, a man's hand, or a crystal) appears to stir, agitate, commove, or act upon the nerve of the sensitive in some yet wholly occult manner; and that one of the effects of that action, one of them, is the perception of a quasi-sensation of heat or of cold in such nerve or nerves. But there are two to a bargain; and even this small amount of claim for the power of the animal magnet is open to reasonable question. Mr. Braid, the hypnotist, and also the most searching of the experimental critics of mesmerism, has published a counter-statement. He asserts the principle that the instrument employed, whichever of all the so-called animal-magnets it may be, has nothing to do with the sensations in question; nothing, that is to say, in the way of direct causation. He can produce precisely similar sensations in certain sorts of people both with and without such an instrument. He takes a patient's hand, lays it on the table with the palm upwards, makes passes from the wrist down the fingers, and the subject soon begins to feel cold or warm, as the case may be, under the lines of passage. He then bids the patient turn away her head, and making believe

that he is repeating the experiment, asks her what she feels; and she experiences the very same sensations as before, although no passes are being made. In short, he provokes the same sort of sensations as are described by Von Reichenbach, without the same instrumentation. He has only by word or sign to excite the expectation of the occurrence of such sensations in the patient's mind. Dr. Holland has shown at large how the direction of the expectant attention to any organ or part of the body excites actions in that part.* The mesmerist or hypnotist, as Braid prefers to call him, is also well aware that he can present any image he chooses to his patient, by a word or a hint. It is therefore very natural for Mr. Braid to conclude that the Viennese patients experienced all those sensations, or rather quasi-sensations, merely because they more or less obscurely expected them; in other words, that they directed their expectant attention to the parts apparently operated upon, and the sensations ensued. The uniformity in character of these quasi-sensations is no objection to this view, for the uniformity in character of all spectral illusions is one of the most noticeable of things about them. There is a law or unity of procedure in the phenomena of disease, quite as clearly displayed as in those of health.

Yet the conclusion of Mr. Braid is not obligatory. The same effect may be produced by two different causes. A man may perceive the image of a tree, because the radiance of a veritable tree paints it on his retina; but he may also perceive the image of a tree because his nervous system is disordered, and a tree of conception is thereby intensified into a tree of quasi-sensation. The perception is the same in both these cases. A hypnotic patient may see a book, because a book is placed before her, or she may see a book because an experimentalist tells her his glove is one. Mr. Braid has failed to perceive this alternative, and his inference is therefore defective. His experiments may be good and true, but so may those of Reichenbach. His effects may have been produced by suggestion, Reichenbach's by objects. Similar as they are, and diverse as are their respective causes, they do not contradict one another. For our part, we accept them both. Braid's cases seem to be unexceptionable; but it is not easy to read the elaborate and orderly statement of the

German naturalist, to consider the number and character of his subjects, to observe the precautions taken against any thing like suggestion, to notice the continual congruity of the descriptions given by the patients, to see the checks upon coincidence and unintentional collusion which occurred at every turn of the inquiry, without yielding to the conviction that the phenomena, obscure and indirect as they are, were the effects of an outward physical cause. That physical cause or force is not magnetism, for a crystal is as productive of the effects as a magnet, and a crystal is not magnetic. It is not crystalism, if the reader will tolerate a bad new word for once, for amorphous or uncrystallized matter is also effective in this way. It is not light; it is not heat; it is not electricity; neither is it chemical affinity, nor gravitation, nor any thing peculiar to organization. It is nothing that we know otherwise than in and by those new observations. The author of the investigation under review considers it to be a distinct and universally diffused force, the common accompaniment of all those better known cosmical powers. In compliance with an old and established method in physical science, he refers the phenomena to the external agency of a new imponderable fluid, analogous to, yet differing from caloric and its congeners, which he christens by the name of *odyle*; a word perfectly synonymous with animal magnetism. Before proceeding to the criticism of the ingenious baron's views of the natural history and physiological scope of this cosmical force, it is necessary to examine another series of his experimental observations.

The animal-magnetists have been proclaiming, during the progress of more than half a century, how the more susceptible of their patients declare that they see rings and haloes of light playing round the heads of their magnetizers, or such as are placed *en rapport* with them; strings of light passing towards them from those by whom they are being swayed; lambent glowings of light investing those to whom they are drawn by sympathy; "glowings, glowings everywhere, but ne'er a ray to see by," to paraphrase a memorable distich of the Anciente Marinere. Without express reference to these allegations, but guided by some dim conjecture concerning the nature of the northern and southern lights or auroras, our experimentalist requested the father of one of his earliest and most sensitive patients to place a powerful horse-shoe magnet before her during the night. She immediately per-

* *Medical Notes and Observations*; a truly admirable book of facts and thoughts.

ceived nebulous lights or flames flickering upwards from the poles of the instrument. This was the beginning of a long run of singular experiments of the same kind. All sorts of patients were found to see similar lights; odyllic flames, odyllic threads, odyllic vapors. Some saw them rising from the same magnet to different heights and of different colors. They saw them playing round the poles of crystals, emanating from finger-tips and lips, rising in fact from everything. They saw them not knowing they were to see them. Their descriptions did not jar with one another. Cataleptic girls, people of good culture, men of science agreed in their reports. In one instance the flames from a very powerful magnetic pole were some ten inches high. Chemical action, sunlight, &c. all sent such flames through wires in such a manner that a patient, confined in a pitch-dark chamber, saw them issuing from and playing around the extremities of the wires, introduced through the luted key-hole. A little globe or *terrelette*, with a good straight magnet in its interior, as an axis with its pair of poles, suspended from the ceiling of a dark room, gave a mimic semblance of the earth and its auroral lights to the sensitive. In short, not only the old-world stories about corpse-candles and ghosts hovering over graves, but the phenomenon of the aurora, are at length explained—to the satisfaction of this experimentalist.

Now apart from Mr. Braid's finding that precisely such lights are perceived by exceptional people under the influence of suggestion and expectant attention, and accepting the amazingly congruous perceptions of Reichenbach's sensitives as the effects of an external physical cause operative in magnets, metals, crystals, planets, suns, plants and animals, there is an all-important remark to be made concerning them on the very threshold of his theory. It is this: the sensations of coolness and warmth, as produced indirectly by the same agents, are not correspondent with external phenomena of temperature. He has said so himself. They are real as perceptions, not as sensations; they are tactual illusions. By a parity of reasoning, these perceptions of light are not real as sensations; they are real only as perceptions. They are not correspondent with external phenomena of light. They are the parallels, the analogons of the quasi-sensations of coolness and warmth. They are optical illusions. A fact must be judged by its peers; and, if the sensations of heat and cold produced by

a magnet or a crystal are only quasi-sensations or spectres, then the sensations of red and blue produced by a crystal or a magnet are only spectres and quasi-sensations too. This at once explains how one sensitive should see the flames three inches, and another see them ten inches high, though issuing from the same pole of the same magnet; for when a dim-sighted person sees an illuminated disc, he does not see it as of half the size it presents to the eye of one who sees twice as well, but of half the degree of illumination. It explains how "even Bollmann," as Reichenbach frequently says of his one blind patient, should perceive the odyllic lights just like another. In fine, it explains all the little discrepancies between the reports of the sensitives, while it does not contravene the remarkable amount of similarity or identity of these reports; for spectral illusions (whether arising wholly within the nervous system, as in *delirium tremens*, or drawing one of their origins from without, as in these memorable experiments) are the orderly exponents of law, just as truly as any other natural phenomena. But this view also excludes and rejects the Reichenbachian hypothesis of the aurora, unless the hypothetist is prepared to defend the still more novel proposition that the aurora is an optical illusion, quite as visible "even to Bollmann," as to those who have eyes! In truth, even if we reciprocated his belief concerning the common reality of his odyllic radiance, we should deeply regret that he should have ventured to leap the gulf which separates the sheen of magnets and crystals, perceptible only by the exceptional, from the classical and published glories of the polar light. But we do not reciprocate that belief. On the other hand, we entreat his disciples to take notice that parity of reasoning, just analogy, and the right rule of induction compel the critical mind to place the odyllic lights on the same level with the odyllic heats and colds; which latter the discoverer himself perceives and states, but without precision, to be illusory as sensations, though real and constant as perceptions.

I have said nothing about Reichenbach's attempt to furnish something like a physical proof of the optical nature of the odyllic flames, threads and smokes; and that simply because it is utterly unsatisfactory. His friend Carl Schuh, an expert heliographist, shut up a prepared silver plate, with a magnet before it, in a dark box; and another without a magnet, in a dark drawer. After

some hours, the former was found, by exposure to mercurial vapor, to be affected by light; the later not; "but the difference was not very great." Why were the plates not in exactly similar dark boxes or drawers? "A dark box" and "a dark drawer" are worth nothing whatever in an experiment so infinitely dainty as this. Schuh next placed the magnet over against a plate, within a box wrapped in thick bedding; and after sixty-four hours, the plate, on exposure to the vapor of quicksilver in the dark, showed the effect of light over its whole surface. Why were not two plates, one with, and the other without a magnet, and in equally dark boxes of course, employed in this experiment? And why was this most legitimate and comfortable species of experimentation not prosecuted any farther? Certainly these two poor experiments prove nothing. The experiment with two plates lasts a few hours; the experiment with only one, and therefore without a check, lasts sixty-four: the check, in the former, was rendered null by want of care about the box and the drawer; and there was no check provided in the later. The experiments of Mr. Braid are much better.

They were made with nine plates, prepared by Mr. Akers of the Manchester Photographic Gallery, a man professionally engaged in daguerreotypic experiments, and therefore quite as likely to be an adept as Herr Schuh. Three of the plates were exposed to the action of a powerful horse-shoe (originally able to lift eighty pounds, but somewhat reduced by use), in seclusion from light. Other three were treated precisely in the same manner, only two sheets of black paper were placed between the magnet and the plates, so as to intercept the real or supposed radiance of its poles. A seventh plate was confined in a box at a distance from the magnet. They were all kept in these several circumstances from sixty-six to seventy-four hours; but in no instance was there any appearance of the photographic action of light, the only changes being such chemical modifications of the surfaces, "as generally arise from keeping prepared plates for some time before exposing them to mercury."

Now it is to be noticed that these are three positive results. Those of Schuh, such as they were, were at the best only negative ones. In his two experiments, it is not the least impossible but that common light reached the plates; and it does not appear that he was on his guard against those chemical changes which "generally arise from keeping prepared plates for some time."

But in the experiments of Braid and Akers, metallic sensitives were positively and indubitably submitted to the prolonged action of a powerful magnetic force, but no photographic effects ensued. This is the positive observation, not that; although at first sight it seems to be the reverse. In every point of view, in fact, the experiments of the Manchester surgeon are greatly superior to those of the Viennese authority on meteoric stones; and they settle this part of the question in the meantime. It is, of course, quite possible that Reichenbach, or some other experimentalist, may yet adduce photometrical evidence so luminous as to throw all objections and objectors into perpetual shade; and therefore let us all be prepared to give it a scrutinizing, but a hearty welcome.

But Reichenbach made another experiment with a lens; an experiment, however, not a whit more physical and positive because of the use of an optical instrument. It had an opening of about eight inches, a focal distance of about $12\frac{1}{4}$ for a candle at 59. In a dark room he placed the magnet, whose flame was $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches high to Mad'le Reichel, the subject of this experiment, behind the lens, at a distance of about 25 inches, directing the axis towards a wall, to which he called the attention of the patient. It was found necessary to withdraw the lens gradually to the distance of 54 inches from the wall, during which process, Reichel saw "the image" constantly diminishing, till it had shrunk from $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches to the size of a lentil. She placed her finger on the place where she saw the focal image; the experimenter felt for her hand, and placed his own finger on the spot. He then desired an assistant who held the lens, to shift its direction without saying how. The girl instantly pointed out another spot. The observer felt for it, placing his finger on it, and desiring the assistant to tell him in what direction the lens had been moved. His finger, he says, was always found to have been placed in the direction indicated; whether to the right or to the left, upwards or downwards. This experiment was subsequently repeated with a very large lens, made at Paris on purpose, upon a great number of sensitives with similar results; and those results are doubtless all true as facts.

Yet they are quite unsatisfactory as bearing on the point now at issue. Nobody who is conversant with medical psychology, or knows anything of the phenomena of spontaneous somnambulism, or is aware of the power of direct or indirect suggestion over

mesmeric patients, even over highly educated men apparently quite self-conscious, can attach any value to them. The more intelligent the sensitive, the worse; for he will just understand the suggestions of the apparatus and the experiments all the better, and expectant attention will have all the fuller swing. Moreover, if a sensitive sees such lights emanating from the magnetic poles, and from her own person, and from the experimenters, and from the lens, and from everything else, as are described in other parts of this piece of research, why, the dark chamber can hardly be dark to her. Lastly, "right and left, up and down," and all such vague indications are surely far below the mark of scientific accuracy, as it is practiced and demanded in these days. But here appears the avenging Nemesis of Reichenbach's contempt for the older mesmerists. If he had studied their works, he could neither have made nor published this set of his experiments. Braid the hypnotist would more especially have furnished him with both facts and thoughts for his guidance. Dr. Holland, who is neither hypnotist nor mesmerist, would have put him on his guard against the effects of expectant attention on certain exceptional nervous systems. In fine, our otherwise accomplished investigator would have been all the better for a little more knowledge of the physiology and the pathology of the cerebro-spinal axis, considered as the instrument of the mind, and a little less knowledge of meteors. At all events, these experiments with the lenses will carry conviction into the judgment of neither physicist nor physiologist, especially if he be cognizant of the phenomena to be evoked in the mesmerized nervous system by a word, by a sign, by absolutely next to nothing; and still more especially, if he have seen how perfectly self-conscious the possessor of such a nervous system may appear to be, even when seeing water become white, a handkerchief turning into paper, and so forth. If Baron von Reichenbach were to intermit his experimentations in this department for a year or two, as being dazzled and bewildered by the strange things he has seen with the astonished eye of his mind; and if he were to occupy the interval with the study of the phenomena of morbid psychology as shown in the sleepwalking, mesmeric, and partially hypnotic states, the second edition of this great work of his would probably be as superior to the first, in all the qualities of scientific and literary organization, as a psyche to

its chrysalis, or the chrysalis to its original worm.

It is unnecessary to say anything concerning this author's observation, that a cataleptic limb frequently follows a magnet or an operator's hand, as if it were attracted by them; for it has often been as well made and better stated. It is astonishing that, knowing as he does, that there is no mutual attraction between the magnet and the cataleptic limb, he should not have defined it as an irresistible following of the removed magnet on the part of the limb. This phenomenon in fact, considered as a phenomenon of motion, is altogether subjective in the patient. According to our experimentalist himself, a magnet suspended from one end of a beam and balanced by weights at the other, never moved when a cataleptic hand was tending towards it with much force, was allowed to approach close to it, and was hindered from touching and clinging to it only by the stronger arm of the operator. The magnet does not draw the hand, but the hand seeks toward the magnet; and the experimenter's fist or a large crystal is as good as a magnet.

As for the facts recorded concerning the discomfort experienced by some sensitives from lying in any direction but that of the magnetic meridian, with their heads northwards and their feet southwards; they are very curious and important; but they still retain all the characters of isolated and unexplained facts to our mind. If they be referable to any animal-magnetic or other physical law, one should expect to find it hinted, if not strongly set forth in the instinctive habits of the living world: but the author frankly confesses there is no such indication in the common history of nature. Since Faraday has proved that the body of man is a diamagnetic, in all its parts and as a whole, the direction of east and west should be the most suitable for repose, always supposing the magnetism of the earth is strong enough to act upon a sleeping animal at all. This is also the proper place to mention that Reichenbach appears to suppose that his odyle and the London discoverer's diamagnetism are one and the same thing. Dr. Herbert Mayo understands him to say so. Inasmuch as we cannot understand the meaning of this claim, opinion, conjecture or scientific hope, we cannot criticise it. North and south, and east and west, longitude and latitude, are certainly at right angles to one another!—But it is clear that we do not comprehend the meteorologist's ideas on this

point, so that it will be better to proceed at once to the criticism of his doctrine of *odyle*.

Carefully remembering then that the heats, colds, and luminosities of this whole investigation do not correspond with any real external phenomena of temperature and light; yet allowing that the perception of them as quasi-sensations or sensuous illusions is initiated by some occult action on the exceptional nerve, it remains to be considered what the agent of that action is in itself. It is resident in everything that is material; it is more potent in matter that is more active, in crystals, in light, in chemical mixtures, in magnets, in the living body; it is peculiarly energetic in mighty magnets, and in a kind of mighty men. Wherever there is more than ordinary atomic activity, or wherever the sum of that activity in a single form is made to drive in one direction by polarity, as in the magnet and the crystal, there this obscure action upon the exceptional nerve, this *cœnæsthesia*,* as Feuchterleben the great medical psychologist would have called it, is more than ordinarily made manifest. Of its *cœnæsthetic* effects we know absolutely nothing, except in and by means of the sensuous illusions it gives rise to in some roundabout manner, of which also we know nothing. Now all nature is quick with motion, all nature throbs and thrills, all nature is phenomenal. Suns blaze and rotate, planets rotate and revolve, atoms never rest. The coldest stone is as full of movements, actions, and reactions as the milky way. How much more intense the interior phenomena of a regular crystal with its pointing axis and poles, an energetic magnet, a plate of metal with the sun flashing on it, the chemical bucket, an ever-unfolding tree, the body of a breathing man! Every footfall is propagated through the universe. Did it descend on the snows of Siberia, it would penetrate to Peru in a trice, and pass on for ever. It would institute motions in every nerve in Christendom. Suppose that instead of a footstep it were an earthquake, is it not very easily conceivable that the exceptional nerve should be obscurely sensitive of the shock, not so as to recognize it for an earthquake or a shock, but so as to fashion forth for itself a sensuous illusion pointing to the north-east, a flash of light or a glow of heat? In a precisely similar manner do we think that the ordinary atomic energies, which are common to all animal magnets, are quite

competent to the commoving of the exceptional nerve in such a manner as to yield spectral glows and coolings, lights and shades, however vivid these may be to the perception of the unfortunate subjects. The inward stir, the wondrous and incalculable inward stir that is ceaselessly going on within the body of the so-called animal magnet, excites an inward stir within the substance of the exceptional nerve, and that stir bodies itself forth through the said exceptional nerve to its percipient owner as a cool aura, a warm breeze, a luminous flame, a thread of light, a phosphorescent vapor:—or what not! In other words, the common nerve of man is reactive on the whole of nature; especially on the more energizing forms of nature, the magnet and so forth, but not in the way of sensation, or anything that simulates the nature of sensation: whereas the exceptional nerve is all the more reactive on those highly energetic natural forms, but that not in the way of direct sensation either, only in the way of indirect quasi-sensations or sensuous illusions of remarkable regularity of character. This simple view of the matter explains everything connected with the subject; the peculiar action of peculiar substances or classes of substance, idiosyncratic aversions to certain forms of matter, nervous sympathies and antipathies, and so forth. Now it is the general rule of the inductive hypothesis, that the investigator invent nothing new if possible; it is the second, that he adduce the minimum of causation for the maximum of effect; and it is the third that he proceed from the known to the unknown. It is humbly submitted that the doctrine now explained fulfils these conditions.

Reichenbach, however, has devised and promulgated quite another doctrine, which seems to comply with only the last of these rules. He refers the *cœnæsthetic* effects under discussion to the agency of a new imponderable or dynamide. This new fluid or force is distinguished from caloric, electricity, magnetism, and their congeners, by the name of *odyle*. Apart from hypercriticism of the notions commonly entertained concerning the nature of the so-called imponderables or dynamides in general, and allowing the usefulness of such language as corresponds with these notions in the meantime, we can only say that we do not see the necessity or convenience of creating this new sort of matter or material power; and those who have followed our strictures on the facts of the case with their approval will assuredly say the same. We acknowledge neither the thing

* Hidden, secret, latent, or dark sensation.

nor the name. The former is *non-inventum* and unnecessary; and the latter is as odd as it is ill compounded.* They are both of them intellectual illusions in our opinion, struck out of the investigator by his observations:—*et praterea nihil*.

The author indeed endeavors to substantiate his odyle by investing it with a show of popularity, and setting it forth in all the algebraical and Arabian dignity of plus and minus, and dressing it out in the point-lace of positive and negative,—thesis, midpoint, and antithesis. This part of his researches appears to be a signal failure. Heat and cold are not polar opposites; the latter is the negative of the former in a very different sense from that in which the chloroid pole of a galvanic battery is negative to the zincoid one. They are not anode and cathode, they are not positive and negative, two yet one, opposites not different, in the physical sense of these terms. Neither are light and darkness; still less are red and blue. Yet the only indication to be found in our author's experiments, that his (invented) odyle is bipolar in its manifestations, is the fact that heat and cold, red and blue, are produced as quasi-sensations in the exceptional nerve by the actions respectively of the poles of a magnet, the poles of a crystal, sun and planet, right and left of the human body, oxygenoid and potassoid bodies, and so forth. That the opposite poles of a magnet (and so forth throughout the list) should produce different conæsthetic effects is what might be expected. It tallies with all experience. But these effects, coolness and warmth, do not stand in polar opposition to one another after all! Moreover, the experimentalist should have remembered that his sole reagent, namely the cerebro-spinal axis of a sensitive, is confessedly and notoriously a bipolar instrument. It is therefore our distinct opinion that the very superficial semblance of bipolarity, observable in the conæsthetic effects of crystals and other animal magnets, are derived partly from the polar relations of the agents, and partly from the manifestly bipolar constitution of the nervous systems of the reagents, from Reichel and Nowotny up to Endlicher and Kotachy, to say nothing of the duality of the cerebro-spinal axis of the observer himself. At all

events, the inherence of bipolarity in a force so dimly and remotely hinted by experiment as this, even supposing it to be nothing less than a new cosmical power, must be established on incomparably more outward and positive grounds than the quasi-sensational reports of exceptional women and men.

Such is a candid criticism of this singular piece of work from the point-of-view of a positive, that is to say, an inductive methodology; and we trust it has been expressed with good nature and respect. In case any reader, going along with the experimentalist in all his judgments, should think some of our phraseology is touched with the spirit of levity and some of it too caustic, we beg to repeat the assurance of a profound regard for the accomplishments, the ability, and the courage of the inventor of odyle. It is confessedly a miserable thing to think that a laborious and self-denying man shall spend years of toil in working out a difficult subject, only to be criticised by people sitting at their ease in their studies; and we should feel our present task to have been ungracious in its very nature, and even somewhat insolent in its performance, if we did not heartily desire, and now strongly express the wish, that everybody who has perused this commentary should also read the book commented on. Nor is it possible for the student of positive science to forget that, although an experimental subject may be open enough to critical objection in its earlier stages of development, another day's work or a single new experiment on the part of the explorer may cover the handleless critic with confusion of face. Talk is nothing to work; and speculation is less than nothing to fact. The only thing that becomes men like our present experimenter is to tread right forward; coolly, firmly, slowly, and surely. In some propitious hour he may discover a purely physical reagent upon odyle; and thereby not only silence the conscientious critic, who will rejoice to hold his peace; but also bring to open shame that curse of science, the man that "sits in the chair of the scorner."

Nor must the reader whose bad passions may perhaps have been gratified by the body, if not by the spirit of this critique, conclude that little or nothing remains in the book after such large deductions as have just been made. Very far from that. Supposing the author and his disciples ready to grant that the odylic lights are as spectral as the odylic heats and colds, that the existence of odyle is the most questionable thesis in all the literature of experimental science, and in fine,

* Men of science are sometimes, if not generally, but indifferent hands at the making of words. Chloroform has been dubbed an anæsthetic agent! An anæsthetic is an insensible; but chloroform is neither sensible nor insensible; it only renders its inhaler insensible.

that every one of our objections is founded, there would still remain a massive body of new matter. So extensive, orderly and authentic a narrative of sensuous illusions is an invaluable contribution to the science of medical psychology. But that is not all; for this investigator has established the proposition, that the whole of nature is reactive on the nervous system of man, on a breadth of basis which cannot be shaken; there being no matter, considering the thing as a discovery of fact, whether that influence be exerted through the medium of a new dynamide, or by the propagations of the well-known cosmical powers of matter. The idea of this proposition is as old as the doctrine of the macrocosm and the microcosm; it entered into the conceptions of astrology; it was a favorite with the Rosicrucians; it was a grand point with Paracelsus; it began to shape itself into a distinct hypothesis within the mind of the elder Van Helmont; it at length derived a local habitation and a name from Mesmer; and the affirmation of that unfortunate physician has now received immovable confirmation from the careful observations of Baron von Reichenbach. This will, of course, be understood to be said only of the bare and simple proposition stated above; because, as for the hypothetical entities entitled animal magnetism or odyle, whether singular like caloric or dual like electricity, we reject it and its attendant speculations altogether:—until such not impossible evidence of its individual activity be discovered and brought forward, as no experimentalist shall be able to withstand.

It has just been remarked, in the second last paragraph, that the discovery of some purely physical reagent upon the (so-called) animal-magnetic or odylic fluid would settle the question for ever. Such an instrument, or rather something professing to be such an odylometrical apparatus, has actually been found out and offered to the world of science since the present year began; and it therefore behoves us to examine its claims with impartiality and rigor.

Dr. Herbert Mayo was once well known in this country as an anatomist. Certain observations on the brain gained him a distinct reputation; and he lectured in University College, London, for some time, with acceptance. Of late years, however, unfortunately for advancing science, this distinguished physician has been invalidated at Boppard, on the Rhine. Completely crippled by his malady, he presides over an establishment for the water-cure, and beguiles the

day with literary and scientific pursuits. Among other things, he has written and published, from his sad retreat, a series of letters on the truths contained in popular superstitions. These interesting and open-minded epistles have lately reached a second edition.

It appears that the ingenuous doctor has become acquainted, in the course of his multifarious reading, with the experimental researches and the inferences of our friend the Baron von Reichenbach; and, indeed, accorded them his cordial and unreserved belief and consent. So lately as the very last evening of 1850, he was introduced by a mathematical proficient, of the name of Caspari, to the mystery of that antique geomantic toy, the divining ring. After an hour or two's tuition in the higher mathematics, for this English invalid is too accomplished to be ashamed of being a scholar, the pupil and his teacher entered into a desultory chat about the divining rod and Von Reichenbach's book on odyle. The upshot of their gossip was as follows. Caspari had something to tell as well as Mayo; and, what was still better, he had something to show. He wanted nothing but a piece of silver, a gold ring, and a thread of silk for his experiment. Having tied the ring to one end of the thread, he held the other in his hand in such a manner that the ring hung right over a silver spoon upon the table. The ring was not allowed to touch the spoon: it was suspended half an inch above it. It soon shaped its first vagabond movements into regular oscillations, passing from and towards the body of the geomancer; and it was at once evident to the valetudinary Englishman that this longitudinal vibration must be akin to the motion of the still more venerable divining rod itself. But this was far from being the terminus of his inferential career; for a maid was summoned to the thaumaturgical chamber, and she was desired to place her hand in that of Caspari, which was free. No sooner had she done so, than the oscillations of the hanging ring became transverse; they went at right angles to their former direction; they passed from left to right across the person of the mathematician, instead of to and from him. In other words, to quote the too rapid and resistless conclusion of the old anatomist, "an od-current had been established between the two experimenters, and the apparent influence of the two metals on each other had been modified."

Without stopping to question this sudden

connection of the swingings of his gold ring with the Reichenbachian talisman called *odyle*, Dr. Mayo plunged into the investigation of this new department of *odylic science*. He multiplied experiments, making as many as thirty supposed to be worthy of publication. For gold he substituted silver, lead, zinc, iron, copper, coal, bone, horn, dry wood, charcoal, cinder, glass, soap, wax, sealing-wax, shell-lac, brimstone, and earthenware; and he called a lengthy little chip of any of these substances, when hanging by a silk thread, an *odometer*,—thereby advancing a considerable way in his novel researches! In place of the silver spoon, he tried gold, glass, and other kinds of matter; and these he denominated *od-subjects*,—an eccentric enough procedure in inductive inquiry, but carrying the mind another step forward in the investigation of this foregone conclusion. For two or three days the *odometers* would not move over the *od-subjects* with anything like lawful regularity, but perseverance gained its legitimate reward. They began and continued to vibrate, and sometimes to rotate, with the most exemplary certainty. In ten days, Caspari and his disciple “succeeded in disentangling the confused results which attended their first experiments.” The literary doctor wrote down thirty observations of how *odometers* moved longitudinally, transversely, obliquely, round and round, according to their own inherent natures, to those of the *od-subjects* over which they were held, to the relative positions of these to those, to the relation of the operator with a person of the opposite sex, and so forth over several otherwise valuable sheets of writing-paper. Zealous of good works, he swiftly embodied his discoveries in a posthumous letter, to be printed for Blackwood and Sons, and circulated among the possessors of his book.

It is worth while to consider this seminal experiment a little: for it is the germ from which the aforesaid thirtyfold structure has developed itself, after the morphological fashion in botany, that of self-repetition; in the present instance, however, the clumsy and uninventive self-repetition of the cactus. The first thing that puzzles the simple-minded reader is the difficulty of understanding how, according to the instantaneous perception of Dr. Mayo, the residence of *odyle* in the ring and spoon, even in the state of polar opposition, or the passage of *odyle* from the experimenter down the thread, or its leaping the half-inch gulf between the gold ring and the silver spoon, or the *odylic*

disturbance produced by the maid’s laying her hand in Caspari’s free one, should any or all of them produce mechanical motions of either one sort or another. There are only two directions of mechanical force that we know of, attraction and repulsion. Did the ring draw towards the spoon, it would stand stock still; all the stiller, in fact, for this supposed *odylic* attraction, superinduced upon the common downdraught of gravitation. Did they repel one another, their mutual repulsion would be in right and not in oblique antagonism to the attraction of gravity, and continued repose is the only conceivable resolution of two such forces. Besides, Reichenbach has not adduced a single effect of mechanical movement as produced by his supposed new dynamide: and he certainly never dreamed of such an eccentric development of the idea of motive force, as shot up within the mind of the English resident at Boppard, under the sight of the mathematical teacher from the gymnasium and his ring; and that in less than a night, like the *bovista giganteum* in a loose, light, and damp soil, under the spectral touch of the moon!

The phantasmagorical nature of his initiative idea, however, did not diminish the ardor with which the friend of *odyle* pursued his experiments; it rather acted as a stimulant to his enthusiasm. And it cannot be denied that experiments may be good and sufficient, even when the hypothesis from which they are studied is as incongruous as a dyspeptic’s dream. A gold ring, with a plain stone, was his first *odometer*, but he eventually had recourse to an inch of shellac, broader below and lancet-shaped throughout; hanging the thread over the first joint of one of his forefingers for the most part.

Then here are the results:—

I. *Odometer* (we will suppose armed with shellac), held over three sovereigns heaped loosely together to form the *od-subject*; the *odometer* suspended from the forefinger of a person of either sex. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations.

II. Let the experimenter, continuing experiment I., take, with his or her unengaged hand, the hand of a person of the opposite sex. *Result*—Transverse oscillations of the *odometer*.

III. Then, the experiment being continued, let a person of the sex of the experimenter, take and hold the unengaged hand of the second party. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations of the *odometer*.

IV. Repeat experiment I., and, the longi-

tudinal oscillations being established, touch the forefinger which is engaged with the odometer, with the forefinger of your other hand. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

V. Repeat experiment I., and, the longitudinal oscillations being established, bring the thumb of the same hand into contact with the finger implicated in the odometer. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

VI. Then, continuing experiment V., let a person of the same sex take, and hold your unengaged hand. *Result*—The oscillations become again longitudinal.

VII. Experiment I. being repeated, take and hold in your disengaged hand, two or three sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

VIII. Continuing experiment VII., let a person of the same sex take, and hold your hand which holds the sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become longitudinal.

And so on through other twenty-two experiments; the last three being made with a glass odometer.

He can vouch for being able to reproduce, unflinching, the recorded results of only the first twenty-seven experiments however. He had been in doubt as to the genuineness of the whole hypothesis of them in fact; they were so contradictory and capricious for some days. But the interest of these experiments is now very considerable, he says. They seem to him to contribute a mass of objective and physical evidence in favor of the subjective results of Reichenbach's experiments, and add something to the cumulative demonstration that there exists some such universal force as odyle. "And such a universal force," exclaims this disciple, more generous than his master, "what other can we deem it to be than the long vilipended influence of Mesmer, rendered bright, and transparent, and palatable, by passing through the filter of science?"

It is quite possible, beforehand, that these thirty experiments may be as genuine in their essence, as they are undoubtedly true in the report of them; and, before criticising them, we shall relate other three experiments of our own.

I. Being men of firm nerves, and perfectly self-possessed in so far as the body is concerned, having never suffered from any neuropathic disease in our lives; always having failed in getting hypnotized or mesmerized, though ever so willing; not to be swayed by the suggestion of circumstances or of other folk; but strongly mesmeric, if there be such

a quality, we repeated Caspary and Mayo's preliminary experiment. We hung a good gold ring from the first joint of our right forefinger, by a white silk thread, over a silver spoon; holding the so-called odometer half an inch apart from the odyle subject. After its first vague movements were brought to rest, the ring stood still; it never budged. This looks like a mere negative experiment at first sight, and negatives go for nothing; but it is not; it is the positive experiment in this case. Owing to the unsteadiness of most hands, owing also to the pulsative movements and nervous twitchings of most fingers, the difficult thing to do is to hold any object still. Our ring will sway to and fro at the end of its thread, in fact, when hanging from nine fingers out of ten. If, however, a tenth one be found which is able to hold it suspended in perfect stillness, there is then discovered a positive proof that the movements in the other nine cases must have been owing to nothing that is "physical and objective." Considering the matter as a question of motion or no motion, Caspary's experiment is negative although it affirms, and ours is positive although it denies. If there be such a motive force, free to operate its effects in such circumstances, as Dr. Mayo asserts, then no property of ours could interfere with its action. We could as easily hinder the ring from falling to the extent of its tether, in obedience to terrestrial gravity, as control the odyle impulsion, if there were such a thing at work within, through, and upon the so-called odometer. Any properly qualified person can repeat our experiment.

II. We summoned two ladies to witness the experiment repeated. No sooner had the ring come to rest than it began to move again, and that no longer vaguely. It swung to and from us along the line of the spoon; but as soon as one of the fair testators laid hold on our unoccupied hand it stopped, only however to vibrate transversely. The thing was repeated with the same results; it oscillated longitudinally when we were sole and singular; transversely when either of the ladies gave us her hand. We bade them observe how fixedly we held our uplifted hand, and they observed it. But, to tell the reader the truth, we produced these motions of the ring by means of infinitely trifling and imperceptible movements of our hand; and without any difficulty we could suffer the tricky pendulum to fall to rest whenever we chose. This is certainly not the manner in which Dr. Herbert Mayo's librations, longitudinal and transverse, were brought about; but this

purely negative experiment is described for the purpose of showing how very minute and unobservable movements of the hand and finger can work wonders.

III. We suspended the odometer from a fixed point by its thread, and let it fall to rest. We then held a silver spoon, a plate of porcelain, sealing-wax, and several other odyle subjects under it in the air, half an inch from it, a quarter, a twelfth, but all in vain: no motions ensued; no phenomenon of any sort took place. Now we think that this is precisely the same experiment as Caspari's, considered as "physical and objective;" and it is strange to think that an English doctor did not at once reverse it in this style. If odyle go down the thread, it goes through the spoon. It cannot matter whether the odometer or the odyle subject be in the hand of course, else the experiment is neither objective nor physical. This is certainly a crucial test, and it needs no ghost to predict that not one of all the doctor's variations of his mathematician's geomantic performance will bear its application.

At the same time, the regularity and reck-onable certainty which attended these Boppart experiments, after a few days (be it always observed) of contradiction and caprice, is very interesting, when considered from the right point of view. It is as clear as crystal that the results became expected things. Many of the experiments indicate a foregone conclusion. All of them would become such after the first satisfactory trial. Now we have seen that the most minute and invisible movements of the hand communicate certain oscillatory motions to the suspended body, and we also know something of the power of expectant attention and extrinsic suggestion over certain nervous systems, especially the hypnotizable. It appears that Dr. Mayo is the subject of the mesmerizable diathesis or habit of body: the disease under which he labors is almost a completed proof of it. Nor would any one venture to speak in this manner of his condition, but that he has adduced himself as the instrument of a scientific investigation, as well as its author. That instrument, although it is the sick body of a most excellent and valuable man, must therefore be judged as freely as if it were a sym-piesometer or an electric clock. Be it understood then, that a mesmerizable nervous system holds a thread with a light body at the other end of it; that the most infinitesimal movements of the suspensive point of that nervous system are able to institute librations of the light figure suspended; that the direction of

these librations is under the control of the will of a wholly self-possessed experimentalist; that the expectant attention of another sort of nervous system in the operator is calculated to bring about its own results in the matter of direction—and this posthumous letter on the truth contained in popular superstitions is both refuted and explained.

The intellectual under-current of motive in these unproductive experiments is good and true. Their distinguished author expresses, through means of them, his opinion that the experiments of Reichenbach are hitherto purely subjective, to use that adjective in the limited sense frequently put upon it by English writers. It is evidently his conviction that physical and objective manifestations are necessary to the establishment of the existence of an imponderable or a dynamide, which professes to be objective and physical. Neither is Dr. Mayo blind to the fact that odyle is nothing more nor less than the animal magnetism of Mesmer, whether animal magnetism be a new specific force or a nerve-stirring resultant of the general cosmical powers of nature. The most important of these indications is certainly the perception that nothing short of a physical instrument, an odometer in fact, will ever establish and illustrate the thesis of the Baron of Castle Reichenbach. In short it is the one urgent, commanding, unmistakable, and unavoidable duty of Von Reichenbach to suspend his operations on the exceptional nerve, and betake himself with stout and eager devotion to the invention of an odyscopic apparatus. It were in vain to say that the exceptional nerve is the only reagent and test of odyle action; for if such be the case, it differs from all the family of dynamides in a very central particular, and that is a sad argument against it to begin with. It were almost as absurd as to speak of a new gas, supposed to want the property of weight. To imagine that, though gendered and resident in all sorts of unorganized matter, as well as in plants and animals, it shows its existence only through the exceptional nerve, is all but equivalent to shutting it out of the society of the imponderables altogether. Gravity, cohesion, affinity, heat, light, electricity, galvanism, and honest old magnetism disown it in such a case, and it must just found a family for itself. The indefinite hope is not to be abandoned, however, that Reichenbach himself, or Professor Gregory, or Dr. Herbert Mayo will yet construct a true odometer, and thereby exult victoriously over all us sceptics and critical house-dogs, to triumphe

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Among the new works announced in London, for the last month, are—a new work by Mrs. Norton, *Stuart of Dunleath, a story of modern times*; *Caleb Field*, a tale, by the author of Margaret Maitland; *a Glimpse at the Great Western Republic*, by Col. Cunningham; *Kate Devereux*, a tale; *God and the Blue Mountains*, by Lieut. Renton; *United States and Cuba*, by J. Glanville Taylor; *Life of Edward Baines*, by his son; Mr. Paxton's *Narrative of the Origin of the Great Exhibition Building*; *Companions of my Solitude*, by the author of "Friends in Council."

Mr. Howitt has in hand a *Life of George Fox*, nearly ready for publication.

The essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review, by Henry Rogers, have been republished in two volumes. The first volume is chiefly devoted to biographical sketches, half critical, half philosophical; the second is taken up with a series of papers on the Tractarian movement. They all possess a certain amount of literary merit; though they can hardly be said to stand on the same elevation as the previous reprints. The personal studies are the most finished and interesting. We would particularly single out for praise the papers on Luther, Leibnitz, and Pascal. The last named is an eloquent and acute estimate of the intellectual position of the illustrious Jansenist.

The Guild of Literature and Art.—Under this name has been projected, in London, an institution in connection with a life insurance company, for the sole advantage of Professors of Literature and Art. The idea, which originated with Mr. Charles Dickens, began to assume a shape under the roof of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, in the autumn of last year, when Mr. Dickens and his company of amateur players were visiting at Knebworth Hall, and entertaining Sir Edward's guests with their dramatic representations. The subject being then mooted, Sir Edward was so much struck with it, that he undertook not only to make a free gift of such land as should be requisite for the erection of the proposed residences or lodges, but also to write a play (if Mr. Dickens and his company would undertake to perform it with other plays, in a series of representations), the whole profits of which should be devoted to the ends of the institution. The bargain was struck upon the spot; the play, a comedy in five acts, was promptly written; has since been rehearsed and prepared; and is now upon the eve of representation at Devonshire House. It is to be acted by Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A., Mr. John Foster, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. J. Westland Marston, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. John Teniel, M. F. W. Topham, and others. Portions of the scenery have been presented by Mr. Absolon, Mr. T. Grieve, Mr. Louis Haghe, and Mr. Telbin. Mr. Maclise, R.A., has offered to paint a picture (the subject arising out of these performances), and to place it at the disposal of the guild; and Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., has also expressed his wish to aid the design. The first performance will take place at Devonshire House,

which the Duke of Devonshire has devoted to the purpose, on Friday, the 16th of May, when the Queen and Prince Albert will honor the performances with their presence. Other representations of the comedy, and an original farce, will afterward take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, where the movable theatre, constructed for the purpose, and opened at Devonshire House, will be erected for those occasions. Now as to the institution itself. The society, or guild, will embrace several objects, such as life insurances, at rates of premium calculated as payable either for the whole term of life, or as altogether ceasing to be payable at a certain age; annuities to commence at a certain age; pensions to widows; payments destined to the education or provision of children, &c. It is proposed to establish and endow an institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of endowment will consist—1. Of a warden, with a house and salary of £200 a-year. 2. Of members, with a house and £170, or, without a house, £200 a-year. 3. Of associates, with a salary of £100 a-year. The details of the scheme are set forth in the prospectus; they appear to be practical in their character, and to be wisely and happily adapted to the end in view—that end being to afford aid to struggling artists or authors in such a way as shall necessitate no degrading plea of poverty—no painful exposition of calamity and want—but as shall bear the character of a tribute to merit, not of an alms to destitution.—*Herald*.

Mrs. NORTON's new tale, *Stuart of Dunleath*, is thus commended by the *Examiner*:—

"Like the crystal fountain among the fountains of Crystal Palace, this novel shines among the new novels of the year pre-eminent and peerless. No prose work of equal power has yet come from the pen of Mrs. Norton: and we are glad to announce her return to a field of composition which she has already so successfully cultivated, by a notice of the present contribution of her genius to the vast wilderness of novelty, instruction, and delight which May has opened to our metropolis."

New Proof of the Earth's Rotation.—That the earth revolves round the sun, and rotates on its polar axis, have long been the settled canons of our system. But the rotation of the earth has been rendered visible by a practical demonstration, which has drawn much attention in Paris, and is beginning to excite interest in this country. The inventor is M. Foucault: and the following description has been given of the mode of proof:—

"At the centre of the dome of the Pantheon a fine wire is attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, is suspended so as to hang near the floor of the building. This apparatus is put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under and concentric with it, is placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter, the circumfe-

tence of which is divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now, supposing the earth to have the diurnal motion imputed to it, and which explains the phenomena of day and night, the plane in which this pendulum vibrates will not be affected by this motion, but the table over which the pendulum is suspended will continually change its position in virtue of the diurnal motion, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum which vibrates over it does not revolve, the consequence is that the line traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball will change its direction relatively to the table from minute to minute, and from hour to hour, so that if such point were a pencil, and that paper were spread upon the table, the course formed by this pencil would form a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table. The practiced eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, may actually see the motion which the table has in common with the earth under the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It is, in fact, apparent that the ball, or rather the point attached to the bottom of the ball, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations. Thus is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth."

Crowds are said to flock daily to the Panthéon to witness this interesting experiment. It has been successfully repeated at the Russell Institution, and preparations are being made in some private houses for the purpose. A lofty staircase or room, twelve or fourteen feet high, would suffice; but the dome of St. Paul's, or, as suggested by Mr. Sylvestre in the *Times*, the transept of the Crystal Palace, offers the most eligible site. The table would make its revolution at the rate of 15° per hour. Explanations, however, will be necessary from lecturers and others who give imitations of M. Foucault's ingenuity, to render it intelligible to those unacquainted with mathematics, or with the laws of gravity and spherical motion. For instance, it will not be readily understood by every one why the pendulum should vibrate in the same plane, and not partake of the earth's rotation in common with the table; but this could be shown with a bullet suspended by a silk-worm's thread. Next, the apparent horizontal revolution of the table round its centre will be incomprehensible to many, as representative of its own and the earth's motion round its axis. Perhaps Mr. Wyld's colossal globe will afford opportunities for simplifying these perplexities to the unlearned.—*Spectator*.

Flaxman Gallery.—The noble collection of casts by Flaxman—groups of figures, statues, and reliefs, have been presented to the University College, London, by his sister-in-law and executrix, Miss Denman, and has been opened to visitors. The hall is octagonal, and lighted by five windows; allowing a satisfactory view of the works, except of those on the North-east wall. In the centre is the Archangel Michael overcoming Satan: the rest of the works, which are in relief, being disposed in niches round the room. Among these are several monumental compositions, some of those from the Lord's Prayer, Pandora brought to Earth by Mercury; and on the stairs, the Hercules and Hebe, designed in restoration of the torso of the Vatican. Those who would study Christian sculpture will find it here in its highest development—of lovely

yet severe grace, of nature and simplicity, of elevation and holiness. The whole number of works is about one hundred and fifty.

Professor Kinkel.—The celebrated Bonn professor, Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, who has recently and so strangely escaped from the prison of Spandau, is delivering a course of lectures "On the History of the Modern Drama," at Willis's Rooms, in London. The extraordinary circumstances of his recent career will, no doubt, add greatly to the attraction which the Professor's reputation as a lecturer is sure to present.

Sale of the Pictures of the late King Louis Philippe.—The sale of pictures, statues, and objects of art belonging to the collections of the late King Louis Philippe has lately taken place in Paris. A picture by Leopold Robert, "A Funeral at Rome," was purchased by the Duke de Geliera, for the Orleans Family, for 15,300*fr.*; "Cupid and Psyche," by M. Picot, fetched 6,400*fr.*; "The Arrest of Crespierre," by M. Tony Johannot, was bought for the Duke de Montpensier for 4,000*fr.*; "The Greek Woman," by Ary Scheffer, fetched 3,500*fr.*; "Allan M'Aulay," by Horace Vernet, went for 1,315*fr.*; a "Combat with a Corsair," by the same master, fetched 1,375*fr.*; the "Emperor at Charleroi," by the same, 2,400*fr.*; a "Malle-poste," by Sweetbach, fetched 1,280*fr.*; a "Brigand's Wife," by Schnetz, 1,205*fr.* The two paintings by Gericault, the "Chasseur de la Garde," and the "Cuirassier Blessé," were sold for 23,408*fr.* Five paintings by M. Horace Vernet, viz., the "Bataille de Jemappes," the "Bataille de Valmy," the "Bataille de Montmirail," the "Bataille de Hanau," and "Camille Desmoulins au Palais Royal," were purchased by the Marquis of Hertford at the following prices respectively:—1,600*fr.*, 5,310*fr.*, 6,800*fr.*, 10,000*fr.*, 210*fr.* The "Décente de la Croix," by Delaroche, was sold for 1,650*fr.*; the "Visite du Curé," by Belangé, 1,410*fr.*; the "Vue du Mont St. Michel," by Gudin, 1,325*fr.*; and the "Côte de Normandie," by the same painter, 1,200*fr.*—*Times*.

Ancient Greek MSS.—A correspondent of the *Risorgimento* of Turin writes from Constantinople, that an immense treasure of Greek MSS. of the highest antiquity had been found in a cave at the foot of Mount Athos, by a learned Greek named Simonides.

Death of a Botanist.—From Stockholm is announced the death, at the age of seventy-one, of the distinguished botanist and geologist, M. Georen-Wahlenberg, Professor at the University of Upsal, and director of the botanical garden in the same institution. M. Wahlenberg is stated to have spent thirty out of his seventy-one years in scientific journeys throughout the different countries of Europe; and the results of these travels he has recorded in a variety of learned works. He has left his rich collection and numerous library to the University of Upsal, in which he was a student, and to which he has been attached in various capacities during upwards of forty-three years.

London Advertisements.—The total number of advertisements inserted in the 159 London newspapers, in the year 1850, was 891,650, and the duty amounted to £66,873 15*s.* In the 222 English newspapers there were 875,631 advertisements, which yielded £65,672; in the 102 Irish newspapers, 236,128 advertisements, duty (at 1*s.* each)

£11,806; in 110 Scotch newspapers, 249,141 advertisements, duty £18,685 11s. 6d. Newspaper stamps issued in the year 1850, in England and Wales—penny stamps, 65,741,271; halfpenny, 11,684,423. In Ireland, 6,302,728 penny, 43,358 halfpenny; in Scotland, 7,643,045 penny, 241,264 halfpenny.

Royal Library of Copenhagen.—The Royal Library of Copenhagen is about to receive an accession to its treasures, consisting of about 40,000 printed books, and 400 manuscripts, devised to it by M. Engelstoft, national historiographer, who is lately deceased. With these additions the printed volumes of the library exceed, it is said, 500,000, and the manuscripts 11,000.

Dr. Johnson.—The churchwardens of St. Clement Danes, having satisfactorily ascertained that a seat in the pew numbered 18, in the north gallery of that church, was regularly occupied for many years by the great moralist, have caused a neat brass tablet recording the fact to be affixed in a conspicuous position to the pillar against which the doctor must often have reclined. The inscription on the tablet is from the pen of Dr. Croly, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and is as follows:—"In this pew, and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born, 1709; died, 1784. In the remembrance and honor of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial. A.D. 1851."—*Times*.

Episodes of Insect Life.—The graceful and erudite work of this title, so generally and highly commended by the foreign critical journals, has been republished in New York, by J. S. REDFIELD, in three elegant volumes; publishing the work according to its threefold division of the insects of spring, summer, and autumn. In reproducing the work, the novel, ingenious, and elegant style of the English edition, which added half to its value, has been successfully imitated. We have seldom seen a work more beautifully adorned. Its contents unite, with rare ingenuity, utility, and entertainment, solid and varied learning, with sprightliness, wit and anecdote, important principles and instructive facts, Science becomes romance under such treatment, and the greatest truths are insinuated in the garb of amusement. The plates are peculiarly elegant, possessing a finish and grace not only attained in steel engraving. We have no doubt the work will be a favorite with the reading public, and repay the somewhat costly adventure of the publisher.

The Stow Manuscripts.—Mr. Murray has purchased the Grenville papers, formerly preserved at Stow, being the private correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, and his brother George Grenville, their friends and contemporaries, and they are now preparing for publication. Much valuable and interesting information may be expected from this correspondence respecting the history of parties and factions from the accession of George III. to the commencement of the present century. The letters are chiefly from the Duke of Grafton, Marquis of Granby, Earls of Bute, Chatham,

Hardwicke, and Mansfield, Lords Holland, Clive, and George Sackville, Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, John Wilkes, and other notable persons of the time, including the author of the "Letters of Junius," from whom there are three letters, which are said to throw some light upon its personality.

The Waverley Copyrights.—The value still attaching to the writings of Sir Walter Scott, was remarkably tested on the occasion of their being submitted to public auction. The Scott family has long ceased to have an interest in the Waverley copyrights. The entire property, consisting of the novels, poetry, prose writings, and *Life* by Lockhart, belonged to the publisher, Mr. Cadell of Edinburgh, and are now offered for sale by his trustees. The average duration of the copyrights is about fifteen years; "Waverley," the oldest, having some five years to run, and Lockhart's valuable "Life" a much longer period. The sale was attended by the leading publishers, stationers, and printers, and caused a great deal of excitement. 5000*l.* was the first offer, when, after numerous advances of 500*l.* each, the property was bought in at 15,000*l.* The highest genuine offer was 14,500*l.*, making, with the sum to be paid, according to the conditions of sale, for the stock, little short of 25,000*l.* It was currently reported in the room that the trustees expected 30,000*l.* for the copyrights alone; and that the copyrights and stock were actually valued about two years since, prior to the death of Mr. Cadell, at 50,000*l.* That such a sum as 15,000*l.* should have been offered at public auction for a set of copyrights that have been published for several years in forms to suit all readers and all pockets, and for a stock which will require a further outlay of from 8000*l.* to 10,000*l.* to bring out a new edition of them, is one of the most remarkable instances in the annals of the publishing trade that we have on record. The writings of Sir Walter Scott are supposed to have realized, from the year 1829 to the present time, a profit of half a million. The author himself is said to have paid his debts to the extent of 150,000*l.* out of his half-share of the profits; and Mr. Cadell is said to have made 250,000*l.* by them since his failure in partnership with Constable. The average amount of profit realized lately by the sale of Sir Walter Scott's works has been about 2000*l.* a year.

Conquest of Florida, by Theodore Irving. G. P. PUTNAM.—This is a work of extraordinary interest; and, illustrating an obscure but important section of the early annals of the country, possesses great value as an historical work. The career of De Soto was adventurous and strange; and very much of the interest which attaches to the early Mexican history, and especially to the romantic vicissitudes of Louisiana, is to be found in the less known events of the Florida conquest. Mr. Irving has diligently explored the field, and arrayed the facts and incidents of the period in a very graphic and picturesque narrative. The characters are admirably drawn out, and the imagination assisted by vivid portraiture of the time and circumstances in which they play their part. Something of the Irving beauty and clearness of style belongs to the nephew; and the work is well worthy of the name it bears, as well as of its important and interesting theme. Mr. Putnam has presented it in fine style, and given an elegant map of Florida.



By T. A. Lowrey.

Packard & Oyster.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Author of the Pleasures of Hope &c &c

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